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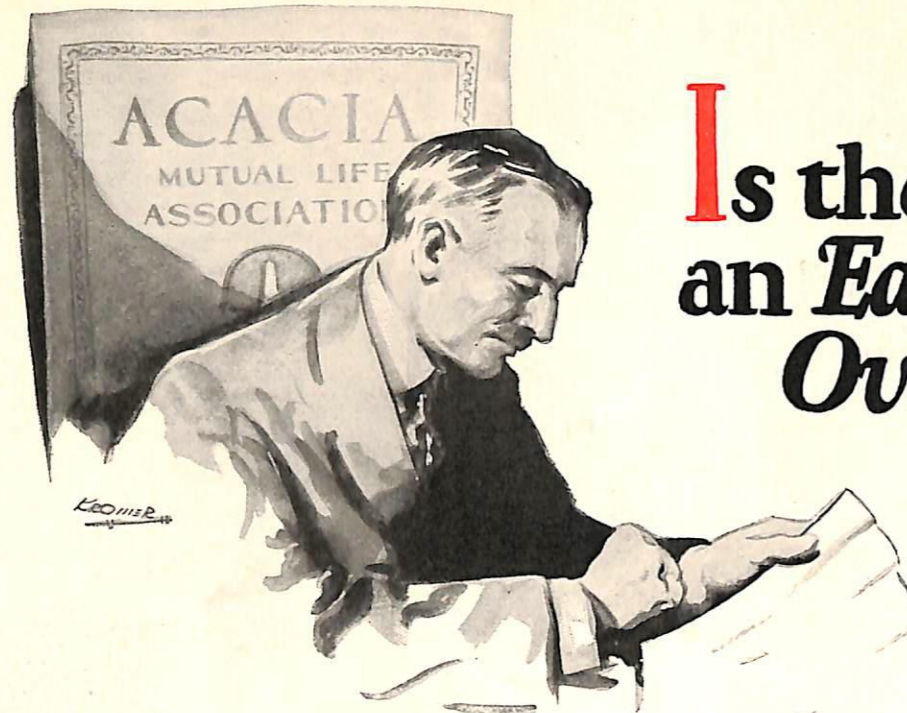
The SHRINE

MAGAZINE

25
CENTS



NORMAN HAPGOOD *WRITES ABOUT* WOMEN
RICHARD CONNELL • WALTER DE LEON
LEROY SCOTT • EARL CHAPIN MAY
OUR HISTORY TOLD IN PICTURES
by MONTROSE J. MOSES



Is the "Dividend" an *Earning* or an *Overcharge*?

It is Very Important to Make a Distinction when Buying Life Insurance

ONE of the least understood of all terms in life insurance is the word "dividend". A dividend presupposes an *earning* on an investment. Dividends as paid by life insurance companies generally are not *actual* earnings. They are a *partial refund* of a premium payment which includes an *overcharge*. That is a broad statement—but broad also is the practice which justifies its publication.

What "dividend" means to ACACIA members

THE dividends paid to ACACIA policyholders are bona fide. They are *actual* surplus earnings. They are *purely* the result of careful, capable, economical management.

Elimination of this extravagant overcharge system is one of the factors which make possible the economy of an ACACIA policy.

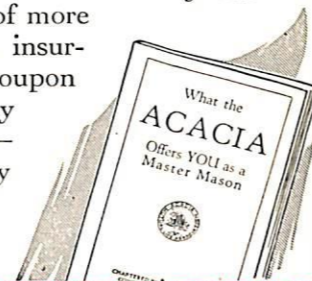
Your payments to ACACIA buy *insurance*—and buy it at the *lowest* net cost offered by any company or association. You are not overcharged in order that, later, a partial refund in the form of a "dividend" can be paid you. You keep your "dividends" in your pocket from the very start.

The ACACIA cost is made lower also by the fact that the *entire Acacia service is limited to Master Masons only*—a highly preferred class of risks,

with consequently lower mortality rate, and therefore capable of genuine protection at less cost.

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Our booklet "What the ACACIA Offers You as a Master Mason" explains *why* over 100,000 Master Masons have availed themselves of this unique, absolute protection. Assets over twenty-one millions of dollars and a total of more than \$250,000,000.00 ACACIA insurance now in force. The coupon below will bring you your copy *immediately*. Clip it—fill it in—and get it into the mail by *tonight . . . NOW*.



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Homer Building, Washington, D. C.

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MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION

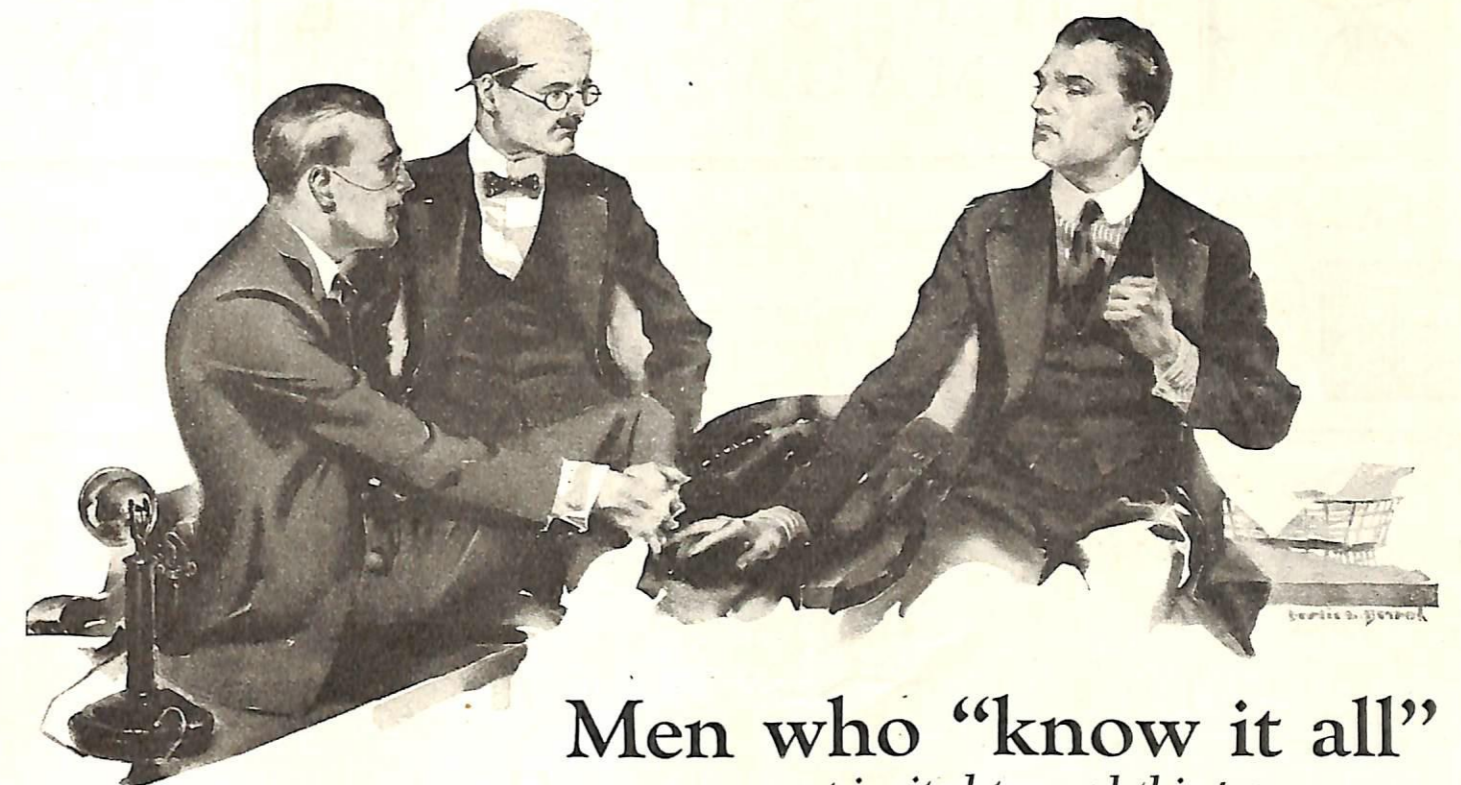
William Montgomery, *President*

HOME OFFICE - WASHINGTON, D. C.

FOUNDED 1869



Standing
ALONE



Men who "know it all" *are not invited to read this page*

THIS page is not for the wise young man who is perfectly satisfied with himself and his business equipment, who believes that the only reason he is not paid twice as much is that he has never been "given a chance."

This page is a personal message to the man who has responsibilities, who feels secretly that he ought to be earning several thousand dollars more a year, but who simply lacks the confidence necessary to lay hold on one of the bigger places in business. We should like to put into the hands of every such man a copy of a little book that contains the seeds of self-confidence. It is called "Forging Ahead in Business," and it is sent without obligation.

We have in mind, for example, a certain man who is now auditor of a great corporation of the Middle West. Until he was thirty-one years of age he was a bookkeeper. His employers had made up their minds that he would always be a bookkeeper. His wife was beginning secretly to wonder. Worst of all, he himself was beginning to lose faith.

He Sent for
"Forging Ahead in Business"
Without any great hope in its results

he enrolled in the Modern Business Course and Service. The first few months of his association with the Alexander Hamilton Institute were a revelation to him. He found himself being initiated into departments of business that had hitherto been a mystery to him. He was learning the fundamentals of purchasing, of merchandising, of advertising, of office and factory management, and corporation finance.

He began quietly to make suggestions to the officials—suggestions that surprised them, because they had ceased to expect anything from him. They revised their estimate of his capacities; when the position of auditor became vacant, he was given his chance. And recently on an important financial problem, he argued against the position of the company's own attorneys—basing his arguments on principles which the Institute had taught—and by proving his point succeeded in saving the company \$60,000.

The self-confidence that the Institute gave him has transformed that man. He will be a vice-president of that great corporation, and at 31 he

was condemned to be a bookkeeper for life.

Thousands Could Double Their Incomes

For the man who is perfectly content with himself and his job the Alexander Hamilton Institute can do nothing. But there are thousands of men who could double their incomes in one year if they believed in themselves and had the solid business knowledge to back up their belief.

To such men the Institute offers "Forging Ahead in Business"—a book with power in every page, and which also describes clearly and interestingly what the Alexander Hamilton Institute can do for you. Thousands of successful men regard it as one of the most valuable little books they ever sent for. May we send it to you? The coupon is for your convenience.

FILL OUT AND MAIL TODAY

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IN AUSTRALIA, the Alexander Hamilton Institute, 11c Castlereagh Street, Sydney



A FALLING MARKET for SPORTSMANSHIP, By Albert Payson Terhune

THE SPORTSMAN'S creed—To win without boasting: To lose without excuses. Why is it harder to live up to this motto than all the Ten Commandments? In the November Issue Mr. Terhune has some illuminating things to say on the subject, and places the blame for our waning sportsmanship just where he thinks it belongs.

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"Yaa—rotten!" Yell the Fans who want violent action at the cost of Sportsmanship.

A FALLING MARKET FOR SPORTSMANSHIP

By Albert Payson Terhune
In Our November Issue

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OCTOBER, 1927

3



I Made \$4,500 in One Sale

How, after 12 years hard work as railroad brakeman, I got into real estate, and now make more in a month than I used to make in a year.

By L. C. CLARKE
(Address furnished on request)

For twelve years I was a brakeman on the Mohawk Division of the New York Central.

During that time my wages averaged exactly \$638.40 a year. Then I got started in the real estate business, and during the past year I made one sale that gave me a commission of \$4,500, which is more than I made on the railroad in seven years of hard work.

And I don't feel that I have done anything wonderful—anything the other fellow can't do if he will. I simply got into the right kind of a business—a business of big opportunities—a business where big money is made.

You—who are reading these words—can do what I have done if you have a mind to. You don't need education, experience, capital or influence. I didn't have any of those things.

I had to leave school when I was thirteen, so I had mighty little education. I had no real estate experience. I never earned more than just enough to keep out of the poor-house, so I had no capital. And, as for influence, where would a \$50-a-month brakeman get any?

And you don't have to go to a big town to succeed. I am located in a little New York State town of only 3,000 population.

Of course, I'm pretty enthusiastic about the real estate business. I think it's the greatest business in the world. It has more advantages and bigger opportunities than any other business I know of. It is as permanent as the earth itself. It is almost unlimited in its possibilities—about ten million properties are always on the market. It is easy to learn. You don't need capital to get started, as you do in almost any other business. The business can't grow smaller—it keeps getting bigger and bigger as population increases. And you can get started in the business right at home in your spare time. When I realize that I have an independent, enjoyable business of my own, a good home, two automobiles, and every convenience and comfort a sane man could want, I sometimes find it hard

to believe that I'm the same fellow that put in twelve long years of hard work as a railroad brakeman.

Now if you are kicking about what I used to kick about—long hours, hard work and poor pay—if you want to get into a business where you can have the biggest kind of an opportunity to make good—simply send your name and address to American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. 52-KK, 18 East 18 St., New York, and they will send you, *without cost or obligation*, a copy of their free book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist."

In five minutes after you start reading this fascinating book, you will agree with me that you have at last struck the best business opportunity that ever came your way—an opportunity to learn a splendid, money-making business and get started—right at home—in your spare time—without capital or experience—in a safe, sound, independent business of your own.

So get busy, if you want to grab something big. If you are ambitious to make something of yourself—get ahead—make more money—this is one chance you can't afford to let slip out of your grasp. It costs you nothing to find out what there is in this for you. You take no risk. So, mail the coupon at once. Take my word for it, you will never regret the day you sent for this free book. And some day you may do just what I did—put through a deal that will put more money in your bank account than you ever saw in one pile before.

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"You Must Have Spent Years on Shorthand"

"No; I learned it in 6 WEEKS!"

HER employer laughed aloud. "Six weeks! You're joking, Miss Baker. No one could learn shorthand in six weeks."

"But I mean it, Mr. Chapman. When I came here to work for you I had only studied shorthand for six weeks."

The president of the large corporation hesitated; the girl was evidently sincere; she expected him to believe her. But six weeks!

"You're fooling, of course, Miss Baker. You have been with us not more than a month and you are by far the most competent secretary I ever had. Surely you don't expect me to believe that you gained your present speed and accuracy in only six weeks! Why—a great many young ladies who have been here with us had studied shorthand for ten months or a year or more and still they made a great many errors."

"That wasn't their fault, Mr. Chapman. That was the fault of the system they were taught. Old-fashioned shorthand requires months of hard study and practice and even when it is mastered it is difficult to read. But Speedwriting is very easy. I—"

"Speedwriting!"

"Yes. Haven't you ever seen my notes? You can almost read them yourself. See—"

The big business man took his secretary's note-book.

"Why, this is remarkable, Miss Baker. It's in simple A. B. C.'s!"

"Yes, surely. That's the secret. That's how I learned it in so short a time. Anyone can learn Speedwriting. There are only

a few easy rules. There are no hooks or curves; every 'character' you use is a letter you already know—one that your hand needs no special training to make."

"And it's called Speedwriting?" Mr. Chapman was more than interested.

"Yes. Isn't it simple? Can't you read that? See—here is the first letter you ever dictated to me. Those notes are a month old, but I can read every word of them. That is another advantage Speedwriting has over all other systems—notes never get cold. And my notes are just as plain to another Speedwriter as your handwriting is to one of the salesmen."

"Well, that's the most remarkable thing I ever heard of. I could use that myself at board meetings and a dozen other places. You can write it rapidly, too!"

"You have never dictated too fast for me yet, and I haven't had to retype a single letter since I've been here. One boy I know who studied Speedwriting in his own home, took court testimony at the rate of 106 words a minute after only 15 hours of study."

"Miss Baker, where can I get some literature on Speedwriting? I am very greatly interested. I really believe I'll take it up myself!"

"I answered an advertisement in a magazine and Miss Dearborn sent me a booklet. I'm sure she will send you one if you want it."

"I certainly do. Will you take care of it for me?"

"Yes, sir!"

Two months later Mr. Chapman and all of his stenographers were Speedwriters!

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Never mind looking for the scissors, just tear the coupon off and mail it to

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Also Offices at

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Building
Toronto, Ontario

Transport House
Smith Square
Westminster
London, England

Brief English Systems, Inc.
200 Madison Ave., Dept. 77K
New York City.

I do want to know more about Speedwriting. You may send me the free book without obligation on my part.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



They Jeered at Me— But I Made Them Applaud Me Three Weeks Later!

I HAD never been called on to speak before but I thought of course I could do as well as the rest of the bunch. When the chairman asked me to say a few words I told him I wasn't a speaker, but he said, "Oh, it's easy, you won't have a bit of trouble. Just talk naturally."

The minute I was on my feet I began to realize that speaking was a lot more difficult than I had expected. I had made a few notes of what I wanted to say, and had gone over my speech at home several times, but somehow I couldn't seem to get started. Everyone appeared to be bored and hostile. Suddenly I noticed two of the members whispering and laughing. For an instant I almost lost control of myself and wanted to slink out of that room like a whipped cur. But I pulled myself together and made a fresh attempt to get started when someone in the audience said, "Louder and funnier!" Every one laughed. I stammered a few words and sat down!

And that was the way it always was—I was always trying to impress others with my ability—in business, in social life—in club work—and always failing miserably. I was just background for the rest—I was given all the hard committee jobs, but none of the glory, none of the honor. Why couldn't I talk easily and fluently like other men talked? Why couldn't I put my ideas across clearly and forcefully, winning approval and applause? Often I saw men who were not half so thorough nor so hard working as I promoted to positions where they made a brilliant showing—not through hard work, but through their ability to talk

cleverly and convincingly—to give the appearance of being efficient and skillful.

In 20 Minutes a Day

And then suddenly I discovered a new easy method which made me a forceful speaker almost overnight. I learned how to dominate one man or an audience of thousands. At the next meeting, just three weeks later, I got up and made the same speech I had tried to make before—but presented so forcefully, so convincingly that when I had finished they actually applauded me!

Soon I had won salary increases, promotion, popularity, power. Today I always have a ready flow of speech at my command. I am able to rise to any occasion, to meet any emergency with just the right words. And I accomplished all this by developing the natural power of speech possessed by everyone, but cultivated by so few—by simply spending 20 minutes a day in the privacy of my own home, on this most fascinating subject.

There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing talker. You, too, can conquer timidity, stage fright, self-consciousness and bashfulness, winning advancement in salary, popularity, social standing, and success. Today business demands for the big,

important, high-salaried jobs, men who can dominate others—men who can make others do as they wish. It is the power of forceful, convincing speech that causes one man to jump from obscurity to the presidency of a great corporation; another from a small, unimportant territory to a sales-manager's desk; another from the rank and file of political workers to a post of national importance; a timid, retiring, self-conscious man to change almost overnight into a popular and much applauded after-dinner speaker. Thousands have accomplished just such amazing things through this simple, easy, yet effective training. This new method of training is fully described

in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. This book is called, *How to Work Wonders With Words*. In it you are shown how to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear—those things that keep you silent while men of lesser ability get what they want by the sheer power of convincing speech.

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—or wreck a personal reputation

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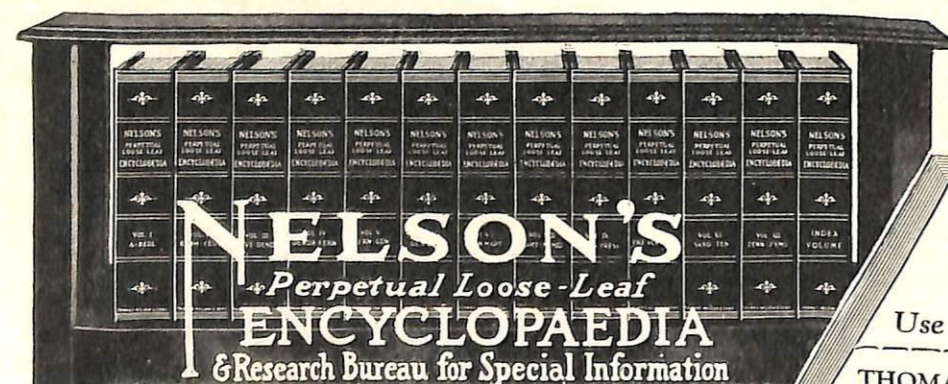
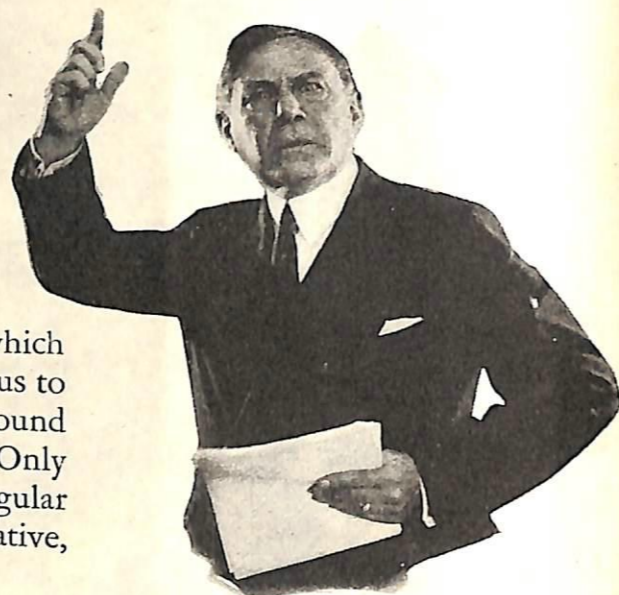
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THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1927

The IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S MESSAGE

In my native state of Rhode Island there is more water than land. The natural result is that I have been boating and fishing all my life, and have associated with many yachtsmen and fishermen. Another natural result is that I have heard as many fish stories as any man of my age now living.

One of these stories, told me by a Brother Noble, is that one day while fishing he felt a tremendous tug on his line and believed he had the father of all the little fishes in Narragansett Bay. For fifteen or twenty minutes he struggled with that fish and then, after calling to his assistance two other men, landed his catch.

When he pulled it into the boat he found he had one of those old-fashioned quarter kegs in which they used to ship Zem Zem water from Milwaukee. His line led into the bung hole of the keg and he could not disengage it. Inside the keg he heard a tremendous commotion and breaking off the hoops, already rusted by the salt water, he found inside a beautiful ten pound fish.

This fish must have gone into the keg when it was a tiny minnow. It was cool and dark inside and enough food came drifting in to supply its needs. The water in there was still and the whole place so comfortable that it had just stayed there all its life, all alone, away from its fellows.

I suppose that fish had been satisfied. In its own mind it thought it was having a great time and leading an easy life. But it did not know what was going on outside of the keg. When compared with the other fish who were exploring, fighting, loving and swimming free in the outside sea it had led a poor existence.

As I think over the six hundred thousand Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, far flung across this continent, and realize how many of them there are who are not getting one tenth of the joy of the Organization, I cannot help but recall the story of that fish inside of the keg. They are missing the thrill of association with the finest group of men in the world and are missing the happiness of helping in one of the greatest charities of today, aiding the crippled children we have taken under our care.

There are among us an unfortunately large number of Nobles who are just staying in the keg, mere wearers of Shrine buttons and payers of Shrine dues. The Shrine offers an opportunity for mingled joy and service that few organizations can equal.

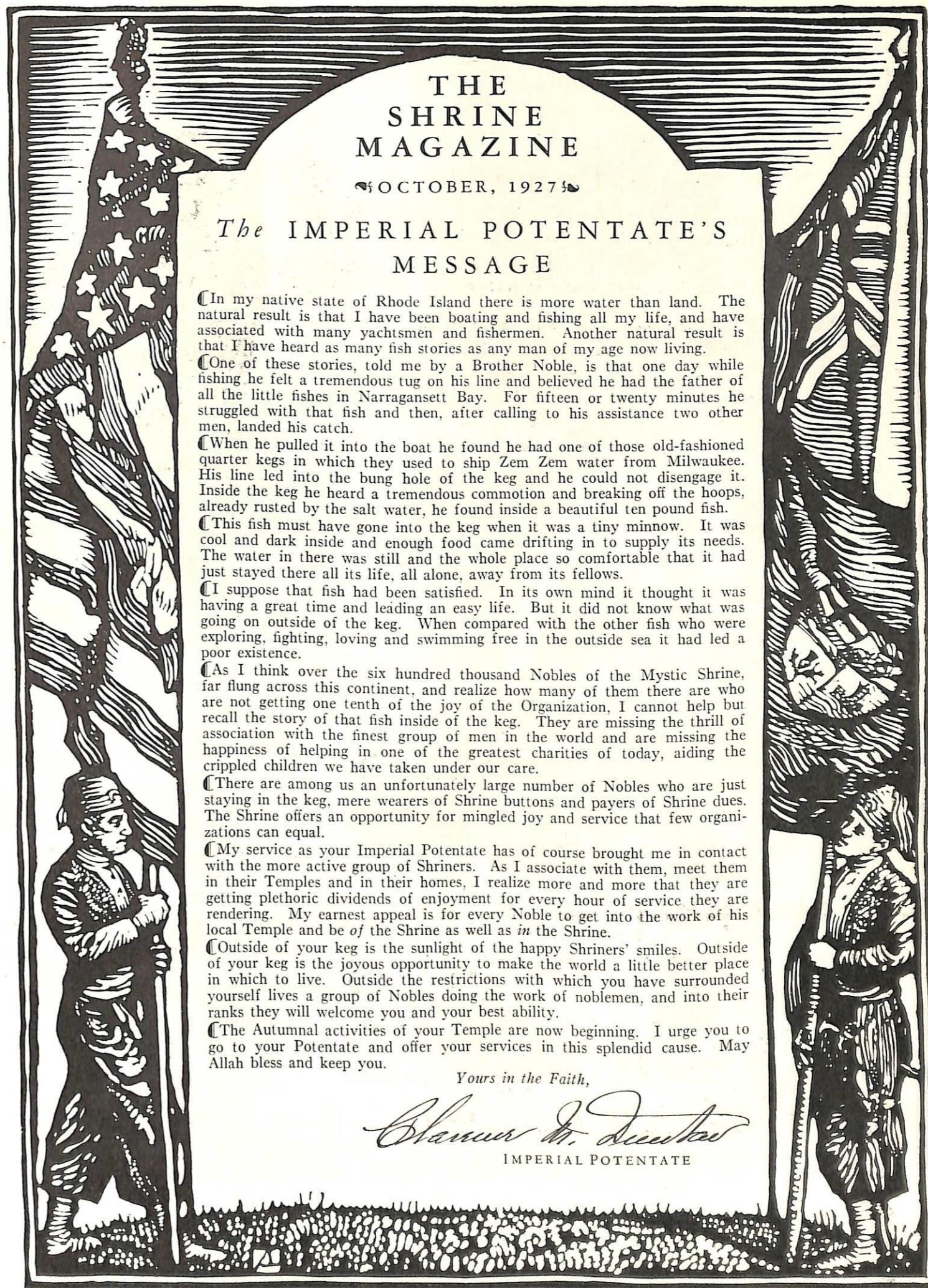
My service as your Imperial Potentate has of course brought me in contact with the more active group of Shriners. As I associate with them, meet them in their Temples and in their homes, I realize more and more that they are getting plethoric dividends of enjoyment for every hour of service they are rendering. My earnest appeal is for every Noble to get into the work of his local Temple and be of the Shrine as well as in the Shrine.

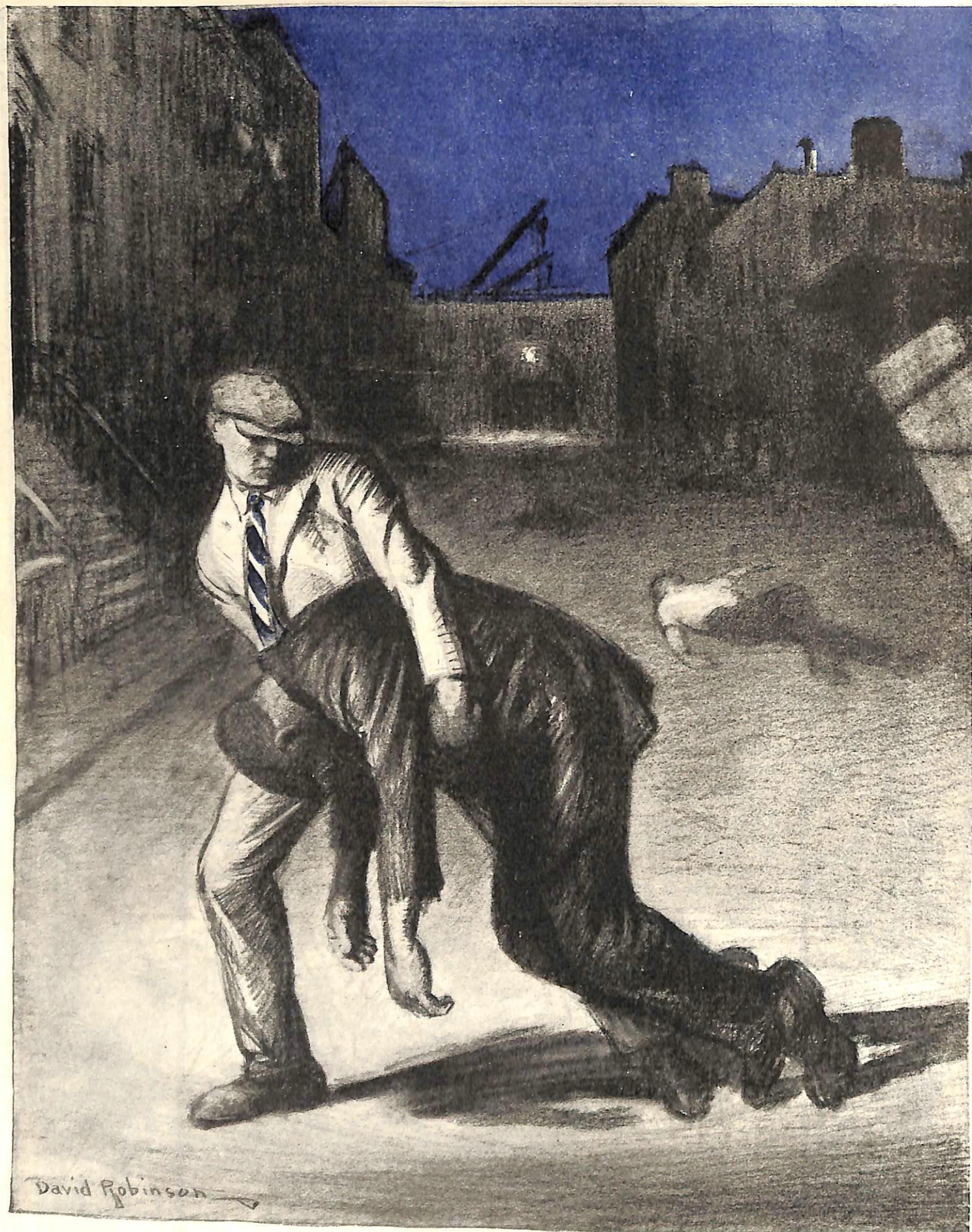
Outside of your keg is the sunlight of the happy Shriners' smiles. Outside of your keg is the joyous opportunity to make the world a little better place in which to live. Outside the restrictions with which you have surrounded yourself lives a group of Nobles doing the work of noblemen, and into their ranks they will welcome you and your best ability.

The Autumnal activities of your Temple are now beginning. I urge you to go to your Potentate and offer your services in this splendid cause. May Allah bless and keep you.

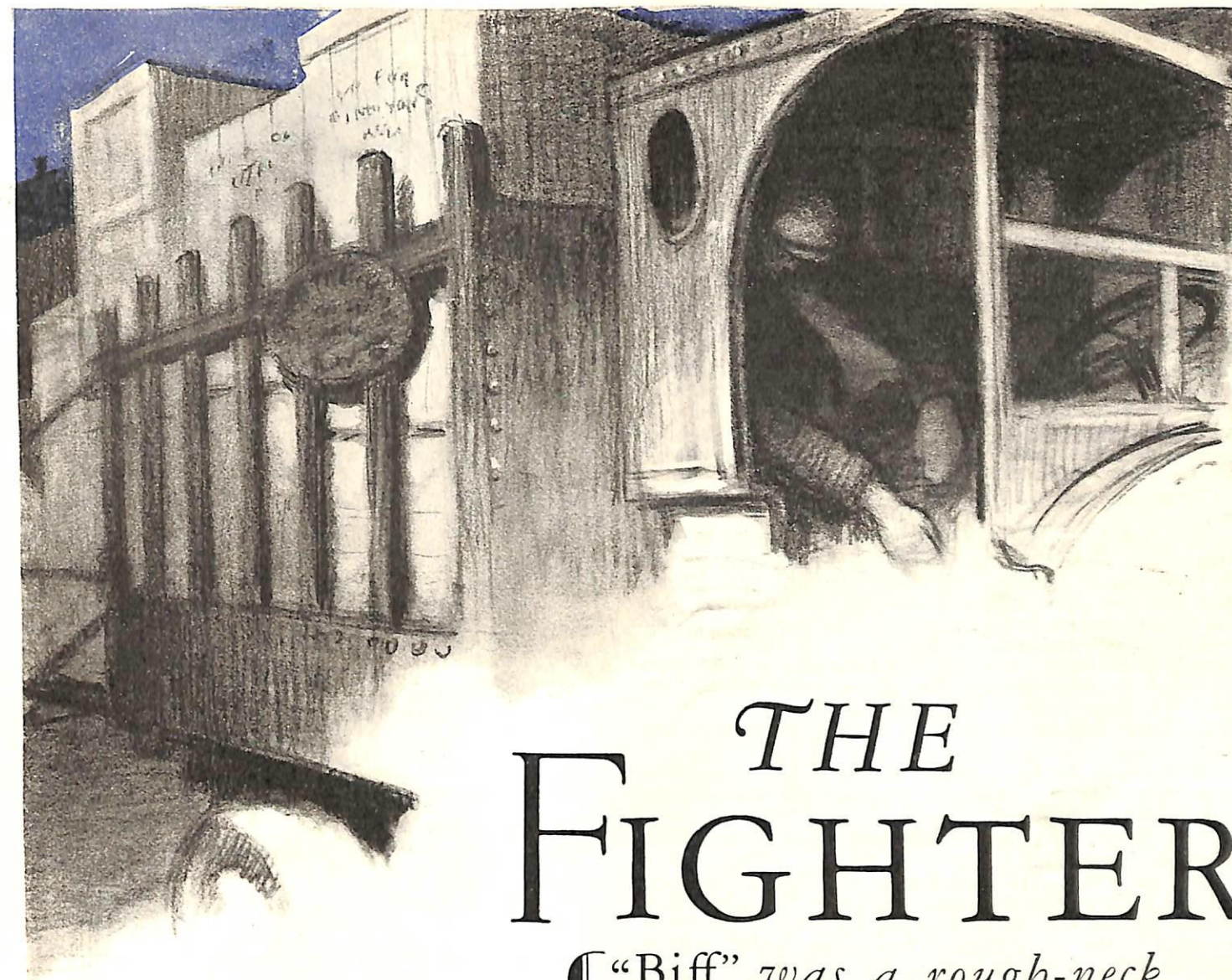
Yours in the Faith,

Chas. W. Dwyer
IMPERIAL POTENTATE





"No use, Biff," said Mahan, feebly. "I'm goin' fast! Beat it! The cops is comin'—"
 "I'll be damned if I will," answered Biff, as he picked up the wounded Mahan and half carried, half dragged him to a hallway down the street.



THE FIGHTER

By
 Richard Connell

Illustrations by David Robinson

"Biff" was a rough-neck,
 but he also had the
 makings of a strong leader—
 for right—or for wrong!

MORALS are a luxury in Van Kleef street. Dwellers there are poor. They cannot afford luxuries. It is a mean street of old tenements. They seem held together by the rusty fire-escapes which zig-zag across their faces. It is a narrow, grey street which sneaks away from the river, turns a corner as if it were being followed, slinks furtively under the Ninth Avenue Elevated and disappears. It echoes with the clank and rumble of the "L" trains, the groans and pants of giant trucks bound to and from the docks, the squeals of children playing perilously in the street. The odds and ends of a dozen races are crowded into the reeking rooms of its tenements. Social workers, still damp with the dew of idealism, sometimes go there, bent on performing good works. They leave, troubled. Their reception has been sullen, or violent. "The worst street in New York," they unanimously report it. "It breeds vice. A child brought up there is bound to be warped and corrupted."

Biff Cashin was born in a back room in No. 27 Van Kleef street.

At the moment his father, a longshoreman, was drunk; his oldest brother was in a reformatory; his sixteen-year-old sister—but this is Biff's story.

The baby was christened Paul, put in a peach basket near the stove and Nature was allowed to take its course. Presently he was able to toddle down to the street to play. No special

attention was paid to him. Children were always happening in the Cashin family. He was infrequently bathed. He ate whenever he could whatever he could lay his small hands on. At twelve he was big for his age, a husky, active boy, tough as rawhide and knowing beyond his years. In the opinion of his brother Tim (out on parole) "That young hellion can lick the tar outa any kid under fifteen in town."

The social activities of the boys growing up in Van Kleef street consisted of dodging the truant officer, pilfering bananas from the wharves on West street, and fighting. Here was a pastime to which Biff Cashin was peculiarly suited by temperament. Before he attained long trousers—the cast-offs of brother Tim—he had run the gamut of combat. He had fought because he was mad. He had fought for money and marbles. He had fought because he was jealous, and because he had been called unpleasant names. He had fought because he felt bad, and because he felt good. He had fought for no reason at all.

At the corner of Van Kleef and West streets stands Strunsky's Junk Yard. Here, amid the skeletons of rotting trucks, the mounds of moribund machinery, the piles of bricks and pipes, the Young Wolverines met. Some day they would grow up and become full-fledged Wolverines. Then they would mix on terms of equality with Shiner Mahan, Tim Cashin, Rough-house Organo; they would take part in nocturnal raids on trucks laden with valuable goods; they would engage in pitched

revolver battles with the Chelsea Nighthawks, and the police, their natural enemies. To graduate into the big gang was the ambition born in the heart of every boy in Van Kleef street.

Before he was fourteen, Biff Cashin was the acknowledged leader of the Young Wolverines. That honor he had attained by the exercise of a natural gift for leadership, backed up by two hard, swift fists.

He had led his cohorts to more than one victory over the Young Nighthawks. One evening, without warning, the Young Nighthawks had swooped down from their domain in Chelsea, bent on settling an ancient grudge. Led by One Eye Bentz, thrice arrested before he was fifteen, the Young Nighthawks pounced, in full force, on Biff and five other Young Wolverines who were passing a peaceful evening in the junk yard, cooking purloined potatoes in an old boiler, smoking reclaimed cigarettes and feeling each other's muscles. Biff and his comrades responded valiantly to the challenge to battle; but they were outnumbered. Biff was borne to earth by no less than three Young Nighthawks and grievously mauled and pummeled. He managed to wrench himself free.

"Come on you Young Wolverines," he shouted. "Follow me."

He scaled the fence, followed by the battered Young Wolverines. The Young Nighthawks, jeering derisively, were left in possession of the camp; but not for long. One Eye Bentz had just speared the biggest potato and was conveying it to his mouth when he dropped it with a howl of pain. A missile—half a brick—had whizzed through the air and struck him sharply in the wrist. Biff had rallied his men and had taken his stand on the roof of a shed in the corner of the junk yard. A bitter conflict, with stones, bricks, clubs followed. The Young Nighthawks fell back at last, ingloriously, and limped away.

"Kid, you're the hot tamales," commended no less a man than Shiner Mahan. "You're a born scrapper, and you use your bean." Biff glowed.

"Say, Shiner," he said, half bold, half diffident, "how about takin' me into the big gang?"

"Not yet a while, Biff. You'll make it in time."

Biff Cashin continued to lead the Young Wolverines with marked success, his eyes fixed on the day when he should be admitted to the senior body. When he was nearly eighteen he graduated into the big gang.

One day—he had been a full fledged Wolverine for six months—he said to his brother Tim,

"Tim, I'm thinkin' of joinin' the Marines."

"Aw, snap out of it," Tim advised. "What's the big idea, anyway?"

"Think I'd like soldierin'," said Biff.

"They'd ship you off to hell knows where," said Tim. "And the gang needs you. Listen, kid. If you're cravin' to pack a rifle around on your back, and to doll up in a uniform and follow a band, why don't you join the Fifth Infantry outfit of the National Guard. They got a swell armory near Sheridan Square and you can drill yourself dizzy there."

"Would they take me?" asked Biff.

"Sure. Why not? You're white and no cripple. You're a roughneck but I never heard tell of anybody bein' kep' out of the army because he was tough."

"Guess I'll sign up," said Biff.

"Don't think it's a picnic, Kid. You got to go to camp and hike miles with a ton of junk on your back and—"

Biff smiled.

"Say, I eat that sorta stuff up. It's my dish. Golly, I wish another war would come along."

Biff Cashin had been in the Fifth Infantry of the Guard fourteen months when they made him a corporal. He was immensely proud of his stripes. He was proud, too, of the sharpshooter badge he had gained at camp. The Wolverines did not greatly approve of his military activities. All Biff said was,

"What's it to you? I like it. Keeps me in condition. Say, if I stick at it and things break right, one of these days I'll be a major and rate a horse."

He had begun to make something of a name for himself as a boxer in the armory bouts. He was tall, well muscled, fast and was charged with a genuine fighting fury. He was, of course, crude. However, he applied himself diligently to learning how to use his fists scientifically.

"He has the makings of a corking good middleweight," his



colonel remarked. Biff, hearing of this, stuck out his chest, and was happy.

It was a rainy night in March. The Wolverines had assembled in a cellar in Van Kleef street for a serious business meeting.

"Listen," began their leader, Shiner Mahan. "We got a big job on. It's a chanst to make a fat killin'. There's a French boat unloadin' tomorrow night up at Pier 566. I got a hot tip they're goin' to load up a couple trucks with furs—minks, sables and other stuff that spells heavy jack. I've looked over the ground, and it'll be a cinch—"

"Wait a minute, Shiner," interposed Tim Cashin. "Pier 566 is in the Chelsea district."

"Sure. What of it?"

"Well, Benny Ferry and One Eye Bentz and the rest of them Nighthawks ain't goin' to be too pleased if we butt into their front-yard—"

"Who wants to please them yeggs?" demanded Shiner Mahan. "Let 'em squawk their heads off. By the time they tumble to what's happened, them fur trucks will be sold in South Brooklyn and we'll be splittin' the dough."

"Yeah," said Tim Cashin. "And supposin' no? The last time we give them babies a little surprise party like that we left Eddie Mack up in Twenty-third street with a slug through his pump—"

"All the more reason for cuttin' in up there tomorrow night," said Shiner Mahan. "We got a score to settle with them gorillas, on account of Eddie."

"All right," agreed Tim Cashin. "You can count me in. You got a plan doped out?"

"Sure. It ain't a job for a big mob. Just a few guys that can work fast, think fast, and, if they have to, shoot fast. You, Tim, and Rough-house, and Tony and Ike and Biff—"

Biff Cashin stood up slowly. Mahan stared at him.



"You can't call me that," shouted Biff, and rushed at the gang leader who whipped out an automatic. "You know I don't carry none," Biff said. "Put it down and I'll show you who's yalla!"

"I ain't in on this job, Shiner," he announced quietly.

"Huh? How come?"

"I got other plans," said Biff Cashin.

"Pullin' something private?" asked Mahan.

"Naw. Pullin' nothin'. I just don't want to be mixed up in a job like this, that's all."

"Say," queried Mahan, in angry amazement, "what's eatin' you, Biff?"

"I got my rep to think of," answered Biff Cashin.

Shiner Mahan laughed a short, ugly laugh.

"Your rep? That's rich, that is. Where did you get a rep, Biff Cashin?"

"I'm makin' one—" replied Biff—"in the Guard. They're talkin' of makin' me a sergeant—"

"Yeah? What of it?"

"Well, gettin' tangled up with the cops on account of some shootin' affair ain't goin' to help me none," said Biff.

"Say," demanded Shiner Mahan, fiercely. "Are you a member of this gang, or ain't you?"

"Sure I am."

"Then act like one. We got to stick together. Rep or no rep, the gang comes first, and I don't mean maybe."

"But I don't like this lay-out," said Biff. "We got plenty of soft and easy pickin's down around here. Why take risks? This Chelsea job is full of 'em. Even if the Nighthawks don't get wise, the cops may. Suppose there's a slip-up, and we have to shoot it out? Cop-croakin' ain't as popular as it used to be. Me, I ain't hankerin' for a stretch up the river or a burn in the chair."

A sneer twisted Shiner Mahan's face.

"I get you now," he said. "You're yalla."

"You're a liar," cried Biff Cashin.

"Yalla as a lemon," said Mahan.

"You can't call me that," shouted Biff, and rushed at Mahan. The leader whipped out a blunt-nosed automatic. Biff stopped short.

"You know I don't carry none," he said. "Put it down, and I'll show you who's yalla!"

"You can prove it by going on this job then," said Mahan.

"Better come along, kid," said Tim. "Be the guy we all think you are. Be regular. Don't rat on us."

"You can't hang out down here and not play the game," said Mahan.

"Aw, all right," said Biff Cashin. "I'll go."

Just before midnight a taxi halted in Twentieth street a block from the river. Six men got out. They stole down the street, looking out warily from under the vizors of their caps. In the darkened hallway of a tenement they stopped and waited.

"Twelve-three," whispered Shiner Mahan, consulting his watch by the light of a match. "The trucks turn into Twentieth street in four minutes. Remember the plan. Tim, Tony and me grab the first one; Biff, Rough-house and Ike board the second one. Knock the guard and the driver cold. Then step on the gas. No shootin' unless you got to. All set?"

"All set," said Biff Cashin, lighting a cigarette. Across the street, in a doorway, a waiting man with one eye—but that one uncommonly sharp—saw the flare of the match and the incisive face it illuminated. He hurried back into the house to a room where a dozen other men waited.

Two trucks, piled high with boxes, slowed down to turn the corner into Twentieth street.

Without a sound three men sprang on each of the trucks. A short jolt from Biff Cashin and the guard on the second truck rolled into the gutter, stunned. The butt of Ike's pistol felled the driver. Rough-house Organo slipped in behind the wheel. In the meantime the first truck had been taken over by Shiner Mahan, Tim Cashin and Tony.

Then, from a doorway, a pistol barked. Ike, on top of the second truck, sagged over, moaning.

"Cops!" cried Tim Cashin.

"The Nighthawks," shouted Shiner Mahan. "Let 'em have it."

A volley of shots pinged through the night air. Tim Cashin was firing into the men who surged out of the doorway and

surrounded the two trucks. With an oath one of them crumpled down.

A burning pain creased Biff Cashin's chest. He rolled from the top of the truck. He was on his feet in an instant, lashing out furiously with both fists, for his gun had been knocked from his hand. Two Nighthawks went sprawling as he drove home blows.

Then the shrill blast of a whistle cut through the air. "Beat it, Wolverines," called the voice of Shiner Mahan. "The cops."

The members of both gangs fled. "Where's Shiner?" asked Biff as he raced along at the side of his brother Tim.

"Back on the truck," said Tim. "He got it in the lungs."

"I'm going back to him," said Biff. "Don't be a fool—" began Tim. But Biff Cashin had already turned and was running back to the trucks.

One Nighthawk lay in the street, staring up at the stars with sightless eyes. Ike lay dead on the truck. Beside the first truck lay Shiner Mahan, writhing. Biff rushed to him.

"No use, Biff," said Mahan, feebly. "I'm goin'—fast. You beat it. The cops is comin'—"

"I'll be damned if I will," said Biff Cashin. He picked up the wounded man and half carried, half dragged him down the street. Men in uniform, pistols in their hands, came running down Twentieth street. Biff staggered with his burden into a hallway, and closed the door.

"Gang fight," said a police sergeant, briefly. "Tried to stick up those trucks. Them lads in dungarees must be the truck-men. They been knocked silly."

"Two of the gang got it," a patrolman reported.

"Get after the rest," the sergeant ordered.

"Blood on the sidewalk here," another patrolman called. "Looks like one of 'em was wounded and was dragged in this house."

"Get him," said the sergeant.

"You beat it, Biff," gasped Shiner Mahan. "You can run up the stairs and get away over the roofs."

"Nix, old sport. You need me. I'm stickin', see."

"Give me your hand, Biff. I can't breathe no—more—"

And listen—kid—"

Biff Cashin bent close to the lips of the dying man. "I said you was yalla," whispered Mahan. "God, kid, you're the whitest guy I ever knew."

Then the police with their night-sticks crashed in the door. Cornered in the hallway, and unarmed, Biff Cashin put up a fight that is still told about in station-houses, not without admiration. Bleeding from the wounds where the bullet had sliced across his chest, he fought like a savage demon until four stalwart officers clubbed him senseless.

When he was able to come out of the hospital well and whole save for a jagged scar, he was speedily tried for murder. His story that he had just happened to be passing the scene of the shooting and, though quite innocent, had been involved in it by an unhappy set of circumstances, served merely to amuse the jury. The district attorney intimated that if Biff would disclose the names of the others who had taken part in the battle, he would be dealt with leniently. Biff's only answer to this proposal was a contemptuous—

"Aw, go peddle your fish."

The judge, in sentencing him remarked,

"I am sending you to prison for life, Cashin. It is possible, however, that if your conduct is excellent, you may be released at the end of twenty years."

Biff Cashin had been in prison two years. He had won a fight with himself to keep his spirit in the face of the rigorous discipline and black hopelessness of prison life.

Then one day he was summoned to the Warden's office.

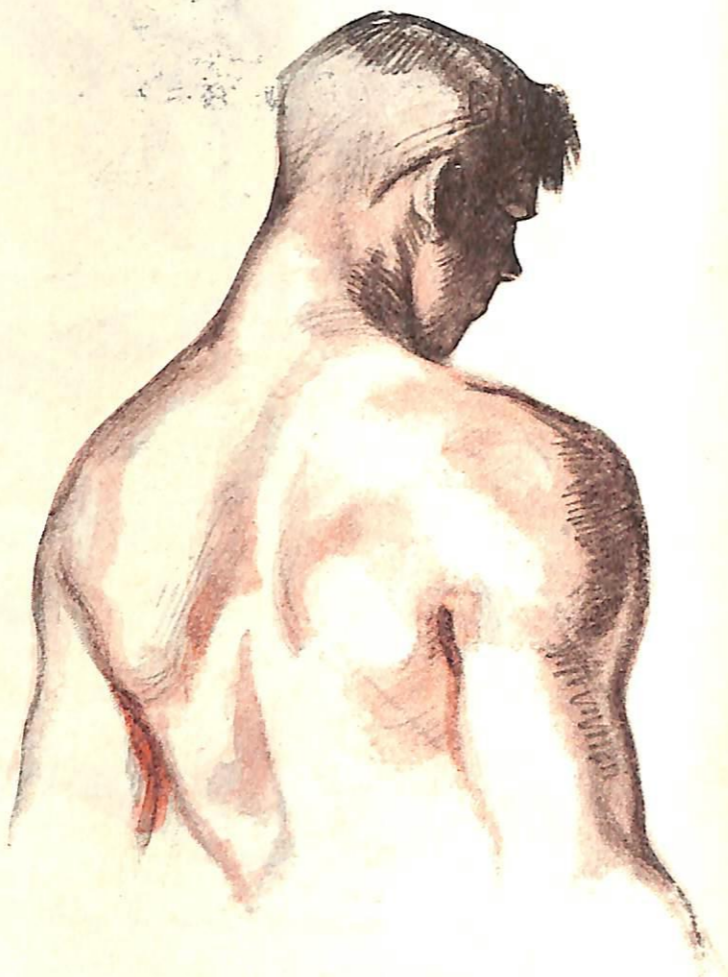
"Cashin," the warden said, "I've been watching you. Your conduct has been exemplary. I'm going to make you a trusty."

"Thanks, Warden," said Biff Cashin; then added, "I don't want to be a trusty if I have to do stool-pigeon work."

"I'm not asking you to do that. I hear you know a bit about boxing. I like to put on the gloves and step a couple of rounds every day for the exercise. I want you to box with me."

Biff's eyes glistened.

"Gee, that'll be great," he said. "It's been awful tough on



me, bein' cooped up here with never a chanst for a scrap from one year's end to another."

They were putting the gloves away after a spirited session some weeks later.

"You're gettin' to have a sweet right hand sock, Warden," said Biff Cashin.

The Warden smiled.

"I'm still a bit dizzy from that left of yours," he said.

"Warden," said Biff Cashin, "when you first give me the job of boxin' with you, I was afraid to take it."

"Why?"

"Well I says to myself, 'Biff, you sap, if you forget yourself and smack the warden a real hard one on the potato, he'll get sore at you and ride you.' Then one day I did get steamed up and copped you on the button with a haymaker that spun you on your ear. Remember?"

"I certainly do."

"Well, I says to myself, 'Biff, you boob, now you've cooked your duck.' Then you got up and went at it hot and heavy and I socked you as hard as I could and you socked right back. I was expectin' you'd find some excuse for puttin' me in the cooler or something, but you never did. Warden, it ain't often that you find a guy in a job like yours that don't expect the guys under him to yes him and applesauce him and pull their punches. You're a real egg."

The Warden laughed.

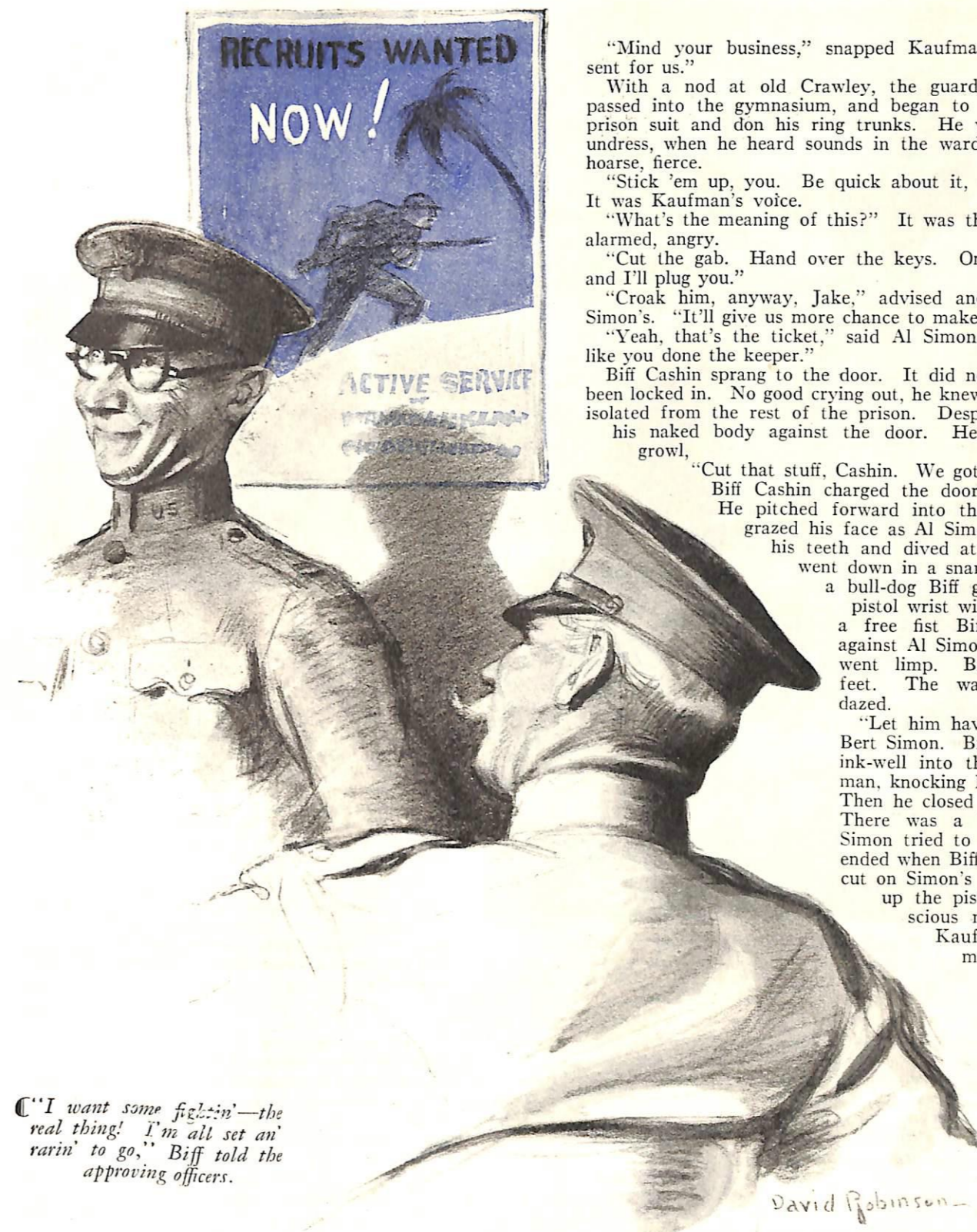
"I've heard of worse epitaphs," he said. "Cashin, I'm sorry you're in here. You've got good stuff in you. Too bad you got in trouble."

"Aw, a fella like me, livin' where I did, can't keep outa trouble," said Biff.

"Think you'd go straight if you were out?"

"Try me."

"That's out of the question. You'll have to serve your term, I'm afraid."



Biff Cashin worked, part of the time, in the toy shop, putting wigs on dolls. It was unexciting, but it was easy. In the small work-room with him were three other prisoners. They held aloof from him. As they worked they talked among themselves in whispers. They were pale men with restless eyes and nervous, twitching mouths. Biff did not mind their lack of friendliness. He knew what they were—Jake Kaufman, and the Simon brothers, Al and Bert, dope-peddlers. By Biff's code, they were pariahs.

At four o'clock on a foggy afternoon in March, Biff Cashin left the work-room to go to the warden's house, which stood near the prison gate, for his daily bout in the room off the warden's office. He had noticed that there was an unusual undertone of excitement in the whispered words of the three other prisoners that day. When he started across the prison-yard he noticed that the three men were following him.

"Where you goin'?" he queried.

"Mind your business," snapped Kaufman. "The warden sent for us."

With a nod at old Crawley, the guard at the gate, he passed into the gymnasium, and began to take off his grey prison suit and don his ring trunks. He was in a state of undress, when he heard sounds in the warden's office, voices hoarse, fierce.

"Stick 'em up, you. Be quick about it, or I'll drill you." It was Kaufman's voice.

"What's the meaning of this?" It was the warden's voice, alarmed, angry.

"Cut the gab. Hand over the keys. One peep outa you and I'll plug you."

"Croak him, anyway, Jake," advised another voice, Bert Simon's. "It'll give us more chance to make our getaway."

"Yeah, that's the ticket," said Al Simon. "Slug him out like you done the keeper."

Biff Cashin sprang to the door. It did not open. He had been locked in. No good crying out, he knew. The house was isolated from the rest of the prison. Desperately he hurled his naked body against the door. He heard Kaufman growl,

"Cut that stuff, Cashin. We got gats."

Biff Cashin charged the door again. It gave. He pitched forward into the office. A shot

grazed his face as Al Simon fired. Biff set his teeth and dived at the man. They

went down in a snarling tangle. Like a bull-dog Biff gripped the man's

pistol wrist with his teeth. With a free fist Biff drove a blow

against Al Simon's temple. Simon went limp. Biff leaped to his feet. The warden was down,

dazed.

"Let him have it, Jake," cried Bert Simon. Biff dashed a heavy

ink-well into the face of Kaufman, knocking him into a corner.

Then he closed with Bert Simon. There was a brief struggle as

Simon tried to use his pistol. It ended when Biff landed an uppercut on Simon's chin. Biff caught

up the pistol of the unconscious man, and covered

Kaufman, and the Simons.

"Lie still, you rats," he said.

The warden, shaking his head groggily, struggled to his feet, made the corner of the room, and rang the emergency signal. Leaning there, he smiled at Biff.

"Guess you've done all the fighting you need to today, Cashin," he said. "As soon as the guards get here, I'm going to start for Albany to tell the governor what you've done."

Two weeks later Biff Cashin was given a pardon. In a shoddy blue suit, with a five-dollar bill in his pocket, he was leaving the prison. He stopped in the warden's office to say good-by.

"Well, Cashin, what are your plans?" the warden asked.

"I got plans—sort of," said Biff. "I been doin' some thinkin'. I'm sure of one thing: you ain't never goin' to see me here again."

"That's sense," said the warden. "But [Continued on page 57]



Mary Sherman, President, General Federation of Women's Clubs, is helping to create a better future for the race through her army of two million women.

SHE likes sometimes to be called Mary Sherman. It means affection. The official name of this President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs is Mrs. John Dickinson Sherman. When I talked with her, in the preparation of this article, it was her first day out of bed for weeks. No wonder. It is a strenuous life she leads, and an attack of grip followed a long tour of many cities. Since her election to the Presidency, in 1924, Mrs. Sherman has traveled 95,000 miles; a good part of it anything but easy traveling.

At a small junction in the middle west there arose the experience that led to that statement about her first name. To a person going from town to town it is a mere matter of course to wait in little stations many hours. Mrs. Sherman was sitting outside the station on her suitcase. After a while another woman, evidently waiting for the same train, came out of the station and likewise sat on her suitcase.

The President of the Federation asked the newcomer where she was going. It turned out that she was headed for a certain meeting, at a certain town, because there was to be a discussion of various topics, and interesting women to meet. "But specially," she added, "I want a sight of Mary Sherman."

Such is the use of the name that appeals to Mrs. Sherman. It reminds her that she is a reality, a being thought of gratefully by thousands and thousands of women throughout this land; women often remote, perhaps lonely, usually hard-worked, to whom the club is a window opening on to the larger world.

Tactful questioning drew it out that the woman waiting on the platform was not altogether happy about her club mem-

A New

By
Norman Hapgood



EDITOR'S NOTE:

This article begins a series of close human interest to all thinking women. History moves rapidly in our day; and among its swift changes there is none of deeper import than the rôle of woman in society. Before the age of machinery she was crowded with occupations in the home. Now many of those eternal interests have left the single home and gone out into the factory and the community.

What are the outstanding features of this new outer life of woman? This series will tell you. It tells you not in the abstract theory but in actual talks with women who are themselves leaders in making the new life. This month we have in Mrs. Sherman the spokesman for serious women banded together in clubs to study the betterment of their homes, their towns, their country. In similar frank and searching talks we shall pass on to education, politics, art, social service, business. In the end there will have been painted a broad canvas, depicting half of the human race reaching out to an altered world—a better place to live in.

bership. It had been a resource to her. But a difficulty had arisen. Every member was supposed to hold herself ready to make a study and read a paper on any subject named by the club. The topic given to this simple and busy housewife was, "The Nations of the World and Their Customs."

It was costing this woman \$25 to go to the meeting in the town for which she was headed. Something was now about to occur that made her—poor as she was—exclaim that the trip was worth a hundred dollars to her.

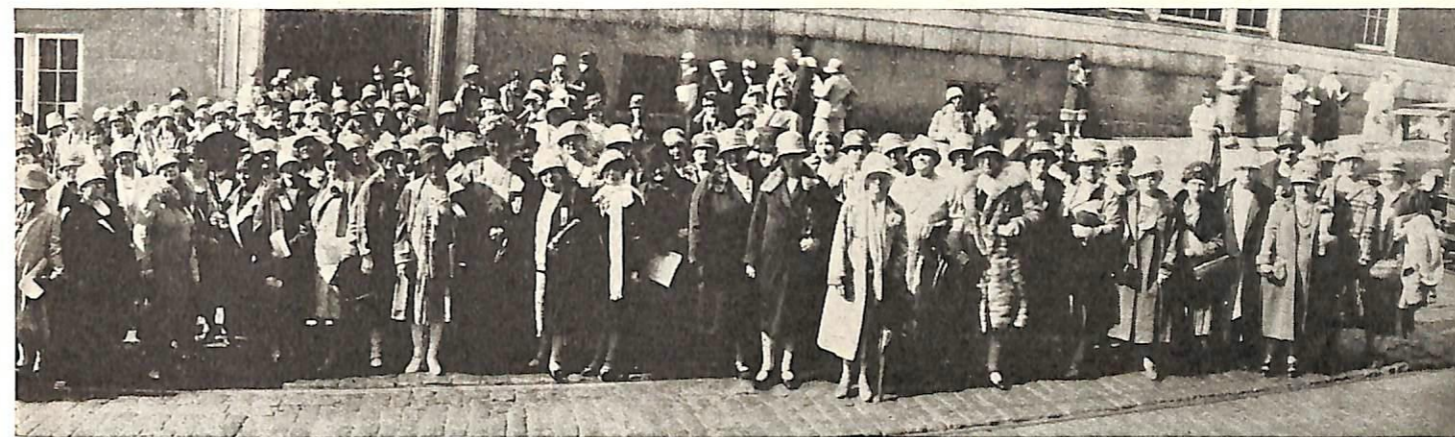
"I am Mary Sherman," the President said, and as her new friend's excitement let down a little Mrs. Sherman gave her some advice. She was right in refusing to prepare a paper on the Nations of the Earth and Their Customs. When she returned home she was to go to the local officer and offer instead to write a paper on how she, with her limited income, was able nevertheless to bring up a family of happy children and give them a solid education.

There you have the gist of how Mrs. Sherman feels about the two million women represented by the Federation. For good measure we might add a million and a half more, who are affiliated with the Federation, though not voting in it, such as the Girl Scouts. These are all so many human realities to the President, and she longs to be close to them. Her constant dream is to get into smaller villages, into the actual country, to increase the membership among farm women, for that is where the organization is weak in numbers. It is weak in influence and sympathy in the big city, where the most active women do not feel they need it, having their lives full already. Its strength is in the ordinary town.

For many years before she became President, and in the

ERA for WOMEN

(The first of a series of articles on the Woman of Today—what she is aiming at and what she has accomplished as a homemaker, wife, mother and member of Society)



A bi-annual meeting of the Federation of Women's Clubs. The women throughout the country, especially from small towns, are ardent in their desire for progress and development in every field of interest to them.

three years since, the part of the Federation work that is nearest Mrs. Sherman's heart is the department of home-making. As President she is concerned with all of the many departments. But no other will ever be quite so dear.

Of these departments, including education, public welfare, fine arts, legislation, and citizenship, many interesting things might be said. What struck me most, as I went over the subject with Mrs. Sherman, was the willingness of these women to commit themselves on controversial subjects. The World Court, the Maternity Bill, Prohibition, are all centers of hot debate, yet the Federation is out in favor of all of them, without difficulty resulting.

On the other hand, tact has been required on a subject where women might be expected to lead, namely pacifism. With one end of the debate about peace represented by the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, and the other end represented by the Daughters of the American Revolution, there has been need for diplomacy. The Women's International League goes into a town and organizes a branch, with the result that the local women's club, part of the Federation, sees some of its members join the new organization. Then there is criticism from the D. A. R., or the Daughters of 1812, or some other patriotic organization. In this dilemma the Federation, under Mrs. Sherman's leadership, has taken a seat as firmly as possible on the fence, but tipping a little toward the preparedness side. It has been cooperative with the Daughters, and had dealings with the American Legion, and treated the pacifists as a menace; but only enough to keep out of trouble with the patriots. This policy throws an interesting light on the general question of whether the average attitude of women differs in any way from the average attitude of men, on public questions, or merely reproduces it.

About how the membership of women's clubs should be made up I thought Mrs. Sherman was particularly interesting. She said: "I do not think young women with children should undertake much club work. They are welcome as members, but nothing should be undertaken that can interfere with their home duties, and therefore the real running of the clubs should fall to women whose children have reached an age when they do not require much attention."

Mrs. Sherman's only child is a grown son, and she is now a widow. Like all the

officers of the Federation, and also the department chairmen, she works without salary. Her interest in affairs was shown early, as she taught parliamentary law in the John Marshall Law School at Chicago. Her home is in Estes Park, Colorado.

In harmony with Mrs. Sherman's prevailing interest is the survey that has been made of the actual equipment of American farm homes. This survey cost ninety thousand dollars. The Industrial Survey and Research Service was employed to direct the work, but it was conducted by the Federation and the information secured by the local club women.

Nebraska was the first state to complete the survey. In that state are over 125,000 farm homes. There are some special farms, devoted to poultry, sugar-beet, or garden products, but most of them are general and depend on hay, grain, live stock, and dairy products. The average size is 256 acres, with 152 under cultivation. About a third of them have a regular farm hand, to be fed by the wife of the farmer, and more of them have seasonal help. Nineteen out of twenty of the wives are without a servant, and six out of seven are without the help of grown daughters or other relatives. In the heavy season this last proportion is reduced to five out of seven.

This is the age of machinery. Whatever may be said against it, whatever fears may exist for the future, it is a fact, due to loom large in history, that machinery has made it possible to end the overwhelming drudgery under which the race has struggled. How far is that freedom being given to the woman in the home, and more specifically to the woman on the farm? She gets around in her motor in a way that she could not in her buggy or wagon. The moving picture comes within her reach where the regular theater did not. The phonograph brings good music into her home. The new radio enables her to hear a sermon in the kitchen or a lecture as she sews under the lamp. But how about the full use of machinery in the actual running of the home? Is it equal to the use of machinery in her husband's part of the work?

Nebraska is a state in which most farms



The Home of the General Federation of Women's Clubs at Washington, D. C.

are not near cities, and therefore some kinds of power are harder to get. On the other hand, it is prosperous and progressive. We shall look at certain other states after a glance at the farmer's wife in Nebraska.

In the Federation report the returns indicate nearly half of the Nebraska farms have stationary engines to do farm work, and a fifth have electricity generated mostly by individual power plants. What does the wife get out of this? Less than six hundred of these engines are used to pump water. Of the electric motors only four in a hundred are used to run electric pumps. One of the most surprising failures to use modern machinery is that less than a third of the farm-houses in this advanced state have running water in the kitchen sinks.

On the other hand the washing-machine is doing pretty well. Out of a hundred homes eighty-six have washing machines. About half of these are operated by a stationary engine that is used for farm work on days that are not washing days. A large percentage of the homes—at least four-fifths—have churns, cream separators, food-choppers, sewing-machines and screens. This is in contrast to less than a quarter with stationary laundry tubs with running water, flush toilets, bathtubs, electric lights, furnaces, electric irons, vacuum cleaners, and bread makers. So the amount that the age of machinery still has to do for the farmer's wife is considerable, even judged only by our present knowledge and available facilities. We could easily and at once go further in what Mrs. Sherman calls, rather strikingly, "labor-saving appliances instead of woman-power." She puts first a water system; then good lighting; then power. She thinks a good power machine can be had for less than a hundred dollars.

THE situation does not differ essentially in the various states, although it does in some details. Ten states are under way with the work. In Rhode Island, for example, it is found that a serious matter, to be followed vigorously by the clubs, is furnished by miles and miles of open sewers. This illustrates how inevitably the question of the home leads into politics, primarily politics of the immediate neighborhood, but also into politics of state and nation. An appropriation for modernizing the sewers has been made recently, and made on account of the activities of the club-women.

In New England generally there is an advantage over other parts of the country in water-supply. It is more general than elsewhere to have water piped into the farmhouse, Vermont leading with ninety-seven percent. The hills make this easier, of course, than in flat counties, since gravity can be made to do the work. However, Massachusetts, flatter in many parts, is almost equal to Vermont, and twenty-seven out of a hundred put water into the house by electric pumping. New England and the Pacific Coast are about a tie in sanitary fixtures. California is ahead with bathtubs, with fifty-eight percent of the farms. Massachusetts is ahead in stationary washbasins and flush toilets. Next follow New Hampshire and the state of Washington. An interesting aspect of these figures, frequently mentioned by Mrs. Sherman, is that the cost of putting in the needed devices cannot be the determining factor, since the New England farm notoriously pays less than the farm in many parts of the country.

The club-women would have a lot on their hands if in this big survey they were dealing with nothing except typhoid fever. In the country and in the villages that have under a thousand inhabitants, scarcely more than a quarter of the homes have proper methods of getting rid of the sewage, which of course means poisoned water and food.

Some odd tendencies turn up. Montana leads in the use of the mantle lamp, with more than half the homes. Utah is first in electric lighting, with almost eighty-seven percent. Kentucky leads in coal stoves, with almost nine-tenths. As to such new devices for heating as hot water, steam, and piped-air furnaces, the leaders in order are Ohio, Massachusetts, and Iowa. For electricity in cooking, the order is California, New Hampshire, Idaho, Rhode Island, Washington, Oregon. In facilities for keeping food cool the middle-west farming states come first—Nebraska, Kansas, Illinois, Missouri. An increasing effort to provide refrigerators is being made in states where houses are built without cellars and where the climate is warm. Mrs. Sherman calls attention to the greater variety of diet that can be provided when refrigeration facilities are ample.

The vacuum cleaner is really one of the heroes of modern life. In regard to that improvement no part of the country

leads. Individual states which are to the fore are New York, Ohio, Illinois, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut.

This extensive survey is a basis not only for the direct work of the clubs themselves, but for a campaign to induce Congress to make such data a part of the census. Mrs. Sherman sees no reason why, when the census gatherers are bringing together all sorts of information, they should not include the kind of data we have been considering. The proposed amendment to the Census Law authorizes the gathering of data about the extent to which homes are "equipped with principal sanitary and essential labor-saving facilities; what hand or so-called neighborhood industries are carried on in the household and by what members of the family."

Among the forces holding back progress the club-women find these:

Lack of understanding by the housewife of what labor-saving devices can be obtained, even with a limited income.

Lack of proper public utility service in communities.

The tradition of drudgery.

The purpose is officially summed up thus: "making the home a place where the best woman may have a medium through which she can satisfactorily express her best self in serving the family and the community."

Of course a mother can never get away from the question of the moral influences to which her children are subjected. The regular theater, as far as children are concerned, meant little, compared to the influence of that new invention, the moving picture. It is cheap, exciting, accessible in places that seldom see a regular play. Mothers are often careless about the movies, regarding both the nature of the picture and the kind of persons likely to be met. It is a frequent thing for a woman to park a child in such a place for a whole afternoon, while she goes off to work, shop, or amuse herself. There sits the child, perhaps seeing the same program twice from beginning to end. It is bad enough any way, but of course it is much worse if the picture is in itself objectionable.

For a time there was an arrangement by which the Federation had regular meetings with the Public Relations Committee, in which Will Hays was much interested. The result was not satisfactory, and the Federation withdrew. The Congress of Parents and Teachers also withdrew, just before the Federation did. Mrs. Sherman is intensely concerned about the movies, since they count so much in the very elements of the community in which the Federation is strongest and in which it sees the largest field for usefulness. About half the clubs are in towns of twenty-five thousand or less. In such a town the moving picture house plays an even greater part in the general life than it does in the larger cities.

It is in the Department of Education, of the Federation work, that the problem of the moving picture comes, and it is being approached on a sound basis. The women concerned do not take refuge in the easy device of scolding the magnates. They realize that it is too much to expect of managers that they shall raise the public. The public must raise themselves. It may be a slow process, but there is no patent medicine in education. There is only, at best, gradual, wholesome, laborious progress. The Federation says to the mother: "Did you go to the movies this week? What did you see? Did you choose something that you knew was worth while, or did you go without knowing what you were to see? We need to increase the demand for good pictures, and we need to make that demand articulate. We must have education, but we must add to it organization. Organization is at our hand if we will use it. The first object is to secure reliable information about current films. The second is to work through our organization to get what we want."

THE information we want is of two kinds. We want to know the group for which a film is suitable—adult, youth or child. Then we must know whether for its group it is worth while. What comes nearest to giving us this information is in the publication called Educational Screen, which has a department called Film Estimates. The recommendations in this department are made by a committee on which are represented churches, schools, professions, business. The address is Educational Screen, 5 Wabash avenue, Chicago.

"There are remarkable films which need the support of serious people. The indifference of the public to such notable films has been discouraging. Recently some of the greatest pictures have been revived by [Continued on page 64]



(Birdie Flowers broke into vaudeville with the sextette of cayenne chorines in Eddie Hert's revue.

(It was on things like understanding and love that Birdie's flashing feet danced their way to stardom

The UNDERSTANDER

By WALTER De LEON

(Illustrations by Everett Shinn

THE first season little Birdie Flowers broke into vaudeville with the sextette of cayenne chorines in Eddie Hert's miniature revue, watching her shaking her short black hair, kicking her cute legs in all directions, doing tricks with her snappy black eyes and showing her white teeth in the old "Oh-you!" smile, a great many male customers in the audiences used to lay mental bets on her future.

That was no news to Birdie. Even before she could spell it she had determined to become a premiere danseuse. Since her sixteenth birthday she had had to help herself to pretty much everything she'd got. Naturally, at nineteen, she was no green pasture chicken used to soft pickings when, finishing a

course of stage dancing that had cost her a lot of meals, she applied for her first theatrical engagement. Being city-broke, she realized that Eddie Hert signed her up for a chorus job because she interested him more personally than professionally. But that didn't worry little Birdie. She had started on her way to stardom.

A season on the road didn't sap Birdie's ambition any, but hours of dressing-room chatter persuaded her that her method was wrong. Not hard work, practise and study, but pull, an interested angel or manager—that was the way stars were made.

"Why," she asked herself in her second year of chorus work,

"should I dance myself insipid two and three times a day for these fifty cent customers? I'd better save that energy until my Big Opportunity comes along and puts me on Broadway solo dancing to four and five dollar seat-fillers. From now on I'm going to work my eyes and head and spare my legs."

Of course that wasn't what she told Eddie when he asked her one night what had happened to her pep. The next day at the opening matinee in one of the New York houses—where managers and scouts were sure to see her—Birdie crowded on steam and turned in a zippy performance that helped considerably in putting the act across with a bang.

"Listen, baby," Eddie slipped an arm around her as they walked to their dressing-rooms, "you know I like you, don't you? You keep on delivering like you did this afternoon, and I'll know where to look for the specialty dancer I'm going to need next season in my new act."

THINKING over Eddie's remark as she removed her make-up, Birdie was inclined to rate his promise as just a teaser to keep her working hard for the rest of the season. She went down on the stage as the closing act was on.

Karl and Pals, programs and announcement cards read; Karl being an athletic young Swiss, and his pals two beautiful big dogs. Even folks like Birdie who knew nothing of dogs could not mistake Pierre and Colombine for anything but aristocrats; big-timers in dogdom. Their eyes and heads indicated great intelligence.

Karl registered a quiet dignity in spite of the twinkle always in his blue eyes and the free-for-all smile that lighted his good looking face. For his act the stage was set as a gymnasium. In sleeveless white shirt and short white running trunks Karl breezed through a routine of setting-up exercises, bar-work and Indian club swinging.

Lithe, broad of shoulder though clean-cut and graceful, long muscles rippling prettily under his white skin, women liked to look at Karl. As he romped with his dogs between stunts, they enjoyed his bubbling stream of humorous comment and stories, told with droll inflections in amusing broken English. And when at the finish of his turn he climbed a rope to a swinging trapeze, hung there by his toes and, playing a small guitar, sang a little Swiss love song with a yodel chorus, they loved it.

Acrobats were entitled to make a living, but they never interested Birdie much, either on or off. When the curtain fell Pierre trotted toward the entrance where she stood.

"You're a love," Birdie chuckled. "May I pet him?" she asked Karl, approaching with Colombine.



EVERETT SHINN 1927

"You think he appreciate it?" he returned whimsically. "We find out. Pierre, does the little lady say you are lofely because she vishes to make me feel goot, or does she really think you are noble dok?" He added a few words of Swiss.

Pierre cocked his head first to one side, then the other, regarding the girl intently. Slowly he circled her, his nostrils quivering. Turning to Karl he barked softly. Karl nodded. With gracefully waving tail Pierre rubbed his shoulder against Birdie's knee and gently dog-kissed the palm of her hand.

Crowing, she cuddled the dog's head in her arms. Then she called to his mate. But Colombine remained at Karl's side. "She is jealous," Karl explained with mock gravity. "You are vamp her husband and she likes it not very much. You see, he is the daddy of three little doks only four-five weeks old—"

"Puppies!" Birdie lost interest in their sire. "Where are they?"

"Upstairs, waiting for their mama to bring their supper." From the large basket in Karl's dressing-room Birdie picked up the liveliest of the three puppies, a handful of woolly little life cunningly marked and appealingly helpless.

"Aha—you know something," Karl laughed. "Those other two I have arranged to sell. But that von I keep. He vill be a vunderful dok some day, more smart even as his papa."



"Pierre," Karl asked, "does the lady say you are lofely because she vishes to make me feel goot, or does she really think you are noble dok?"

Birdie smiled, glanced again at the puppy. "All right."

Before the end of the week Karl was making gay love in his inimitable manner, at unexpected moments at dinner or after the show at night when they were dancing on crowded cabaret floors. Birdie liked it; encouraged him.

"You dance gorgeously," she told him Saturday night as they returned to their table after a waltz.

"Everything I do. I do goot," Karl smiled largely. "The trouble vith me, I only do things when I must."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I tell you. My ideas are so goot, sometimes I vonder how I get them. For instance; von day a famous European acrobat comes to my gymnasium. I never told you before, but I am very fine gymnasium instructor in Svitzerland. This acrobat tells me he vill give five hundred dollars to anybody can tell him a new way to present his act on the stage. I don't need the money, but I like to help him so I begin to think. Next day I tell my friend. I

Right then and there Birdie Flowers got a great yearning. A big beautiful dog such as Pierre's son must grow to be would attract a world of attention to his mistress when they paraded Broadway. Most men liked dogs. Birdie had noticed. She could imagine many a producing manager's office, closed tight to a pretty chorus girl, opening to admit Pierre's handsome son.

"Gee, I'd like to have him for my very own," Birdie sighed, very audibly.

Colombine raised her head. Ears laying back a trifle she stretched toward Birdie, coolly lifted the puppy from her hand and deposited him carefully beside his brother and sister.

"Now why did she do that?" Birdie asked, piqued.

"These doks," the merriment had left Karl's eyes, "know too much. Now I am very curious—what does Colombine know that I don't know? Vait—I get a mar-r-velous idea." His eyes were twinkling again. "You and I—ve go to dinner together and talk about you, and then maybe I find out what Colombine knows, and tell you. Ve go any place you vish. Pleass?"

Birdie glanced suspiciously at him.

"Is it now," Karl asked quickly, "you hesitate to go vith me because I am ac-crobat? That makes me admit I am quite nice when you know me."

have to show him myself what I mean—the idea is so new. 'Karl,' he says, 'Never could I do without you. Vill you be my partner? Pleass.' So, I go into show business."

"What was the idea you had?" Birdie asked.

"Ve are the first ac-crobats ever to do every trick and every little move of every trick in strict time to music. My partner is the top-mounter; I am the understander."

"The what?"

"The understander. I stand under him and hold him up. I pick him up from the floor and lift him above my head and stand still while he does tricks on my shoulders—but it vasn't the tricks ve did. It vas how ve did them, each move in exact time to nice slow music, that made us a terr-rific hit. Too big!"

"How can you be too big a hit?" Birdie scoffed.

"There are too many good things to eat in Europe," Karl replied. "Ve are always being entertained, and my little partner has a big appetite. Finally, he gets a stomach. Imagine—an ac-crobat vith a stomach! Also, it's cheating the audience. They are paying to see the best ve can do—and ve are not doing it. That's wrong, you know."

"Finally I tell my partner, 'Either you diet, or I die.' He only laughs and eats more. Finally he comes to me and says he can get as fat as he likes, because he is going to marry a

very rich widow who eats more as him. And so, in the middle of the season, we break up the act."

"Couldn't you have found another partner?" Birdie asked. "Yes, but I needed a rest. I thought I'd like to see America. So I come. I look—and, by Golly, I like it. So do the doks. Then I need an idea to take us all over the country so we can see it all. So we go into vaudeville. It's mar-r-revelous," Karl said drolly, "but whenever I need a good idea—always it comes."

"Well," Birdie smiled, "if you get any ideas on how to make me a star, I wish you'd tell me."

"I already got von," Karl replied calmly. "Some day I tell it to you, when you are ready to be a star."

"Ready! I'm ready now."

KARL shook his head, smiling. "No, and that is the reason I am going to give you the little dok."

Birdie sat up, eyes popping. "No kidding?" "But not today. First place, he's too young. Second place, I don't know if you love him enough. Puppies are just like babies; they live on love. Third place, I must teach him manners and discipline and kindness to others so he won't grow up selfish and egotistical—like me, for instance. So—your act comes back into New York to play the Riverside in three-four months; yes? I bring you the dok then."

Birdie clapped her hands softly. "I think he will love you," Karl continued quietly. "You are very easy to love very hard. Besides," his lips twitched merrily, "I wish to prove to Colombine that for once I know more as she knows."

During the weeks following Birdie began worriedly asking herself if Karl had given her an egg-shell promise. Finally, the week before she returned for the Riverside date she wrote to him, telling him the name of the hotel where she would be.

Walking into the lobby of that hotel after the Monday night performance, the first person she saw was Karl. His smile, the sound of his voice when he greeted her, brought a little catch in her throat. Somewhat hurriedly she dropped her eyes to the pup, grown large and leggy, a bit clumsy, but still the center of attention in the lobby.

"I named him Karlschen—little Karl," Karl said when they had found chairs in a quiet corner. "And I taught him to understand English. I show you."

He placed the dog's fore-paws on Birdie's knees.

"Karlschen," slowly, "this lady is your mistress. You will love her and protect her as long as you live. You understand?"

The dog barked; licked Birdie's hand; tried to reach her face.

"Now, you lie down by Birdie's feet and congratulate yourself what a lucky dok you are."

There was silence for a moment while Birdie, stooping over, stroked the dog that was hers.

"Only one thing I ask in return," Karl said. "Karlschen is—oh, so sensitive. If you ever stop loving him—"

"Karl!" "If ever you stop loving him, he will leave you. There is a little farm in the country near here—he knows where. But this promise I insist you make; if you should ever wish to sell him, write or wire me to the Booking Office. No matter what any other man offers I will give you more. I have your promise?"

"Of course, but—"

Karl's sternness disappeared. "I am too sentimental, you think. But I do not like to picture a very fine dok walking around the world on a leash, sniffing everywhere, hoping to find somebody he loves and cannot forget. I don't suppose that means much to you."

"It certainly does."

"Yes? Um. Listen, Birdie; I sent a small package to your room, a pair of my old slippers Karlschen like to play with."

His hand reached down to cover hers on the dog's head. "I don't suppose you would care to take me along with the dok—and my old slippers."

Birdie's heart skipped a beat.

"Ever since I first saw you, Birdie, I can think of no von else. Only you. In the morning when I wake up I look to see is the sun shining to make you happy. While I am walking through the Park with the doks, you—that's all we talk about. On the stage when I sing my little love song, it's to you. And at night—"

"Please, Karl," Birdie checked him. Resolutely she removed her hand from his. As a star danseuse there was no place in her life plans for any modeling gymnast. In imagination she could hear her friends chorusing the traditional curse of vaudeville: "May all your children be acrobats!"

"Is it because I am acrobat?" Karl asked softly.

"Karl, please!" Birdie begged guiltily. "It's—it's just that a career—success means more to me than anything else."

"And marriage—that would spoil everything?"

"Unless I married a rich man who could do things for me; help make me a star."

"So!" Karl said gently. "That is my cue to bow out, I guess." Taking Karlschen's head in his hands he held him close, whispering to him. Then he stood up, trying to smile.

"Good-by, Karlschen. Good-by, Birdie. Good luck—always." Rapidly he walked away.

For no reason the pup could see Birdie cried herself to sleep that night.

A queer sort of pride, rather than Karl's threat that Karlschen would leave her if she stopped loving him, kept Birdie strictly to the routine Karl had recommended for the dog's care. Obedient to her every command, he proclaimed to the world that he was nobody's dog but Birdie's.

Karlschen could be relied on to exhibit bristling objection to his mistress associating with gentlemen who wafted an unpleasant scent to his sensitive nostrils.

She took it for a lucky sign when Karlschen showed a decided liking for King McKrea, producer of many a Broadway girl-and-music hit. Birdie met him in Chicago. It happened that McKrea had seen Birdie's work in the act, and liked it.

"Come in and see me next summer in New York," McKrea said when Birdie had told him what a great little solo dancer she'd make.

By matinée time the next day Birdie's head had soared so high it had lost contact with her feet, and she nearly ruined the dance finale of the act. When the curtain came down, meekly she took Eddie's outpouring of sarcasm. But not Karlschen. When Eddie started waving his hands angrily—well, he only started. As a growler Eddie couldn't compete with Karlschen.

"Listen," Birdie begged when she and the dog reached their dressing-room, "if I can stand the boss's raving, why can't you? It looks like we're all set with McKrea, but if he should lose his memory we'll need Eddie next season. A few more teeth-showing exhibitions from you, and our trunk is going to be chucked out into the alley after us some rainy night."

Birdie's season closed early in May, with a promise from Eddie to get in touch with her when he returned to New York after his summer lay-off. Back on Broadway Birdie called on McKrea. He was in Europe; not expected back until July.

With a three months lay-off to gnaw at her pocketbook Birdie moved into a rooming house recommended as run by a landlady so devoid of a sense of smell that you could fry bacon practically under her nose.

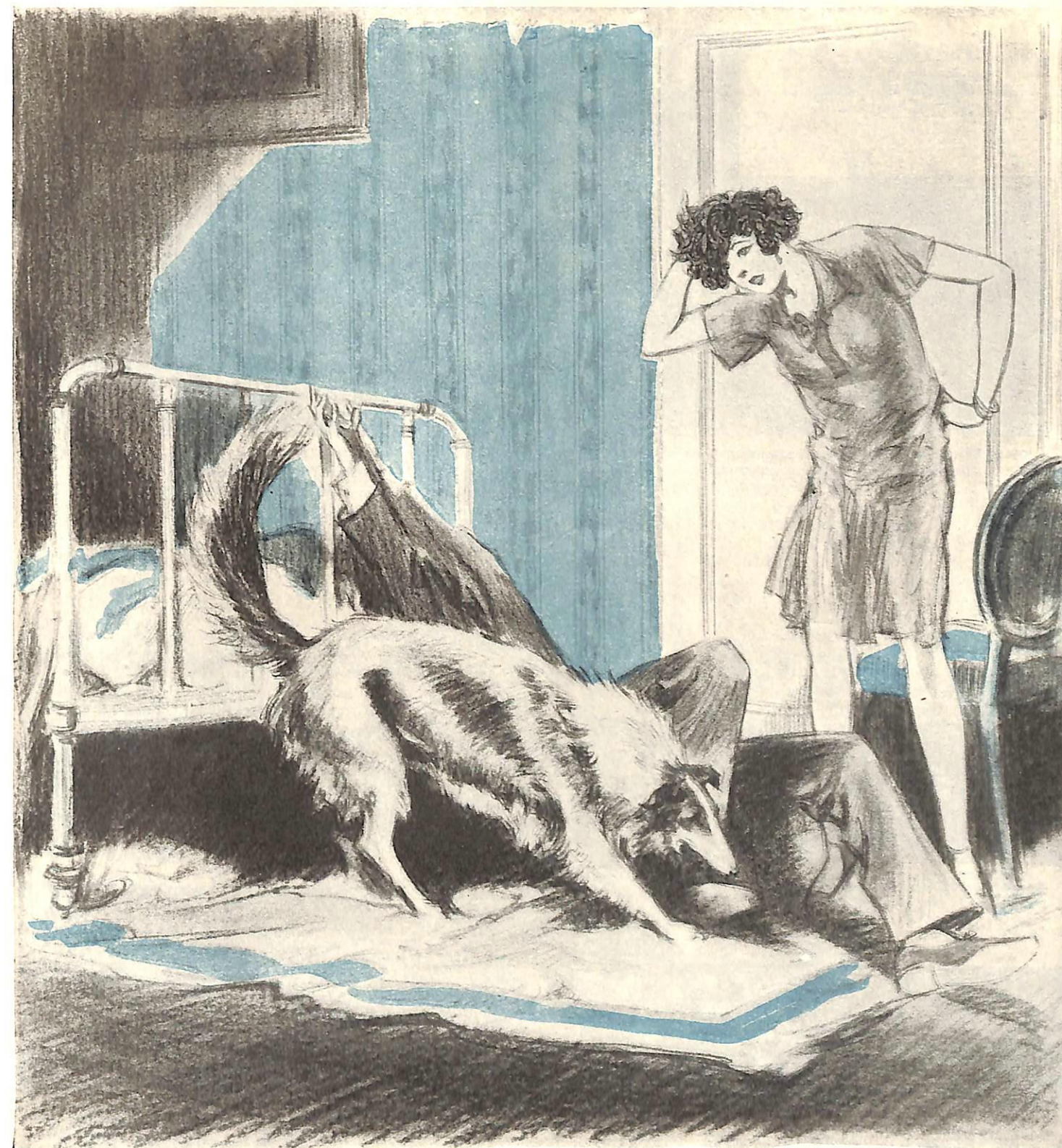
A SWELTERING July—McKrea remembered Birdie when she called. He had all the solo dancers he needed, but if Birdie would take a chorus job—She wouldn't. It would be vaudeville and Eddie Hert again.

August found Birdie's clothes and Karlschen's coat hanging loosely on them. The dog had fallen off his feed badly. Birdie wasn't eating any too much, but the weather had nothing to do with that.

"I'm coming up tonight to talk turkey to you," Eddie told them when he met them on Broadway one day.

That gave Birdie something else to worry about. Maybe Karlschen did some brooding, too. Anyway, that night when Eddie let his inclinations and confidence get the better of his patience, when he reached to wrap Birdie in his arms, Karlschen became highly annoyed. With no hesitation whatever he leaped across the room, landed on Eddie's palpitating bosom, knocked him flat and stood over him with every tooth showing clean and pretty. As Eddie frantically crawled through the door, Birdie knew that Karlschen had removed the *a* from her Last Hope, leaving a zero in its place.

During the following minutes while her hysteria mounted, Karlschen's expression indicated that he considered her behavior not at all nice. When she finally threw herself on the bed, he cocked his head and regarded her shaking form with



more speculation than sympathy in his manner. Then he noticed the door of the room ajar. With another glance at his mistress he padded out into the hall, softly descended the stairs and sidled through the front door, out to the street.

On the cool veranda of a neat little old farmhouse in the hills, Karl was smoking after dinner, with Pierre and Colombine napping at his feet, when he saw far down the tree-shaded road a dog trot slowly into view. Colombine's head went up sharply as she caught the scent of the weary traveler approaching. Calling Pierre's attention, the two left the veranda, jogged along the flagged path, and side by side awaited the arrival of the travel-stained voyageur. Tossing away his cigarette Karl joined them.

"Karlschen!" he whispered, and his lips grew stern and tight-drawn as he saw how thin the dog was. "You come home!"

Karlschen walked slowly to him; laid his head in his hand. "Sol!" Karl's blue eyes turned to steel as he hugged the dog to him. "I am wrong. She turns out to be no good:

(When the showman tried to wrap Birdie in his arms, the dog leaped on Eddie's palpitating bosom, knocked him flat and stood over him with every tooth showing clean and pretty.)

just no dam' good!" He hid his face in the dog's ruff. "I'm sorry. Now," he straightened, "we forget her. Sure. Come."

But Karlschen would not follow him through the gate. There he stood whimpering uneasily.

"What's the matter, boy? Is it—Birdie?" The dog barked.

"She is in trouble—is Birdie?"

Another short bark. Then, wheeling, Karlschen trotted out to the middle of the road, stood pointing in the direction he had come and waited for Karl to follow him.

When Karl yet remained at the gate Pierre and Colombine joined their son in the road. Heads together they stood for a moment. Then all three turned to Karl and barked.

"By Golly, that makes it unani- [Continued on page 71]

((Right))—Divided skirts met with divided opinion. They would have put a side-saddle on the bicycle if the laws of equilibrium had permitted.



((Below))—A rich idea for a musical comedy chorus. Tennis racket or banjo, the hat gets the laugh.

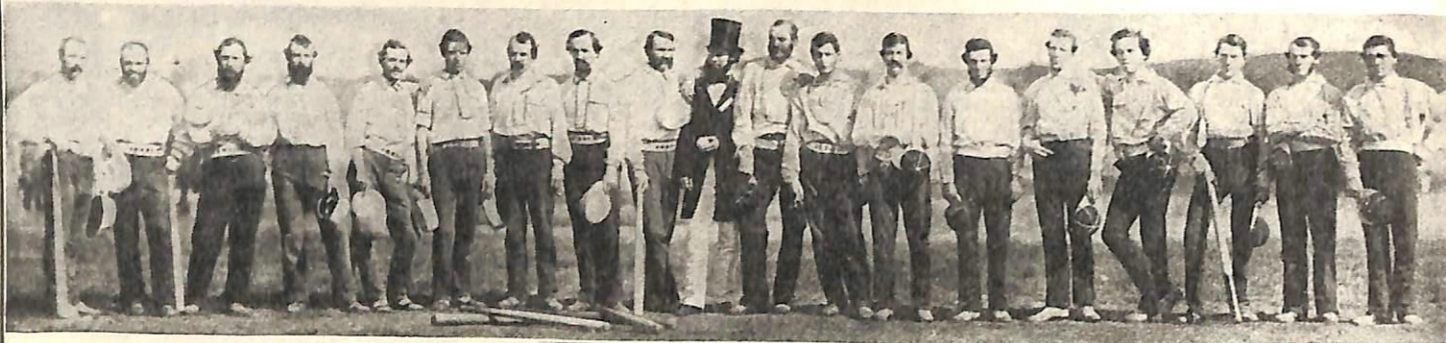


((Above))—This is not a yodeling quartette from Switzerland. It is a group of native walkers in the '90's "seeing America first."



((Left))—Where are such roads as this today? Honk, honk—and Rural Felicity would now show more nervousness than this.

Photographs by Brown Brothers



((Above))—Are these an American father and his noble sons? No, they are the Knickerbockers, the world's first organized baseball club. And father is the umpire.



((Above))—The Eckfords, organized in 1855. Daniel Webster to our left is the umpire, and the deacon with the hymn book to our right is the score keeper.



((Above))—A tight moment in modern baseball. Is he or is he not out?



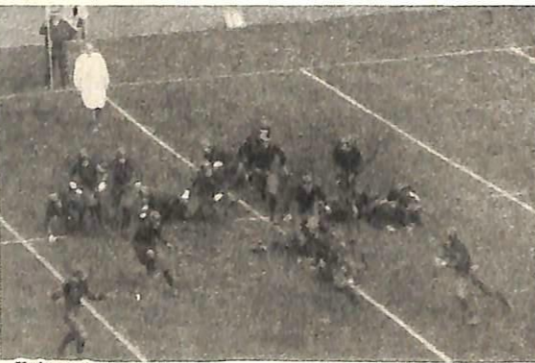
((Above))—The modern baseball team in days of shaving cream and safety razors. Sideboards and chin whiskers disappear. Find Babe Ruth.



((Above))—The London Graphic of 1870 thus pictured Rugby football. The crowd is an unwelcome goal. Recall your "Tom Brown at Rugby."



((Above))—Red Grange, University star who kicked to advantage.



((Above))—Modern football is played on a tense battlefield by warriors in armor and 80,000 pairs of eyes are the witnesses.



HISTORY

AS TOLD IN PICTURES

SPORTING DAYS

The second article in a series which show changes in our ideas governing morals, manners, city and country ways, travel, sport and entertainment

Arranged and Commented upon by
MONTROSE J. MOSES



THE widespread interest in Sport has not always been hailed with enthusiasm by sportsmen. There are still some existent who believe that the hoi polloi, the

crowd, have spoiled all games by rowdiness; in other words that Sport has been taken out of the hands of Gentlemen, where it belongs, and given to the crowd who have vulgarized it. This was a great issue in the early history of baseball, when umpires wore stovepipe hats and looked like orators or preachers in their frock coats. The efforts in the '50's seemed centered on keeping the game from becoming rough, from becoming professional. The first baseball players who screwed up courage to accept salary for their services felt themselves wrongdoers, no matter if the pay was small. They were almost ostracized. But players had to practise and they had to keep their engagements, and to do all these things, they had to arrange their hours of employment elsewhere that they might take the time off. The notorious Tweed Ring of New York City gave nominal political jobs to some of these early players that they might have a living while thus "sporting." For pay in baseball was slim. Spalding received forty dollars a week as pitcher in his day. Asa Brainard, of the Cincinnati Red Stockings, in 1869, boasted of a yearly salary of \$1,100, and he was the wizard of his generation.

So professionalism worked its way slowly into baseball, and with it came a tightening up of the science of the game. One can guess how easy it was to score in the days before the iron-clad rules came into being, when the record is noted of Harvard's defeat of the Athletics in 1869 with a score of 35-21. Experiments with bat and ball became the fashion in this early period: Arthur Cummings, pitching clam shells, discovered the mystery of the curve; Harry Wright stumbled upon the value of the sacrifice hit; Tim Murnane explored the efficiency of the bunt; Robert Addy in 1866, discovered by chance the excellent effect of the slide to base. So pro-

fessional baseball, with the tightening up of its mechanism, where the ball became speedy and curved and spun—where the bat became temperamental, met the ball at certain

angles and with varied impacts, grew to be a recognized thing. In 1849, the New York Knickerbockers came upon the field clad in blue woolen pants, white flannel shirts and straw hats. They looked like Arabian Nights' heroes. They bowled the ball instead of pitching it; they caught the ball raw, for there were no gloves in those days; they showed broken fingers with the pride of the warrior showing battle scars. Noses were broken, for there was no armor for the catcher. That is why Tyng, a good-looking Harvard chap of 1877, when he went behind the bat, in order to save his looks for the dance, put on for the first time a wire cage of his own invention, a modified fencer's mask.

So the game went on developing, far removed from what its first devotees had hoped it would be. Gentlemen had to look around for some other sport to boost as a National Game. Certainly one could never think of allowing the National Sport to be commercialized. In Scribner's Magazine for June, 1872, a writer relegated baseball to the same ranks of gambling and rowdiness such as one usually found at regattas and horse races. Then the writer remarked: "During these years the game of croquet has been steadily gaining ground, and today its devotees not without justice claim for it the distinction of the true and only national game of America."

The histories of football, tennis and golf have in many respects taken a similar trend, though as yet they are still on the verge of professionalism, not being quite submerged by a consideration of salary and gate receipts. With the individual player in these games, it is still the joy of the play, although gradually a consideration of salary and professional policy is coming prominently to the fore. After all, when one gets down to brass tacks, a collegiate football



((Above))—Coy croquet, where wickets were often neglected for arguments and love.



Long skirts ironed and long shots ironed.



((Above))—An early golf course in New York, as Bob Davis knew it.



((Above))—A Niagara of skirts in the 1900's.



((Above))—Is this Harry Lauder? Nae, it's a golf caddy on his ane heath!

HISTORY AS TOLD IN PICTURES

match involves professional high finance, even though the players are not on stipulated salary. The Army and Navy game in Chicago, November 27, 1926, took in a million dollars, and 110,000 people paid fancy prices for seats. This game was removed from New York because the Academy and West Point officials deplored the gouging process of the shop and theater managers.

With the gradual development of American football from the Rugby Union game, in 1875, advocates of the Gentleman's Sport have looked askance at its growing strenuousness. In 1894, Walter Camp ardently defended it against those who argued to remove it from the college, first as interfering with scholarship, and second as being dangerous to life and limb. But the game has held its own for many a year, if Li Yu, the Chinese poet, writing his verses in the year 50 A. D., is to be believed. I found them quoted in an article on football, published many years ago.

"The teams take their places according to the venerable rules.
The ball goes flying across like the moon.
No allowances are made for feelings;
There must be no partialities.
But there must be determination and coolness;
Without the slightest irritation at failure.
And if all this be necessary for football,
How much more so for the business of life."



((Above))—Oh, the wild excitement of bubble parties—soap suds and soft soap conversation!

The last two lines are the crucial answer to the enemies of football as an educational adjunct. But we may ask: Is there room both for collegiate and professional football? To judge by the response given to the first professional game participated in by Red Grange in New York, December 7, 1925, "Yes," since 70,000 people came to witness the work of this phenomenal player. They came to see a repetition of what he had done when he was on the team of the University of Illinois. In eleven days he earned \$82,000. He ran the gamut of instantaneous popularity, met the President, was suggested for Congress, and got a movie contract for \$300,000. And the reports of the game stated that his manager carried him through the "stunts" that won him fame: "Played all of one quarter and parts of two others; gained 53 yards on eleven plays from scrimmage; ran back two kicks for total of 13 yards; threw three forward passes, two of which were completed for total gain of 23 yards; intercepted one forward pass and ran 35 yards for a touchdown." Could a coloratura singer do any more? The vast attendance was largely due to the presence of Red Grange, it was not due to a new public's devotion to the game.

It may be that at some future time there will be evident the same zest over professional football that there is over baseball. But Red Grange had to go through his stunts, otherwise the public would have felt cheated. They feel cheated if a fight ends too quickly through unlooked for expertness. And that is the great danger confronting professionalism as it affects stars of the gridiron, of the court, of the ring; that their public appearances are destined to grow into the nature of exhibitions of skill, into exercise of virtuosity, rather than a showing of the real and true spirit of contest.

As for tennis which, like football, has only at present one foot in professionalism, the history of its tightening up process has not been unlike baseball—a matter of study of angles for the placing of the ball so as to get one's opponent out of position, the rapid fire shots with overhead and other strokes, the spin of the ball dependent on the manner of delivery—all the star players have evolved individual excellencies and have aided in the scientific evolution of the game. But as the stars rose to glory, they came

under the czaristic rulings of the managers of Tennis Associations. Larger and larger became the crowds clamoring to gain admittance to the tennis club courts; more and more necessary did it become to devote more and more time to practise and to the keeping of engagements. In other words, without being professional, the star had to give professional time away from the real job, had to hold himself subservient to the rules of his unprofessional managers. Miss Helen Wills, when playing, is as bound as though a professional contract was in her keeping.

Certain players broke from this czaristic dictation, men like Vincent Richards, women like Mary Browne. If they had to play under strenuous dictation, they might just as well profit by it. Thus it was that professionalism entered tennis, and in New York, on October 9, 1926, 13,000 spectators paid \$24,000 to see Suzanne Lenglen against Mary Browne, and Richards against Feret. But it was not like seeing Lenglen against Molla Mallory at Forrest Hills in 1921, when her overhead kill shots and her deep court volleys astonished people. Nor was it the same Richards who faced Tilden.

I may be wrong but somehow professionalism at present means that a player must give the public what it comes to see, not what the immediate game requires. The game is not primarily the thing; virtuosity counts. The tennis devotee who attains distinction, the golf player who has the match at heart—they care nothing about crowds. If an expert really plays the game, he can't act before crowds, like the baseball player, who when he reaches base on a slide can prolong it a little to show the bleachers what a great man he is! Golf and tennis are more individual games; they are more difficult for the crowds to watch. Perhaps golf is the most difficult of all, since it cannot be confined within the visual angle of stationary seats. The stand of the Gentleman in Sport is perhaps most strongly fixed in the game that is at least team work in the strict sense of the word.

The unfortunate thing about super-excellence in Sport is that the sport pages of our papers give it such wide publicity that a premium is placed upon it as an exhibition. Lucky for many amateur players that many a good game remains unreported. We know that whenever some athletic act of prowess is consummated, like the swimming of the English Channel by Gertrude Ederle or Mrs. Clemington Corson, movie offers roll in, additional challenges are temptingly advertised, vaudeville wants a showing, municipal receptions are arranged, and other swimmers set out to break the time record. And what is the result? The victor is relegated to exhibition engagements. The sport ends and the business begins. See what happened to Lindbergh. Only his own strength of character and his deep interest in the scientific and practical future of aviation were strong enough to shatter the various tempting plans hurled at him in an effort to commercialize him.

The romantic aspects of sport in the '70's, the gentle and leisurely "biking" parties, the soap bubble contests and the ping pong excitement were in keeping with the Gentlemanly idea of quiet sport for the parlor crowd. But the same Gentleman who advocated croquet, nevertheless went to the ringside and the baseball field, even though he wore his top hat and frock coat to maintain his dignity and social status.

The question is: will our sport be saved from the cloying aspects of commercialism, or must it be kept from professionalism where virtuosity at present reigns, and kept in the healthy atmosphere of development for the sport's own sake? Should the municipality endow our greatest sports' stars? Or is amateurism (which is more nearly what the Gentleman of old meant), raised to its highest point of excellence and efficiency, to be saved from exploitation?



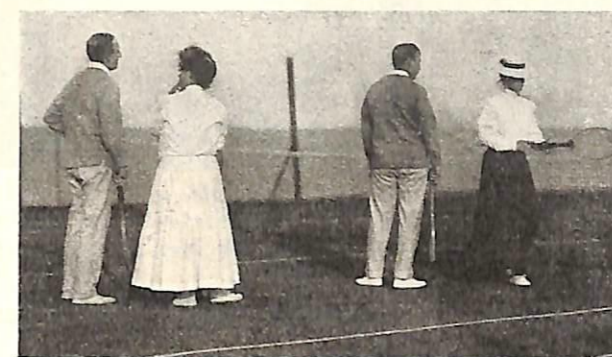
((Left))—Suzanne Lenglen a la Diana, a tennis pose.



((Right))—Skirts must have irritated the agile tennis player.



((Above))—Mrs. Molla Mallory, from 1915 to 1923 on the tennis throne.



((Above))—Tennis does not date this picture. Show me the hat, I'll tell you the year! But tennis is tennis, no matter the year.



((Above))—"Poker face" Wills defies any kind of poker face tennis ball.



((Above))—John L. Sullivan turned temperance advocate—the punch against milk punches.



((Above))—Raw hands without gloves and rocking chair referees and top-batted sports in early England! Rough sport made as gentlemanly as possible!



((Above))—James J. Corbett was called "Gentleman Jim" because of his courtesy and sportsmanship.



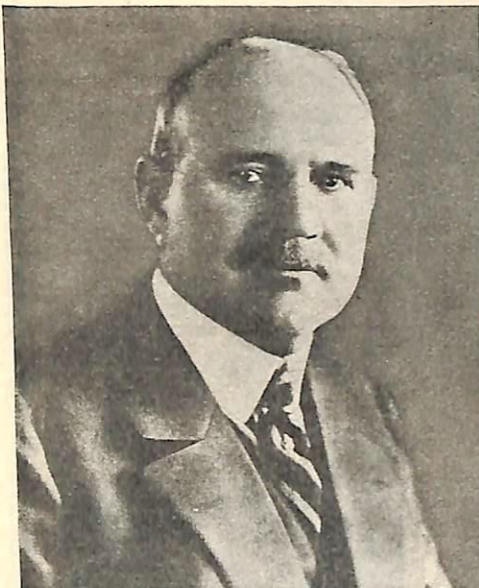
((Above))—Jack Dempsey making ready for Tunney's jaw.



((Above))—The arch days of archery: beaux and arrows, courts and courting, in the much laughed at '80's.



((Above))—Gene Tunney looks as though his jaw might stand it.



Charles W. Nash wasn't satisfied with just being President of General Motors, so he organized Nash Motors and turned out 100,000 cars last year.



Walter Chrysler, his wife and daughter. No job in the motor-car world has been too big for him to tackle and master.



Edward S. Jordan, writer of world famous automobile copy, entered college with \$5.00 to his name. He now makes beautiful motor-cars.

Illuminating side-lights on the Directing Geniuses of our Greatest Industry

GODS of the

Twenty-five years ago there wasn't any motor-car industry although a few new-fangled horseless carriages were seen, and feared, on our highways. Last year (1926) American factories produced approximately 4,480,000 gas-driven motor-cars and trucks worth \$3,056,950,000, and parts and accessories for replacement worth \$600,000,000. During the same twelve months American tire manufacturers turned out \$750,000,000 worth of tires for replacement. These are wholesale figures. Motor vehicle and allied industries employed 3,500,000 human beings. And \$735,226,000 were paid in taxes on 22,330,000 registered automobiles and trucks.

AMONG the various industrial triumphs to which we Americans point with pride, the motor vehicle industry has the call. It has the world's record for rapid growth. In a quarter century it has developed from what biologists would call a single cell into a stupendous organism which dominates almost every phase of human life. Its pulse is civilization's pulse because it answers a natural longing for easy, inexpensive, flexible highway transportation. Existence would be pretty tame for most of us if we had no motor-cars.

Yet while these vehicles touch our lives at every hour of the twenty-four, we think and talk in millions or billions when we refer to the industry. Some of us are numbered among the 3,500,000 Americans who depend for livelihood on manufacturing, equipping, repairing or selling motor-cars or trucks. More of us are directly interested in the 22,330,000 motor vehicles which speed along our thoroughfares. We pay more than \$735,000,000 in annual taxes on these vehicles.

These properly impressive figures are the results of production in the mass, but this very mass production leaves us indifferent to the human beings who make mass production possible. The industry is so big we seldom visualize its responsible individuals, partly because the product is so largely standardized. Each of the sixty major manufacturers brings out from one to fifteen models annually but each factory produces in each model from 15,000 to 250,000 vehicles which are virtually identical in form and color. Each model has its minor selling points but, after all, an automobile is just an assemblage of engine, chassis, body

and more or less standardized parts. Devotees of motoring may fancy this new detail or that, but each drives a motor-car which at a little distance looks much like any other motor-car. Yet each car is the expression of some virile personality.

The car you drive is indubitably a machine, made by mechanics with machinery. Mechanical improvements may "sell" your car to you. But there is a god in each machine and if he and his fellow gods had not expressed themselves there would be no motor-cars. These practical expressionists are the industry's important personalities.

Because the car's the thing, these personalities are seldom heard or thought of by motorists. The outstanding exception to this rule is Henry Ford. Nearly every American is familiar with his fairy-tale rise in life from a mechanic earning \$2.50 a week to his present eminence. Even the most blasé of us admires a man who starts an automobile factory on \$28,000 in 1903 and refuses \$1,000,000,000 for it in 1925. We get a kick out of knowing that while most of the original \$28,000 was invested by others than himself, he and his one son owned the whole works when the \$1,000,000,000 was offered him.

But while Henry stands on his own pedestal—the favorite figure in the motor world's Hall of Fame—there are others who by sheer strength of character have brought the motor vehicle to where it is. By knowing a dozen of them you'll see why and how the myriad motor wheels go 'round.

To begin with, most of the king pins of the industry are men past middle age. None of them can be called young in years. Many of them started their careers as underlings in offices, grocery stores or on remote farms. Each climbed the ladder of success through his own ability. Each "made" himself while making motor-cars. With one exception each was of American birth. But some were also born to wrestle with machinery. R. E. Olds is one of these.

It may be stretching it a bit to say that "scarcely a man is now alive" who remembers that portentous morning in 1886 when the two thousand citizens of Lansing, Michigan, were awakened by a tremendous roar which sounded like an admixture of cyclone, earthquake and civil war, but was only the admixture of explosions in a cylinder, plus a lot of rattle, for which "Ranny" Olds was personally responsible.

"Ranny" had been handy boy around his father's small ma-



Albert R. Erskine, President of the Studebaker Corporation, has installed a bonus plan. "As a result," he says, "our men build their souls into our cars."



Harvey W. Firestone and his four sons. When the Tire magnate began manufacturing he had seventeen names on the payroll, but he has since made Akron, Ohio, the center of the Tire industry.

Motor-Car

By EARL
CHAPIN
MAY

chine shop for many years before he purchased a half interest for \$300 cash and an \$800 note at eight percent, when he was twenty-one. Getting up and building fires at 5 A.M. was old stuff to him. So it was natural that he should try out his first horseless carriage in the dim light of dawn. This first automobile experiment might not have been so ear-offending if "Ranny" had added a transmission case. But the first Olds had a body of whitewood and oak, resting on three steel-tired buggy wheels. The main drive wheel was iron, sprocketed with half-inch iron pins. The strap-iron driving chain was operated through lathe gears. The rear axle, steered by an iron lever, was ratcheted on either side. Hence the first Olds car was a vociferous sounding board.

But the machinist's son who earned fifty cents a day during his summer vacation from the public schools and who became a partner at twenty-one, was the first man on this continent to turn gasoline directly into a cylinder. In 1890 he was president of and general manager of the Olds Gasoline Motor Works, which shipped gas engines from coast to coast and sent many of them across the seas. In 1895 he completed his second gas-driven horseless carriage. Five years later his Olds Motor Works essayed to make and sell a "popular" \$1250 car with pneumatic clutch, cushion tires, electric push-button starter and other up-to-the-minute appliances. The company lost \$80,000 in twelve months. That was a lot of money in those days.

Olds tried to stage a come-back with his curved-dash, 700 pound, one-cylinder runabout selling for \$750—about a dollar a pound. He had hardly started on this job before a factory fire destroyed everything but one sample. But this one was pulled apart, new blue-prints made, and in one year 750 cars were sold at the New York auto show.

The young auto factory was located for a time in Detroit and a young night shift engineer named Henry Ford was advised to stick to his sure-fire \$1000 a year instead of fooling around the Olds' experiment. It was still an experiment for Olds because his company associates were keen to make high-priced "foreign model" cars. So Olds sold his interest in 1904. But within a year he was making Reo cars and has been making them ever since. "You can't buck public opinion," he declares. "You must make the car the public wants." So he keeps on making a lot of them.

Early in 1901 an excited youth, still a student at the University of Michigan, sat in the Detroit office of R. E. Olds, exclaiming: "Give me any kind of a living job so long as I can be in or near that car!"

The car he referred to so enthusiastically was the curved-dash wonder in which he had just done fifteen miles an hour! The fore-shortened, four-and-a-half horsepower Oldsmobile was being introduced to a palpitating world. Young Roy Chapin, the anxious applicant, landed the job of demonstrator at \$35 a month. Nine years later he was responsible for the output of 4000 Hudson motor-cars—a first year record at that time.

In the meanwhile, Chapin, the collegiate, had become a machinist. He mastered every factory tool used in making Oldsmobiles. Equipped with this skill and knowledge he became assistant to a car tester, John Maxwell. While driving a new car along the road the steering wheel broke and after they had nursed the crippled vehicle to a wayside shop a slender, grimy man bolted a plate to the broken spring and wished them luck. The slender man was Henry Ford.

Roy made such a good car demonstrator that he was selected to make an endurance drive from Detroit to the 1901 New York auto show. The car was open and the weather cold. Roy broke an axle and almost broke his heart before he reached Fifth avenue, but he made the grade. He almost made the justice court, but R. M. Owen and Roy Rainey did the publicity stunts on the city streets that finally got them arrests and car sales. Owen and Rainey had the Olds New York agency.

Roy Chapin, having done his Garcia stuff, compiled the first comprehensive auto sales manual. Then he stepped into active interest in the Thomas-Chalmers car. Not many years elapsed before he stepped into his present status as chairman of the Hudson Motor Car Company.

When an ex-grocery clerk, born in Wamego, Kansas, becomes, at thirty-two, superintendent of the Great Western Railroad's motive power you'd hardly think he'd blow his job. But the husky Walter Chrysler had a flair for accounting, and executive work. So when the American Locomotive Works wanted a manager for its Pittsburgh plant, Chrysler jumped for and into it. He put the plant on a paying basis within two years and the Pittsburgh bankers noticed him. They recommended him to Charley Nash, who hired Chrysler to manage Buick production.

Chrysler had been watching automobiles for quite a while. He had ideas of his own. He replaced the old wooden body with a stronger one and increased production from forty to six hundred cars a day. But Chrysler liked tough jobs. As soon as the Buick company was showing a profit of \$48,000,000 a year Chrysler left it to untangle the post-war Willys-Overland affairs. Hardly had he reduced that company's bank loans from \$48,000,000 to \$18,000,000, largely by building up a strong distribution system, than he found the Maxwell-Chalmers company on his hands. Ten million dollars in notes receivable were held against 26,000 cars in transit on sidings or in storage. Folks said the company would be bankrupt within twenty-four hours. So Chrysler turned from manufacturing to sales—and saved the company. But plant management is his long suit.

Although he is a big man on both sides of the desk and likes to leave most matters to executives, he watches his workmen carefully. If they are moving about too much he knows they lack efficiency. Idle machines, even more than idle men, are often found in company. He gets rid of both by checking floor space capacity. If it is overmanned, or over-installed he reduces force and equipment or staggers his help, if that will solve the problem.

When he was with Buick there seemed to be need of a larger sheet metal plant. The work was not coming through fast enough. Chrysler didn't think a new steel metal plant was necessary. He proved his point by ordering his "trackers" to report one hour later than the other workers, but to track through the noon hour and an hour after closing time. Through this innovation the other workers found the floors all clear of finished product, and the raw materials awaiting them when they arrived at eight o'clock and when they returned after the noon lunch hour. Chrysler's simple idea worked beautifully.

Another young husky found himself at the parting of the ways after many years of living on \$7.00 a week or less while graduating from grocery store to carriage works and from carriage works to bicycle shop. It was a zero hour for him, a real cold day in 1899. While the husky shivered in a stiff Canadian breeze and pawed the snow from the frozen ground he tossed a silver dollar in the air. "Heads I quit; tails I stay," he muttered. "Tails" came up and Fred Haynes became, in time, president of Dodge Brothers, Inc.

Haynes had been chilled not only by the Canadian temperature. The frostiness of John F. Dodge, hard-bitted, hard-driving brother of the then inconspicuous pair, had shriveled Fred's soul. For John F. had beaten Fred to a superintendent's job and had then hired Fred to boss the cleaning of an old Ontario plant destined to become a bicycle factory. But after tails came up, Fred Haynes cleaned that old plant so thoroughly that in 1912 he was in charge of production for the Brothers Dodge, commanded to double the output of their Ford parts factory at Detroit, then becoming quite an auto town. Due to Haynes' efficiency the Dodge Brothers soon made 800 instead of 400 sets of Ford parts each day.

When Dodge Brothers brought out their first seventeen cars in 1914, Fred Haynes was still their production manager. In 1925 when Haynes was president, Dodge Brothers turned out 216,000 cars. And when on May 1st of that year Dillon, Read & Company made out their famous check for \$146,000,000 in favor of the widows of John F. and Horace E. Dodge, Haynes was retained as president. The public apparently endorsed his management, for it promptly subscribed a half billion dollars for the \$85,000,000 of Dodge preferred stock offered by the banking house. The bond issue offered at the same time was also heavily oversubscribed.

The coolly analytical Haynes, who makes most of his motor dreams come true, agrees with Henry Ford in many things. "You've got to give to get," he says, "but when you pay a man for good work throw all the load on him. Let him go ahead on his own responsibility but give him fair and honest working conditions. Then when his day is through let him be on his own. He-men don't like paternalism." Haynes sticks to men



Walter C. White, to whose energy and enthusiasm is due the \$250,000,000 invested in White Trucks.



Ransom "Ranny" E. Olds of Oldsmobile fame was the first man to turn gasoline directly into a cylinder.

who stick with him and selects his dealers so skilfully that only one failed during the 1920 slump.

In the early days of a cold grey dawn, away back in 1908, an ex-hardware salesman and railroad clerk straightened a lame back and wiped his greasy hands. He and another young man named Robert Hupp had labored all night in a chilly shed on a machine to be exhibited for the first time at the impending Detroit auto show. All they and their three business associates had in cash was \$3500. If they couldn't sell their new car for some cash in advance to dealers at the auto show the Hupmobile would not be a go.

Charley Hastings, who wiped his greasy hands, had joined forces with the small Hupp crowd at the eleventh hour because he had faith in Robert Hupp's ideas about building and marketing motor-cars. And because Hastings had been a hustler since running a route for the Detroit News, and was a master salesman, the Hupp Motor Corporation got enough dealers to advance them cash to put out 1618 cars in that first year. In 1911 Hastings pioneered in the export field by sending a demonstration Hupp around the world. In 1923 the corporation manufactured 35,000 cars. It has expanded steadily. And Charley Hastings, long its president, gets a large slice of credit because, to use his own words, he early found himself "in love with his job." That's what has made most of the motor kings.

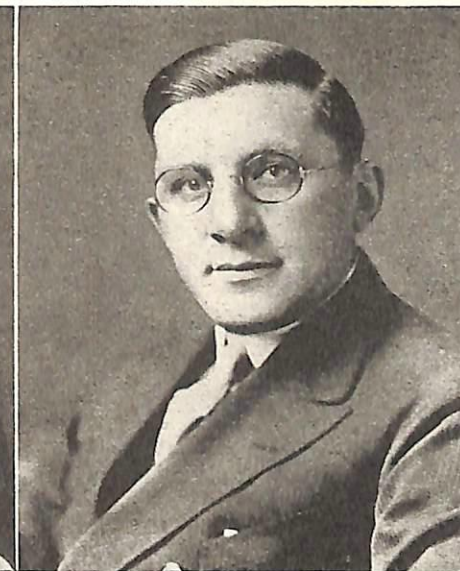
BORN in Austria, a small but hard-boiled boy became a copy-carrier in a Chicago newspaper office. Poor nourishment and resultant failing health compelled him to find outside work as driver of a delivery wagon at \$6.00 a week. It also compelled him to patronize a gymnasium. When, after several years, he had developed into a sports writer, amateur boxer and fight promoter, he became engaged to a young woman who didn't like the life he led. So he turned auto salesman and married, on \$800 a year.

One year after taking unto himself a wife young Johnny Hertz took as his commissions \$12,000 cash, by selling service with each car. With \$2,000 of his savings he bought a one-third interest in a motor agency that had lost \$45,000 in about two years. He wiped out that loss and showed \$15,000 profit in the first twelve months. Then he started to standardize reliable taxicabs. Hertz and "Yellows" are now synonymous. Because he understood the art of winning men, Johnny Hertz became our country's taxi king. Before he joined forces with General Motors in 1926, his Yellow Taxis or those made by him carried 145,000,000 passengers in one year. Courage and courtesy put him at the top. Not bad for an Austrian immigrant boy.

Ed Jordan, who could remember his boyhood years in a Wisconsin lumber town, as helper in a village newspaper office and in a plumber's shop, was riding westward on a railroad train. A girl sitting gracefully on a broncho, raced with the train across the broad Wyoming plains, and while she raced Ed Jordan wrote these words:



Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., President General Motors, one of the ten billion-dollar corporations of America.



John D. Hertz, an Austrian immigrant boy who, through courage and courtesy, became Yellow Taxi King.

"Somewhere west of Laramie there's a broncho-busting, roping girl who knows what I am talking about. She can tell what a sassy pony, that's a cross between greased lightning and the place where it hits, can do with eleven hundred pounds of steel and action when he is going high, wide and handsome."

That paragraph became part of world famous auto copy written by a man who had entered the University of Wisconsin with \$5.00 in his clothes, written his way through college and into the national magazines, and eventually landed the job of advertising manager for the Thomas B. Jeffrey Company of Kenosha, where so many motor-cars are made. In 1916 he organized the Jordan Company. His specialty has been classy motor-cars and one of his axioms reads: "It isn't the number of automobiles you put on the streets; it's the amount of money in the bank at the end of the year that points to success."

A farm-bred boy who knew what he was going to be, got his schooling in spite of being "bound out" at seven. More than twenty years elapsed before, while earning a dollar a day as trimmer with the Flint Road Cart Company, he attracted the attention of J. Dallas Dort, then the largest manufacturer of horse-drawn vehicles in the world. During the bad times of 1910 Charles W. Nash was selected by the bankers to pull the Buick Motor Company out of a hole. He did it by developing the Buick "Six," which made him president of General Motors Company.

But Nash, who had always planned to be on his own, left that job to organize the Nash Motors Company, which netted \$5,000,000 in 1919. Long before the coming of the motor-car Nash was "sold" on the policy of small inventory and quick turnover. That and his featuring of a "six" are responsible for much of his success. Last year his plant turned out 100,000 motor-cars.

A real master mechanic, whose field of operations was a tiny blacksmith shop, frowned as a railroad train bumped and ground around a curve in St. Louis forty years ago. "It's up to someone to get rid of that grinding thrust-load on the axles," the master mechanic-blacksmith muttered. "It can be done."

H. H. Timken, who faced this problem, had studied law before electing to follow his father, Henry, Senior, in eliminating useless friction in machinery. Ball bearings and straight roller bearings were of advantage. But the Timkens believed some method could be evolved to provide for the impact thrust or side thrust, such as you now feel when your motor-car rounds a curve. You would feel it much stronger if the Timken bearings had not been evolved.

By 1898 the senior Timken was a successful manufacturer of carriages and as evidence of his progressiveness, had equipped them with roller bearings. A space twenty by thirty-five feet on his crating floor was devoted to this department of his industry. But the senior Timken wasn't satisfied. His experiments with cup and cone and with annular ball bearings only spurred him on until tapered roller bearings were evolved. Timken senior and his two sons decided to specialize on bearings.

To achieve uniformity, without which mass production is valueless, they found it necessary to make their own electric steel billets and tubing, so they migrated to a new factory nearer the steel supply at Canton, Ohio. The automobile industry was coming on, in 1903. Senior Timken saw its immense possibilities, but the new Canton factory started with forty men, and with the Timkens hustling up back alleys looking for and calling on every inventor who might be a motor-car manufacturer in another year.

That year the factory shipped about 150,000 bearings. In 1923 it shipped, 22,500,000. Today, approximately ninety percent of all automotive vehicle manufacturers use the Timken bearings. The Timkens combined originality with quality, and to that added everlasting aggressiveness and unflinching production honesty.

Although the motor-car relegated most of our horse-drawn vehicles, there is a decided tie-up between the covered wagons of the prairie days and the sedan, coupé or limousine of 1927. This tie-up, particularly in evidence when one sees the word "Studebaker."

H. & C. Studebaker opened a blacksmith and wagon-making shop at South Bend, Indiana, in 1852, with \$68.00 capital. They made two wagons in their first year. In 1911, a sturdy man born in Huntsville, Alabama, and schooled in railroad offices, cotton houses, locks and typewriters, became vice-president of the Studebaker Corporation. At South Bend and in branch houses he found 3500 business forms in use. He cut them to 1500. He also found a \$9,000,000 plant with a capacity of 22,000 cars and 150 wagons and buggies a year. Soon after this discovery Albert R. Erskine, who had in 1913 been promoted from the vice-presidency to the presidency, wired President Woodrow Wilson: "Studebaker factories, of course, are at the disposal of the Government. Any orders given us will receive preference and clear right of way." Before the World War ended the Studebaker plant was working one hundred percent on Government orders.

But when President Erskine was thus helping to win the war he was also preparing for the coming peace. In 1917 three cars were given a test drive of 20,000 miles through the United States and Canada. Then, in December, they did 30,000 miles through snow, sleet and rain, on the Chicago speedway. The new Studebaker car came on the market as soon as the peace was signed. Since Mr. Erskine became president, the Studebaker Corporation has invested \$52,000,000 of its profits in new plants. That gives a slight idea of what an office clerk, who began at fifteen to read all the technical journals he could get hold of, has accomplished with motor-cars.

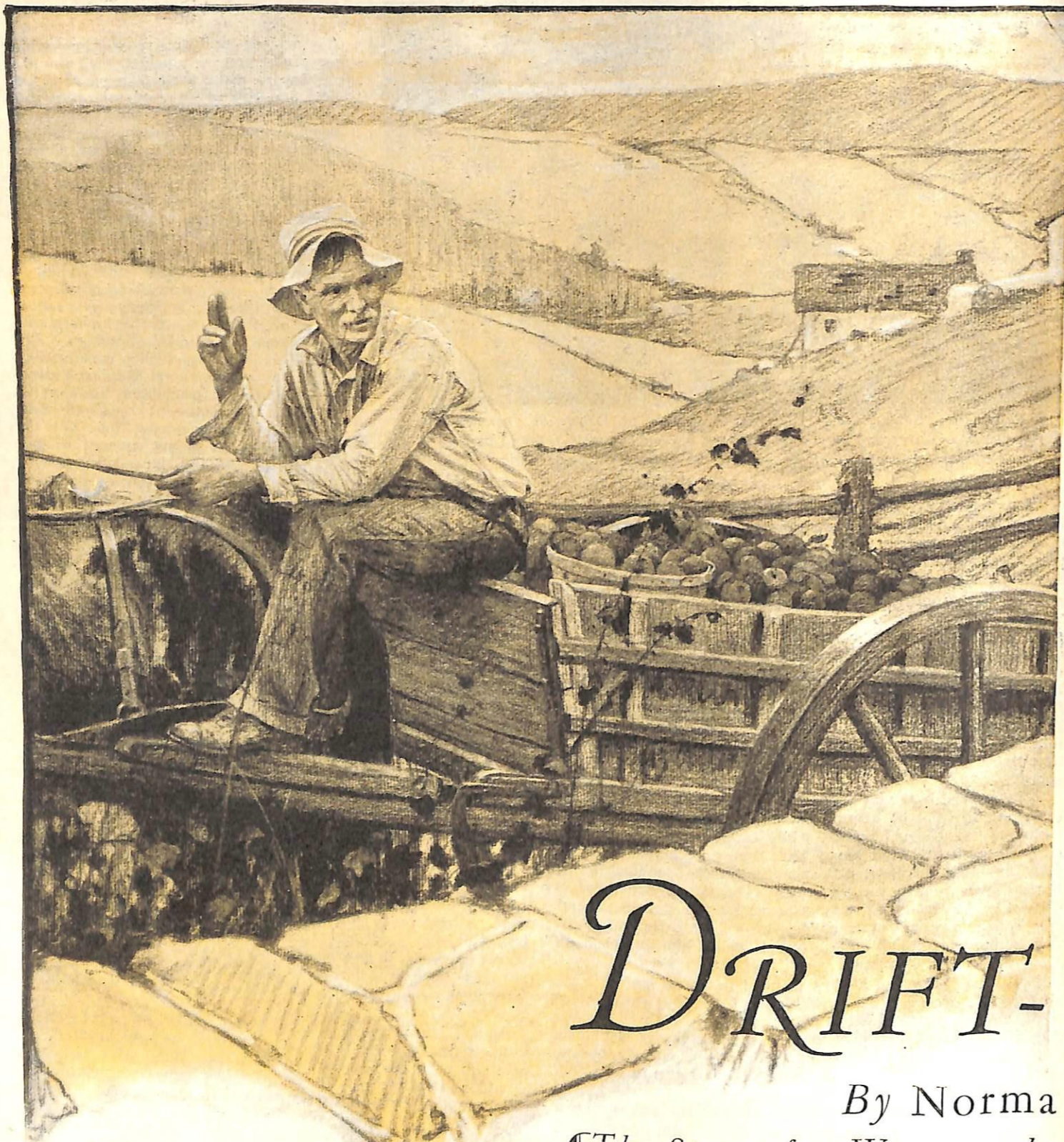
Among Mr. Erskine's principles and practises is that of fulfilling a first duty to labor, which should be compensated, he says, liberally; to capital, which in the automotive industry should receive ten percent on its investment, and finally, if there are any profits in excess of that, to management. Hence he has installed a bonus plan by which the higher executives are benefited; a dividend-on-wages plan; and plans by which employees may buy stock on easy terms, have pensions after twenty years of service, and a life insurance provision if they have been employees of the Corporation five years or more.

"And as a result," he proudly says, "our men build their souls into Studebaker cars."

The son of a pioneer Ohio manufacturer who specialized in sewing machines, roller skates and bicycles, desired in his seventh year to own a toy sailboat. As father would not come across, the boy declared his intention of building one himself.

"If you feel that way about it," said the paternal ancestor, "I'll furnish you the tools."

So Walter White built a boat. A little later he built a small steam engine, which ran but had no pulling power. The necessity for pulling power stuck in his mind while he took a general science course at Cornell. It stuck while he studied law and much-hated bookkeeping. For Walter White set out to be an all around business man. After he had been admitted to the New York bar he went back into the White factory, then experimenting with a steam [Continued on page 81]



DRIFT-

By Norma

*The Story of a Woman who
Faith to wait till Life sent*

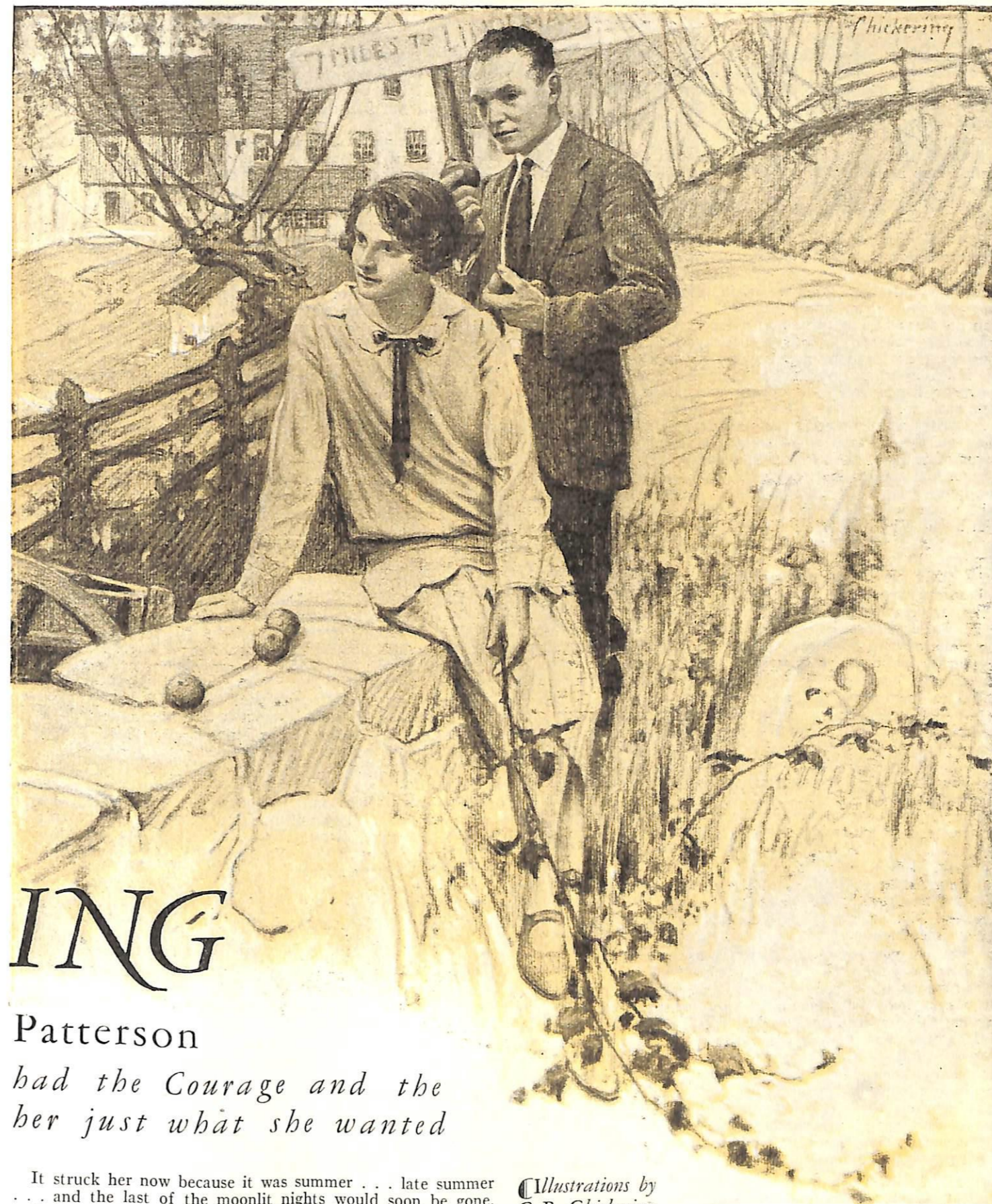
After one of their happy days of roaming the countryside and riding on an applecart, Clarissa thought, "I'll remember this"—one of the treasures she was storing up against a day when she would need them.

DRIFTING easily on the tide of late summer invitations, Clarissa King had come to Darrow Head. Clarissa usually drifted easily, which is what some of the married women held against her. A woman thirty-three . . . quite frankly if you would know . . . and single, and still immoderately good-looking is almost certain to encounter a degree of distrust from her wedded sisters. Yet it had been these very married women with their unconcealed boredom and their frequent excursions into the forbidden that had to do largely with Clarissa's firm conviction that marriage to be tolerated at all must be the real thing.

Certainly for most it wasn't that. And Clarissa was still looking for the best. A bit wistfully by now.

She stood by a window at Darrow Head facing a lovely land and a lovelier sky.

Already there were people down below, moving about in a painted garden, floating by and past a fairy fountain. Clarissa had met so many people in a lifetime of drifting about over two continents that she felt sometimes as a person might who stands in a continuous reception shaking hands with a row of endless callers. She was feeling that way now which shows that she was experiencing one of those days that hit the bravest occasionally; a sense of drastic unfulfilment; an awareness, amounting to actual pain, that somewhere in this bright world is happiness for me if I could but find it. Perhaps another lonely soul calling out across space for its own.



ING

Patterson

*had the Courage and the
her just what she wanted*

It struck her now because it was summer . . . late summer . . . and the last of the moonlit nights would soon be gone, and the glamor that the younger members of the house-party would find in Dorothy Small's romantic garden tonight would not exist for her. She was past the fairy-tale days, and there was nothing to take their place. And Clarissa was face to face with the fearful knowledge that life can go by and leave us . . . wasted. Ah, not that! Anything else. If only she might give herself for some real and personal service. It is, after all, what we are put here for.

Dorothy came tapping on the door for a word before descending, and to preen her silver and gold self before any chance mirror.

Clarissa watched the moving figures below grow dimmer in the dusk, and fade out of the picture. "Who's here, Dot?"

Illustrations by
C. R. Chickering

"The Scotts and the Dreslyns . . . you know them . . . and Billy and Julia Davis. If I ever saw a case he's one. And the two Huston girls and their men. And Anthony Gray." She ran through the list absent-mindedly.

Clarissa puckered her brow reflectively. "Anthony . . . Gray . . . sounds familiar but I can't think where . . ."

"You may have heard of him. He writes. Heavy stuff though. Fact is, Clarissa, he's what I came to talk about. I want you to take care of him at dinner tonight."

She said this in the elaborately careless tone of one breezing over a difficult and dreaded request.

Clarissa demanded grimly, "What's the matter with him? You needn't break it gently. Tell me the worst. I'm rather adept in handling freaks . . . from long practise." A single woman of thirty-three has grown accustomed to accepting the social misfits, the hang-overs and left-overs, the too young and the too old.

Dorothy laughed, a little bubbling laugh that matched her girlish face and her fluff of yellow hair which she refused to plaster down. "Aren't you too perfect, darling? Well, the 'worst' is he's wanted to write a book, and he hasn't done it, and is a bit huffed."

It sounded humorous. "Poor dear," smiled Clarissa. "How does he happen to be a member of an otherwise sane house-party?"

"Harry did that. Found him in town at the club fuming and grouchy. You know Harry . . . right off, 'Why don't you go down to our place and write that book?' I'd already asked this bunch. It's pretty comical, their landing together. But the crowd will be gone in two days. Anthony's staying on indefinitely, and you must, too. I promise he won't be on your hands after the others go. He's very quiet and studious . . . we scarcely know he's about. Stays to himself . . . writes all night and roams all day. Has his little workshop off the library. I solemnly swear not to ask another favor of you in regard to him if only you'll keep a hospitable eye on him tonight and tomorrow. You're the one woman in the house who can." She paused at the door and dropped a hint as an afterthought. "For goodness' sake don't talk to him about his book. He's queer."

"**M**UST be," said Clarissa who had known other authors. Dorothy went along downstairs.

Ah, well, it didn't matter much, thought Clarissa with a brief, futile gesture, half laughing at herself. She rather had the name of being able to smooth over complicated situations, or placate awkward and irate guests. It was, she reflected whimsically, her little gift. She moved toward the door. She would go down now and take care of her freak.

Mingling with the gay crowd, greeting old friends and meeting new ones, Clarissa felt a touch on her arm. It was quaint but she knew who it was before she turned from Billy Davis' account of his last polo accident (exaggerated as usual) and faced a tall and distinguished man whose face she had surely seen before.

The very tone of his voice as he said, "I'm taking you in to dinner," came back to her as from some happy occasion in the past, and stirred something within her like the strains of an old song. But where . . . when . . . She knew instantly that this was Anthony Gray whose name had rung a bell in her mind when Dorothy spoke it, yet . . . after Dorothy's description . . . he was rather amazing. He hadn't even waited for an introduction.

"How did you know . . ." began Clarissa slowly. "How did you?"

She caught her breath. And after an interval during which their eyes held and the air in the room seemed solidified, carving this incident into marble, Clarissa felt herself give a little rested sigh of relief and homecoming. She was no longer searching, she no longer had to adapt herself to the whims and moods of others, she no longer had to pretend anything. She could be . . . just herself. The self she had been yearning to be all these years, but she couldn't find it alone. It takes always another to help us discover that self. Clarissa had found *her* in a tall man's brown gaze.

All this took place in a glance, and then she slipped her arm through Anthony's with a little upward smile of melting sweetness, and they were going with the others through the softly lighted rooms toward the dining room and a table revealed by stately tapers.

The others were dancing. Clarissa and Anthony Gray found a bench in the garden. The lights from the house and the music blended . . . fell across the night as a brilliant mosaic of color sound. The misty winds of heaven swung downward. A night bird called across the silver space. Romance for Clarissa in Dorothy's garden!

He said, "You don't mind if I smoke, do you?" And at her nod of assent . . . "That was a strange thing tonight. As soon as you came into the room I knew and turned and

walked straight to you. I wonder where we've met before?"

There was a quality in his voice . . . almost a possessive quality . . . that made the heart tremble. Happiness, high and swift, ran like quicksilver through her veins. "You felt it, too?"

He blew rings at the moon, answering in slow contentment; "We've sat right here in this very garden before."

She lifted her cameo face. "Don't you remember . . . it was a frat dance, and we ran away from the others and found this bench."

He caught her up instantly. "Yes . . . the night before the great game. They had us fellows on bread and water . . . practically, and to bed early. But I climbed down a window lattice and brought you my colors to wear."

"What children we were that night!"

"And once before we were here . . . long, long before . . . when you were a queen in Babylon and I was a Roman slave!" He added anxiously, "Did I quote that right?"

"What does it matter! We were here."

A gentle moving of leaves in the breeze, and it brought to them the dainty, fragile odor of jonquils . . . that most heart-breakingly lovely of all fragrances. Spring's children, Clarissa called them, and they couldn't be growing in late summer. Was it a fragrance blowing back from other years?

She said, "I've a puzzle to solve, Mr. Anthony Gray, if you please. Tonight just before we came down I had a talk with Dot about you. She said you were . . . don't be cross about this . . . different. Uncommunicative. I gathered . . . difficult." She smiled across at him in perfect companionship. "What's the answer?"

"I was." He bent his head in courtly submission. "You see, I've been waiting for you."

"This is madness," said Clarissa, wondering if a voice comes up from the heart and shows how it is racing and pounding.

"There's nothing quite so wonderful as madness."

Clarissa flung desperately about for something . . . anything . . . to place the conversation on saner terms. "And she told me . . . Dorothy did . . . not to mention your book to you. You're writing a book, aren't you?"

He stretched his long legs out before him and made, with the star end of his cigar, a conclusive circle. "No. I'm *not*."

"Do you mean you've given it up?"

"Oh, absolutely."

"When?"

"This very afternoon. I chucked the whole thing away." How like a little boy a man was! "Where did you chuck it?"

"Off . . . out . . . away."

Clarissa rose with determination. "We'll go fetch it back from *off* this very minute."

"Never."

"I'll look till I find it."

"Woman . . ." threateningly.

SHE had sped along toward the lighted library and the little room where he worked. She ran with surprising swiftness. Anthony and his long legs had to sprint to catch up. He got between her and the door and they had a fairly presentable scuffle, punctuated with such remarks as, "I tell you it's no go. The thing went all to pieces suddenly." "I *will* go in." "You won't."

Clarissa ducked and got through. It was in the waste basket. He paced the floor, tore at his hair, glared at her as she smoothed pages. Yet behind his brain-storm and his very genuine embarrassment at yielding this to the critical eyes of another, there was an unsuspected boyish eagerness to know what she might think.

"It won't interest you . . . it's queer stuff . . . it's not what they're writing."

Clarissa went right along straightening sheets. "It would be a lot better if you read it aloud to me."

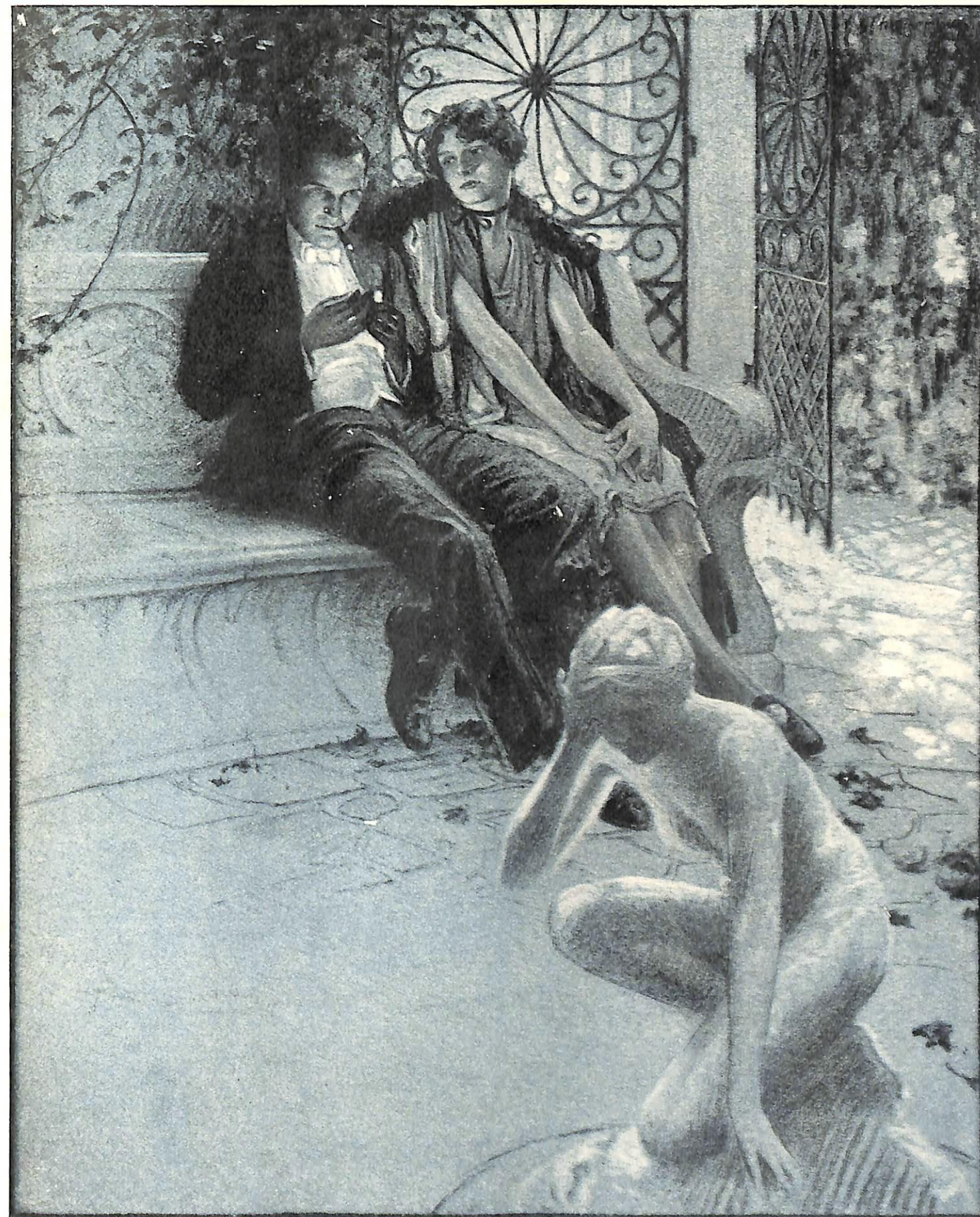
But at the merest mention he fled into the night.

An hour passed. No sign from the library. At last he could bear it no longer. Burst in.

"Well . . . you *would* read it. Or did you?"

She had been running through the pages, going back to this place and that, and he had to speak a second time before she looked up.

"Yes, I read it." There were tears in her eyes. "It answered . . ." she beat her breast with a clinched fist . . . "all this intolerable loneliness . . . restlessness."



And after a moment of staring stupidly at her, he turned again and flung out.

It was one-thirty but Dorothy came, in becoming negligée, to thank Clarissa for keeping her promise. Clarissa, before the taffeta-hung mirror, was performing certain rites.

"That's a lovely cream," said Dorothy, "where do you find it?"

"A little shop I know in Paris."

Dorothy wondered if the little shop's cream produced that marvelous glow on Clarissa's cheek. No wonder even difficult

"That was strange. As soon as you came into the room I knew and turned and walked straight to you." There was a quality in his voice—almost a possessive quality—that made her heart tremble.

old Anthony Gray had seemed quite swept off his feet tonight.

"Thank you for taking care of our Anthony. He seemed . . . to speak moderately . . . well taken care of."

"He was! There are two of these creams, you use them together. What funny things you said to me about him, Dot, before dinner. I got the idea he was [Continued on page 66]

MYSTERY HOUSE

Illustrations by
C. D. Williams

By LEROY SCOTT



"Arnoldo," gasped Beatrice, "did you see that wink? Exactly like Peter's!" Arnoldo stared hard. "Peter Buchanan's wink! Say, who are you! You can't be—You can't be—"

What Has Gone Before—

FOR the last three years the veteran prosecutor Jackson had been carrying on a futile investigation into one of the most sensational murder mysteries Long Island had known for a generation.

Mrs. Dodge, the beautiful and youthful wife of the rich and handsome Arnoldo Dodge, and Murray Randolph, noted more for his gallantries than for his practise of law, were found shot to death in Randolph's cottage. Suspicion pointed at Larry Kane and Peter Buchanan. As Larry had discovered the murder it was believed that in jealous rage he had mistaken the mother, Mrs. Dodge, for her daughter, Maida, with whom he was in love. The resemblance between the two was striking.

But Peter Buchanan was by far the most interesting figure in the case. A clever lawyer he had just been convicted of blackmailing and been sentenced to five years in jail. It was while he was free on bail that the murder was committed. Ugly to the point of repulsion and handicapped by an inferiority complex, he had loved the murdered woman in his youth, only to see her won by his more favored step-brother, Arnoldo Dodge, who had always hated and outwitted Peter. It was this known love for Mrs. Dodge that brought Peter

under suspicion—even though he had married the coldly beautiful Beatrice Leyton, who had divorced him as he lay in a prison hospital helpless from the mysterious "accident" which immediately followed the murder. A year later Beatrice married the "bereaved" Arnoldo Dodge.

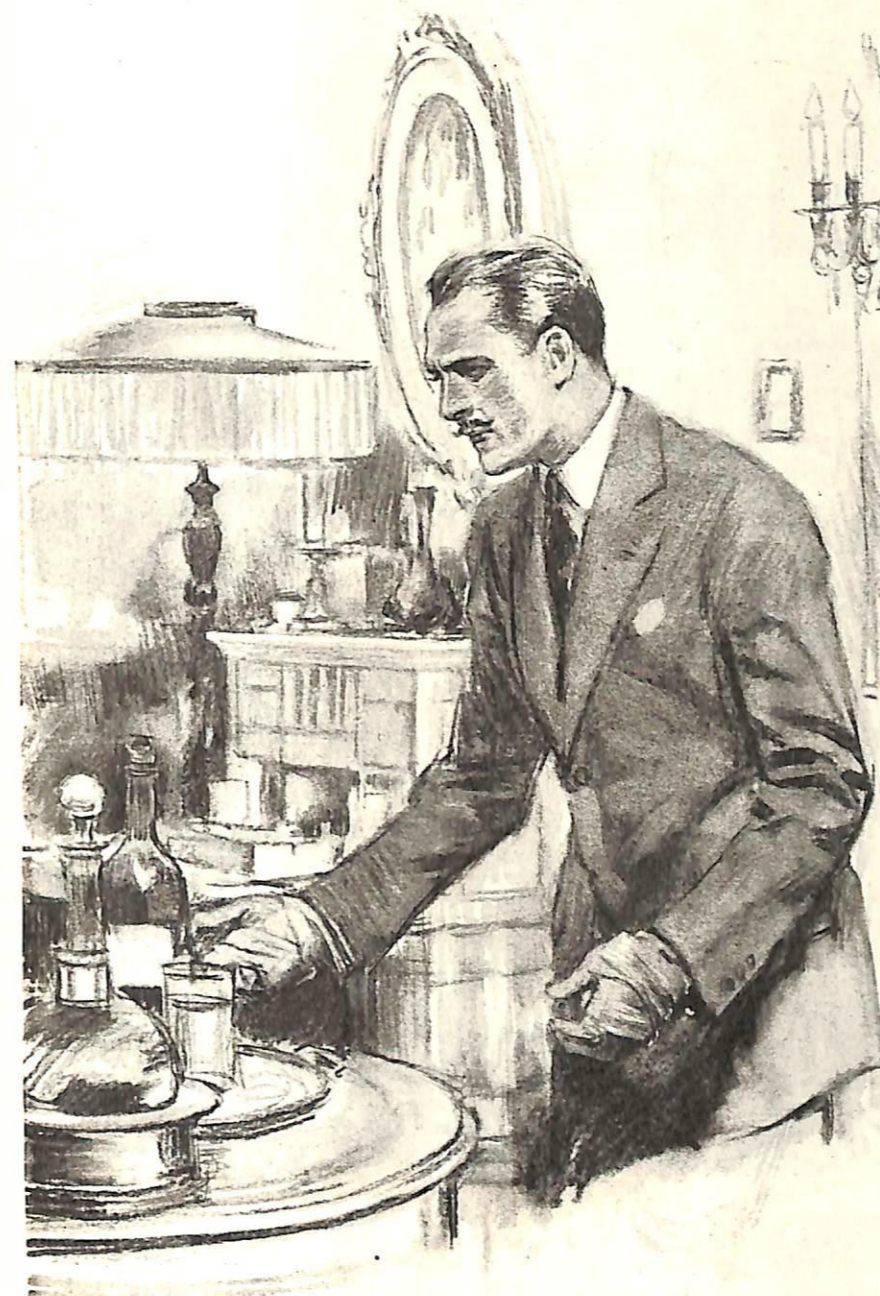
All the time that Peter Buchanan was supposed to be lying in bed, unable to speak or move, he was working with his friend and physician, Dr. Grayson, on plans and schemes to solve the murder mystery. Peter, certain of his brother's guilt (with the possibility of Beatrice as accomplice) planned the ordeal of facing the two who knew him most intimately—his former wife, Beatrice Dodge, and his step-brother, Arnoldo Dodge.

Dr. Grayson's skill had worked such wonders in Peter that he was completely rejuvenated, made over into another person, whom no one could possibly recognize.

"I'll put myself across as Delacroix," he cried. "And when I clear up this mystery and so clear my name, I'll make Maida Dodge love me, as I love her!"

Seven weeks later Peter (as Delacroix) after publicly declaring that he intended to clear Peter Buchanan's name of the old murders, was invited to call upon Beatrice and Arnoldo,

Peter stumbles headlong into a Guilty Conference—
Will the MYSTERY of Mystery House be revealed at last?



AS PETER came stumbling into the library at the end of Arnoldo's arm, his first glance was at the table whereon Arnoldo's bottle of Scotch and bottle of charged water ever stood in readiness. Exultantly he noted that the last drink his step-brother had prepared had as yet not been touched.

But the next thing he noted was no such spurt to his spirits. That thing was the squat, powerful figure of Tony. The talk he had overheard had given Peter no hint that Arnoldo's silent, deadly human watch-dog was in the library—although Peter should have known that at any time when danger might threaten Arnoldo even remotely Tony would be sure to be at his master's back. Now Tony crossed quickly to his master's aid, a low guttural sound issuing from his thick neck, his big fingers curved with the obvious intent of choking the life out of this hostile intruder.

"Back, Tony, back!" commanded Arnoldo. "I'll take care of this man!"

Tony sidled away, but kept his lowering reddish eyes fixed on Peter.

"So, Delacroix, you damned rat," grated Arnoldo, shaking the much smaller man in fury and contempt, "you're a detective, are you!—and caught in the act of trying to detect!"

Peter knew no response was expected, and he attempted none. Instead, even while he was being shaken, he made a swift survey of this step-brother who had been his boyhood's idol and with whom he had shared this very home. Plainly Arnoldo had been drinking even more heavily than usual; his nerves were shot; his temper was ugly, and with just the right incitement might easily be made to flare up into a mad mastery over all his other faculties. To Peter these were all good signs.

Peter was no longer the Delacroix these two—Arnoldo and Beatrice—had known. He looked very much the rat Arnoldo had called him—a very frightened rat, who

although cornered seemed without teeth or disposition to fight back.

"You rat of a spy!" Arnoldo cried again, again shaking him.

"Don't!" Peter choked out wildly. "Please don't—please—"

Beatrice put a hand on Arnoldo's arm. "That's enough, Arnoldo. Don't shake the spy apart until we learn how much he knows—or, what's more important, whether he's passed on what he knows."

"Thanks, Mrs. Dodge—thanks," gulped Peter, who was striving to give his most convincing performance of a trapped and frightened man.

"You've no reason to thank me!" Beatrice faced him with hard hostility. "Not quite so bold and sure of things, Mr. Delacroix, as at your house a few minutes ago!" And then with her drawing contempt she quickly bit again. "So, Mr. Delacroix—I don't know by what other name to call you—it seems that the great detective followed me home to learn what he could learn by the very original detective device of listening at a key-hole!"

"You—you gave me the idea, Mrs. Dodge, by—the way you eavesdropped on me," stammered Peter, a bit more of his nerve seeming to leave him. "I—I knew you were going—going to tell your husband what—what you told me—"

and his disguise was perfect. As part of their plan Peter and Dr. Grayson arranged the "murder" of Peter Buchanan, supposed to be lying helpless in Mystery House. So with all Green Manors looking on the house was burned down.

Beatrice, clever and ruthless, used every means to gain Delacroix's confidence, assuring him she wanted to clear Peter's name (her former husband), and he pretended to believe her.

Peter, through detectives, forced Arnoldo to pay half a million for the damaging papers that could send Arnoldo to jail, supposed to be stolen by the thieves who "murdered" Peter. Maida later disclosed to Peter that Arnoldo had asked her for a million dollars to silence these thieves who held evidence that she, Maida, was Peter Buchanan's daughter. Peter realized this was just a ruse of Arnoldo's to get money from Maida, but he also realized that the time was not ripe for him to reveal his identity to her, so he had to let Arnoldo's story stand.

During this talk Peter discovered Beatrice eavesdropping outside his window. She warned them that Arnoldo would be told everything, so that night, Peter accompanied by Dr. Grayson and District Attorney Jackson, listened in at the study door leading to Arnoldo's library. At a signal from Peter the Doctor and Jackson left the study and Peter deliberately let his presence be known to Arnoldo who dragged him into the library.

"Hands up, or I shoot again!" Beatrice was crying. As Peter freed himself from Arnoldo's grasp he was astounded to find Tony leaning on the desk with sagging shoulders and Beatrice thrusting the gun into Arnoldo's ribs!



and — and I wanted to know how Mr. Dodge took it." "Here's how Mr. Dodge takes it!" cried Arnoldo, suddenly drawing a revolver. "Stand away from him, Beatrice—one bullet will wipe out everything that damned detective knows—will close his mouth forever!"

Instead of obeying her husband, Beatrice thrust herself further between the two men. "Don't be a fool, Arnoldo! Delacroix can't be settled that way—not with a bullet!" "What better way can there be?" Arnoldo demanded. "He's a housebreaker—he breaks into my house past midnight—I naturally take him for a thief and I shoot and kill him before I see who he is! There's an explanation that will clear us in court, if the thing gets to court, and in everybody's eyes!"

But Beatrice remained a barrier between the two men. "No, no, Arnoldo! That explanation will not clear us! Dr. Grayson is behind this man, and undoubtedly knows he came here—if you shoot, the shooting will result in both of us being involved in one more murder! Two murder affairs are enough! Give me that pistol!"

"Let me finish him off, Beatrice—it'll be safe enough!" "I'll not let us be involved in another murder affair, I tell you! We'll find a much safer way to take care of this detective—a much safer way! If we don't, then you may shoot. Till then let me have that pistol!"

Reluctantly Arnoldo yielded up the weapon. Peter realized that he must move instantly to the next scene of his play, before Arnoldo's blinding rage, which had made him ready to kill, could subside or to some degree come under the control of his judgment. He had to build up this present rage into a yet greater rage; he had to play upon the greatest

hatred of Arnoldo's life; and he had to hurl at Arnoldo, in an instant, what would be the surprise of all surprises; and by the combined power of the emotions thus aroused sweep away the last vestige of Arnoldo's caution.

Peter had not allowed the action to let down an instant; there had been no pause since Beatrice's last words.

"Then—then after all—you are really going to do away with me?" he panted.

"Most certainly we are!" exclaimed Arnoldo.

"Don't—please don't, Mr. Dodge—for what have I done to deserve it?" he besought brokenly, almost pawing Arnoldo in his frenzied entreaty. "I'm just a detective—working for my living—and it's just the usual thing for a detective—to disguise himself, or pretend he's someone he's not! What I've done has been done just in the line of regular business—just—just because I took on a job for Doctor Grayson who believed Peter Buchanan—believed Peter Buchanan was not guilty of those old murders, and who wanted to prove Peter Buchanan innocent."

This repetition of the name of Peter Buchanan at the very end of the disjointed plea was the result of the most careful premeditation. That name was the reddest rag he could wave before this already maddened bull.

"Peter Buchanan!" Arnoldo choked out, glaring at his captive. "Peter Buchanan—you're trying to clear Peter Buchanan! Do you think that's any recommendation to me?"

Having Arnoldo's rage, his lack of control and caution, whipped to as frenzied a height as the excitants he had thus far used could drive, Peter knew the moment had come to strike with the most stinging lash of all—the instant exposure



of the assumed personality he had built up with so great pains. The more effective psychology, he believed, would be for Arnoldo seemingly to make the discovery for himself.

"Peter Buchanan!" Arnoldo gritted out again, clamping a powerful hand on Peter's shoulder and thrusting a menacing face close to his. "So it's Peter Buchanan's name you're trying to clear! Then it's really Peter Buchanan you're working for! Peter Buchanan!"

Then Peter—the pseudo detective whose wits and control were all gone, and who had obviously sunk to that pitiful level where instincts are stripped naked by frantic fear, and close-guarded secrets escape, and old habits that have been concealed by watchfulness involuntarily reveal themselves—Peter let Arnoldo have the lashing last blow full in the face. This final blow was merely a prodigious wink of the left eye, executed with much conscious effort on Peter's part to make it an exact duplicate of those involuntary winks which had been eradicated by a little operation during the weeks when Peter had been in Dr. Grayson's hospital undergoing the other operations that had altered his appearance.

It was the great unmistakable wink that had gained for Peter from Arnoldo the humiliating nickname of "Pop-Eye." Arnoldo, though glaring straight into the eye that winked, did not note this seemingly involuntary assertion of a fixed habit by which a man had betrayed himself. But Beatrice had seen. "Arnoldo," she gasped, clutching Arnoldo's arm, "did you—did you see that?"

"See what?" "That man's eye—his left eye! The way it winked! Exactly like—like Peter's wink! Watch his eye—it may wink again!"

Arnoldo watched. His broken captive plainly was now striving to fight off his predilection to wink—a habit he had been able to control in public only by a supreme concentration of the will when his nerves were steady and under his own command.

"Peter Buchanan's wink!" exclaimed Arnoldo. "Peter's wink—and there was never but one such wink!" Again he savagely shook Peter and demanded hoarsely: "Say—who are you anyway? You can't be—you can't be—"

At this the very last tattered shred of the control of the captured detective seemed to fall from him, and he went utterly to pieces.

"Oh, I can't play the part any longer!" he panted. "You've guessed the truth—yes, I'm Peter Buchanan!"

"You, Peter Buchanan!" cried Arnoldo, agape with astonishment.

"You, Peter Buchanan!" exclaimed Beatrice, staring. "You have Peter's wink—but you do not have his face—and Peter Buchanan is dead and buried!"

"That was all a hoax," confessed the hysterical man. "You'd learn the truth anyhow—so I might as well tell you the truth now. Dr. Grayson had me made over in his hospital—it was an unidentified body that Dr. Grayson got that was burned in the fire, and later buried. Everything that was done at Mystery House was done by us or our agents."

Then there came a weak flare-up of spirit, of vengeful purpose.

"We were after you for those old murders, Arnoldo—we believed you did them!" the panting voice went on. "And with a little more luck I'd have got you, Arnoldo."

This boasting had the effect Peter intended—coming so swiftly after the revelation of his identity, it sent the temper of Arnaldo surging up to the ultimate point that had been Peter's psychological goal—that point of red fury where reason and caution and all else save rage and the desire to triumph, to torture, to taunt, to gloat in one's triumph, ceased to have existence.

"So you're Peter Buchanan!" he choked out, his hand fiercely gripping Peter's shoulder. "Then your attempted rescue from the fire—those bandages on your hands—both tricks?"

"Yes. So I wouldn't leave fingerprints about."

"Take those library scissors, Beatrice," Arnaldo commanded, "and let's have a look at his hands."

The next moment the severed bandages were on the floor, and Peter's uninjured hands were bared to their eyes.

"And so little Peter Buchanan thought he could get me with a bunch of tricks!" Arnaldo grated contemptuously and tauntingly at Peter, who had become in his eyes the inferior and subservient brother he had always dominated and bested. "Don't you realize that I've always been too good for you: that I beat you out first with Laura—then with Beatrice here—and I've beaten you in everything else I've ever tried to beat you at? I've got you, Little Gargoyle, old Pop-Eyes!"

His free hand automatically reached out for the glass of Scotch that had been standing in readiness. Peter had known that not many minutes would pass before Arnaldo's appetite would prompt that automatic movement; he had counted upon it and was ready for it.

Peter's hand flashed to a vest pocket, came out with one of his little bottles, and with practised thumb and forefinger he swiftly but most carefully withdrew the cork. His hand darted toward the glass Arnaldo had started to raise; his evident intent was to pour the contents of his bottle into Arnaldo's drink, which it was Arnaldo's habit to swallow without pause. But in his clumsy haste Peter missed his aim—or so it seemed, although in fact what was in his bottle hit the bull's-eye of his intention—and instead of into Arnaldo's glass the deadly stuff went upon Arnaldo's hand and wrist. With the same speed of practised thumb and forefinger Peter had his little bottle safely re-corked.

With a cry Arnaldo loosed his hold on Peter and let his glass of whisky go crashing to the floor, and a penetrating pungent odor that most unmistakably was not Scotch spread through the room.

"My God—oh, my God!" Arnaldo gasped in his agony, wringing his right hand.

"What is it, Arnaldo—what is it?" cried Beatrice.

"Didn't you see him? The devil tried to slip poison into my drink. Carbolic acid—can't you smell it? But he missed my glass, and the awful stuff is burning my hand off!"

"I'll get something to ease it, Arnaldo!"

"Stay right where you are! Let it burn to the bone if it wants to—first we finish with this devil!"

With that he was upon Peter, one hand clutching Peter's throat, and fairly overbore him to his knees.

"So you'd poison me, would you?" he roared. "Hand over that bottle of carbolic!"

Peter obediently opened his hand. Arnaldo snatched the little corked bottle.

"Poison me, would you?" he exclaimed yet once again, then he examined the bottle he had captured. "You didn't spill so much of it after all," he commented. "Enough left here to kill a man twice over."

"Better let me get something to fix your hand, Arnaldo," Beatrice again urged. "You stay right here, I tell you, till we decide how we're going to finish this devil! Peter, where did you get this poison?"

"I asked Dr. Grayson for it and he—he gave it to me." "What did you tell Dr. Grayson you wanted it for?"

"I told him this new cottage I'm in is not any too clean, and I wanted the carbolic acid as an insecticide."

"What you're telling me is probably all a damned lie—but at that, Dr. Grayson undoubtedly knows you had the poison, and will have to swear to it. Now give me a bit of the truth: what did you really get this poison for?—for me?"

"For myself, Arnaldo," gasped out Peter, cringing on his knees. "Before tonight I never really thought of poisoning you—honest! But—I knew I was almost at the very end of things—I could not stand the strain any longer—I wasn't going to be caught as Peter Buchanan, and be put on trial for murder—and so—and so if I failed in my attempt to prove you guilty—I—I—that poison was to take me out of the whole mess of my life!"

Arnaldo drew a sharp hissing breath; an inspiration—a great inspiration—had come to him!

"Suicide, Peter?—suicide?" "Yes—suicide! It was the only way out!"

Arnaldo's gaze remained on his abject brother a moment longer while his inspiration took its definite form. Then he removed his hand from Peter's throat.

"Get up, brother dear," he invited softly, mockingly. "Your last wish is going to come true. You are going to commit suicide, just as you intended, and you are going to commit suicide at once," Arnaldo smilingly informed him. He held up the captured bottle. "And most appropriately, with the very poison you bought for that purpose."

"But—but I don't want to commit suicide now!" cried Peter.

"The decision rests with me, Peter dear—no longer with you," Arnaldo drawlingly returned with his mocking softness. "And I say suicide, Peter dear."

Arnaldo turned to Beatrice, thrilled with the cleverness with which he was turning his enemy's own weapon against him. In his sense of brilliant triumph, of perfect safety, he tended toward facetiousness and an ostenta- [Continued on page 83]

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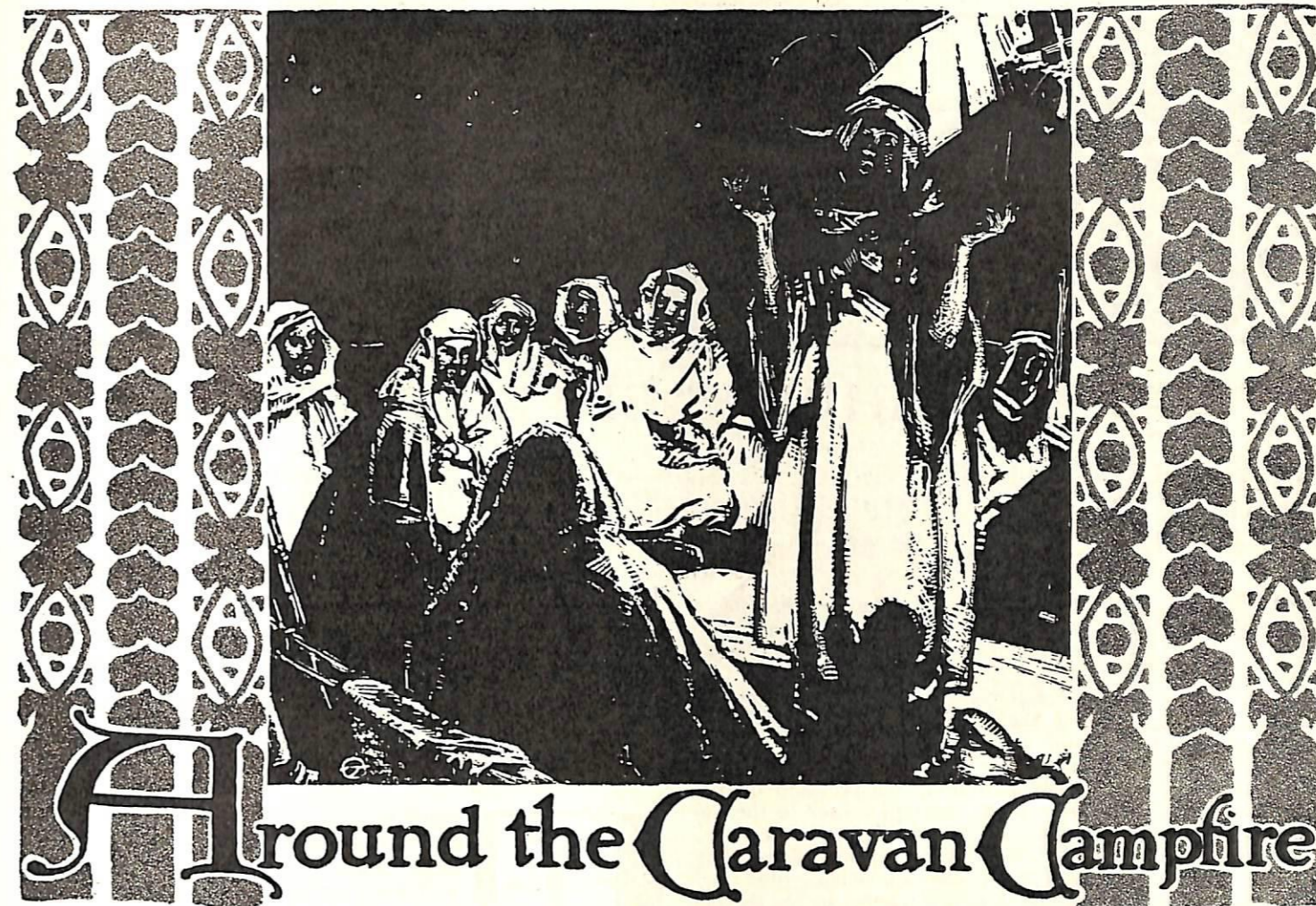
—In Your Household Problems—In Your Travels
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Mrs. Christine Frederick, domestic science expert, has placed her famous Experiment Station at the disposal of Shrine readers for testing household devices and food products. She has monthly articles of Special Cookery Technique, Recipe Contests, etc., and can aid you in your household problems. Write, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

Miss Anne C. Granbeck, who conducts our Travel Bureau, invites you to write her for any information you may wish about Travel. She will do your Travel shopping, (as well as select appropriate gifts for your friends who will travel) make reservations for rail and steamship tickets, hotel rooms, theater or lecture seats. Write, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope, Travel Bureau, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York. Our Financial Bureau in charge of J. C. Royle, a leading authority, will give you information about investments. Write, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope, Financial Bureau, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York. Hundreds have received aid from our Service Departments. We want to help you, too.



—Mrs. Christine Frederick —Jonathan C. Royle —Anne C. Granbeck



Around the Caravan Campfire

By Roe Fulkerson

I AM A perfect fool about dogs. When I run across a wobbly-legged puppy trotting around on the bias and watch him sniffing at this, hurrying away to chew on that, wagging his tail at the whole world, I forget all the good resolutions I made when my last dog died. I just gather the pup to my bosom and take him home to gnaw the corners off of suit-cases and dig in the flower beds and enjoy himself as all dogs are entitled to do.

A city is no place for a dog to live. It is too hard on the dog. Yet every family is entitled to a dog and every dog is entitled to a family to love, particularly if there is a boy in the home. Every dog has a divine right to a boy and every boy was intended by Allah to own a dog to love and fight for. Such a pup was Wee Nippy. I say nothing about Wee Nippy's pedigree. Wee Nippy thought he was a Scottish Terrier. There is no sturdier kind of dog. He is always ready to serve under Mars or Venus, and inch for inch, pound for pound, no better dog ever wagged a happy tail.

We let Wee Nippy go on through life thinking he was a Scottish Terrier, because he lived the life of a Scottish Terrier. His ears and his tail were always erect. He was an upstanding, fighting, loving piece of dog stuff. When people asked us what kind of a dog he was, we always lied if Wee Nippy was listening, or put silencing fingers to our lips till he was out of hearing. Then we explained to inquiring friends that he believed he was a Scottish Terrier and we were going to let him try to live up to it. He never faltered up to the time he ate the bottom out of a cane-seated chair. The cane cut his department of the interior into giblets as the autopsy showed. So we laid him to rest with his favorite rubber ball.

For that phase of Wee Nippy's life, I refer you to Kipling's poem about giving your heart to a dog to tear. I have had

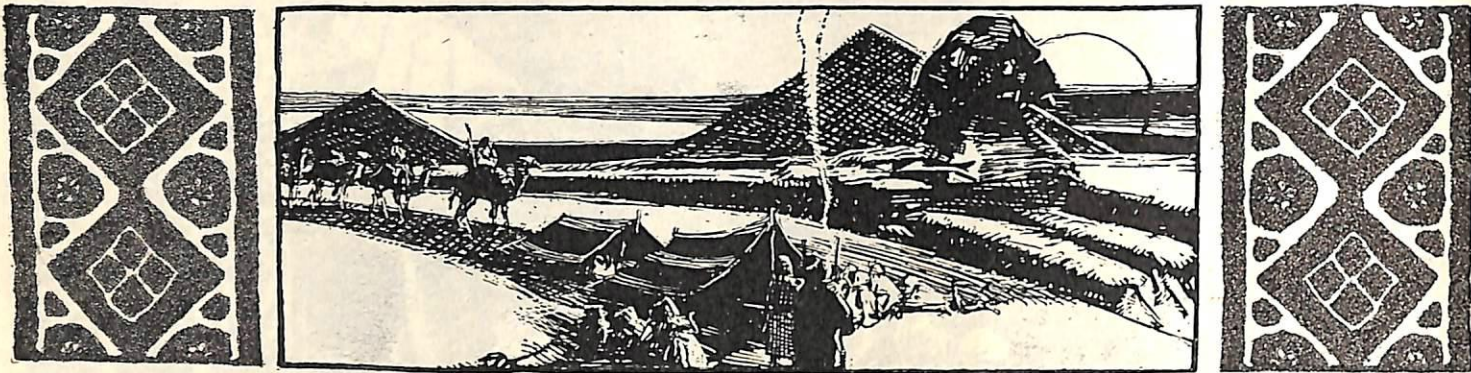
no other dog since Wee Nippy. I swore at his death, with tears in my eyes, that I would never give my heart to another dog; but I swore the same at the death-bed of my other dogs! I probably will not keep my oath any more than you kept yours made under the same circumstance.

Our not letting Wee Nippy find out that he was not a Scottish Terrier had a big influence in his life. He looked a Scottish Terrier, he acted like a Scottish Terrier. He fought like one and he loved like one, because he thought he was one. Had he known a bar sinister was on his escutcheon, he would have drooped his tail, lowered his saucy ears, and degenerated into a common cur which would have stolen things off of the kitchen table, run when he was tackled by a bigger dog, and paid no court to all the pedigreed dog charmers in our neighborhood.

I have known a lot of people like that: men who thought they were orators, singers, reciters, dancers and what-nots, who acted like orators, singers, reciters, dancers and what-nots, going through all the motions, carrying themselves through life under the delusion that they were orators or what have you, really maintaining all the ancient landmarks and customs of what they thought they were until the final peek in.

I have seen cynical, critical idol breakers with mean dispositions speak sarcastically in the presence of such people and with just a few words break down their illusions and make such a mess of their lives as did the man who threw the overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder!

I don't suppose any man ever held a job in the Shrine who fooled himself. Self-hypnotism is almost impossible in an iconoclastic organization like the Shrine! But if some fellow should get into the chair of the Potentate, for example, who thought he was a Potentate, who acted like a Potentate, who lived up to all the landmarks of Potentatitute, no real Noble would even whisper in his presence, or so it would come to his ears, that he was not a simon-pure, [Continued on page 57]



THE SHRINE EDITORIALS

WHY ARE THREE-FIFTHS OF THE MEMBERS OF EACH TEMPLE SHRINERS IN NAME ONLY

TWENTY years ago the handling of a Temple of the Mystic Shrine was a one man job. The Nobility of each Temple numbered hundreds where today they number thousands. No one man can do all of the work incidental to guiding so large a body of men. More and more each year must the different details of the Temple be turned over to Committees with time and interest enough to study the problems of particular angles of the Shrine work and report back to the Potentate and he to the Temple the results of their work. Taking care of the Nobles who attend Ceremonials is a bigger problem than that of increasing attendance. But any thoughtful Shriner knows that the great number of Nobles who never attend the meetings is a real problem. In the average Temple of five thousand members, an attendance of two thousand is normal; two thousand really interested men and three thousand Shriners who have degenerated into mere button wearers without interest beyond keeping their dues paid.

What a wonderful thing it would be for the Shrine if these three thousand potential attendees were made Shriners in reality. What an accomplishment it would be to tie in all this wonderful manpower to the Temple.

It is not enough merely to ask why they do not attend. We interested ones must make it our business to find out why. Why have we failed to add to the power of our great organization the other three-fifths, Shriners in name only?

Would it not be well to have a Committee on Attendance to study this matter? Could we not get a better viewpoint and learn something to the advantage of the attendance and to the Temple, if a survey was made to find where the fault lies?

Have the circulars advertising Ceremonials been such as to "sell" the ceremonial to the membership? An advertising man ought to be able to tell us about this after studying six or eight. Has the publicity after the meeting been such that men who did not attend regret having missed the meeting? One or two newspaper men could tell us how to get this desirable publicity.

Has the Glad Hand Committee been lax in its duties at Ceremonials and failed to make the Nobles feel welcome? Has the ritual been so rendered that it proved unattractive in staging and rendition? Perhaps a regular degree team would be the answer. Are the accommodations adequate? Has the second section lacked in newness, originality or humor?

Such a committee could get some illuminating information on conditions which could not help but be of great assistance to the Potentate and Divan.

A negro worked on an oyster dredge for three months to find at the end of the time that he was charged with twelve ounces of tobacco used during the cruise. He protested that he did not use tobacco. The dredger said: "That makes no difference to me. The tobacco was there for you!" We

cannot dodge the issue by saying that the Shrine is there for them and they can pay for it whether they use it or not! It is our duty to find out why they do not use it and then correct if possible the defect in the organization.

One of your grandchildren's ancestors is reading this line. What are you going to leave them to remember you by except a crayon picture of yourself?

THE SHRINE IS A SCHOOL THAT TEACHES ITS MEMBERS TO FACE LIFE WITH A SMILE

THERE is more to the Mystic Shrine than a mere social club where once a month men go to frolic.

There is more to the Mystic Shrine than the wonderful work done in the correction of the twisted limbs of crippled little children. There is a definite philosophy, a practical system of living and being.

The Shrine is a school which teaches its membership a way of living that is different . . . that is better . . . than the ordinary plan.

To face the problems of life with a smile, to look into faces of people with a cheerful grin, to live usefully yet joyously, to achieve much without harming others, to be optimistic rather than pessimistic, to be an iconoclast, breaking down the idols of egotism and of self aggrandizement, to know that one man is as good as another and often a little bit better, are a few of the things men learn in the school of the Shrine.

It is always unfortunate to take life too seriously. But for a man to take *himself* seriously is tragic! Grown up little boys we are, all of us! If the process of growing up has choked out of our lives the laughter, the play, the joy, then it is the job of the Shrine to restore those things so essential to happiness in life.

Life is more than just the predicament in which we find ourselves twixt the crib and the coffin. It is more than a treadmill in which we slave for food and clothes. It is a place where fat old gentlemen wearing silk hats try to get into low-topped coupés. It is a place where flivver drivers choke engines on car tracks. It is a place where people pick up hot potatoes. It is a place where uneducated men try to use big words. It is a place where elderly ladies bob their hair and wear short skirts. It is a place where old gentlemen try to flirt with pretty young flappers! It is a place to laugh.

The Shrine is the optometrist who puts the rose colored glasses on its members, enabling them to see these things rather than tombstones, crêpe, operations, mortgages and chilblains!

We develop machinery faster than we develop men.

If things are not coming your way wouldn't it be a good idea to change your way?

"O Shriners, Help Save" OLD IRONSIDES

By Rear Admiral Philip Andrews, U.S.N.
Chairman, National Committee, Save Old Ironsides Fund



EDITOR'S NOTE:—Probably every reader of *The Shrine Magazine* has heard of the Save "Old Ironsides" Fund. But has every reader contributed? If not he should. Two hundred thousand dollars more is needed to complete the necessary fund of half a million. Restoration now will save the famous Frigate "Constitution" for another hundred years. In a few years it may be too late. Send contributions to the Save "Old Ironsides" Fund, Navy Yard, Boston. One way of contributing is to buy a beautiful reproduction of an oil painting of the "Constitution" made by Gordon Grant. The pictures are done in ten colors, measure seventeen by twenty-one inches. They may be obtained for twenty-five cents each by addressing "Old Ironsides," Navy Yard, Boston, Mass.

MANY thousand visitors come annually to the Boston Navy Yard to see the famous old frigate "Constitution." Her ancient bulwarks, muzzle-loading 24-pounders with which she battered into submission the Tripolitan forts in 1804 and four British warships in the War of 1812, and her lofty spars and rigging are of perpetual interest contrasted as they are by the lines and batteries of the modern steel warships which keep her company from time to time at the Navy Yard.

These visitors carry away with them a new appreciation of what Americans of an earlier and less secure day did upon



(The famous warrior "Old Ironsides" resting on keel blocks in dry dock, U. S. Navy Yard, Boston.)

the seas. The sight of this beautiful old ship instills a deeper reverence for the dignity and beauty of American ideals and for the Constitution of the United States, for which she was named.

A move is on foot to restore her to her original staunch condition, not for active service but as a memorial to the Freedom of the Seas, which she gained for the American people forever in 1812. It is planned to sail her into every

important sea and inland port of the country after her restoration.

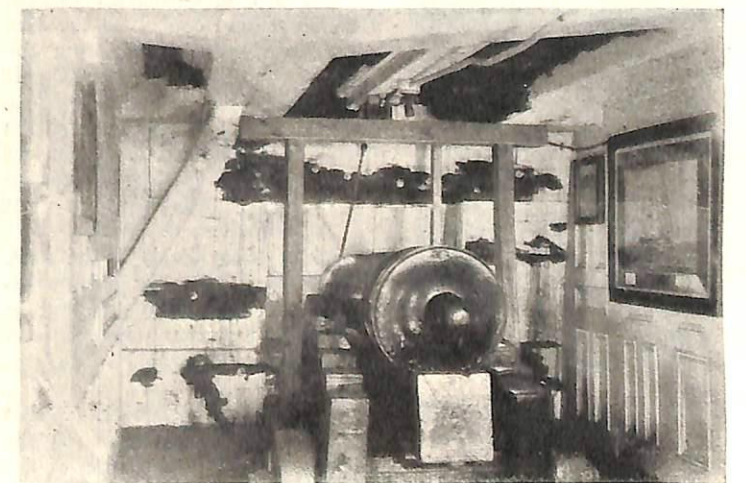
"Old Ironsides" was one of six ships authorized by Congress on March 27, 1794. President Washington lost no time in proceeding with their building, as he had said to Congress in 1786: "It is in our own experience that the most sincere neutrality is not sufficient guard against the depredations of nations at war. To secure respect to a neutral flag requires a naval force organized and ready to protect it from insult and aggression."

The "Constitution" was launched at Boston in 1797, ten years after the Constitution of the United States had been adopted. Her fighting record has never been equalled by any single ship in the history of any navy in the world. She was almost a navy in herself, and like her own great name the names of her Commanders are bound up with our early and hazardous naval life.

Almost every state in the Union contributed to her building: live oak and white oak and cedar from the Southern and Middle Atlantic States; iron for her [Continued on page 63]



(The beautiful old ship that was almost a Navy in herself floating into dry dock June, 1927.)



(The decayed condition of the officers' cabin of "Old Ironsides" shows the great need of repair.)



OLGER B. BURTNESS
Kem Temple
Grand Forks, No. Dakota

Noble Olger B. Burtness, of Kem Temple, Grand Forks, N. D., has been active in the politics of his state for some years. He is, however, extremely punctilious about his Masonic work, and when, in 1920, he was elected to Congress—an office he still holds, being now in his third term—he refused to accept election as Master of his Blue Lodge, though he had worked his way, painstakingly, up to the office of Senior Warden.

Noble Burtness is a scholarly man, long a practicing lawyer, and has served as state's attorney. As an undergraduate he won membership in Phi Beta Kappa, the honorary badge of distinguished scholarship, in the chapter at the University of North Dakota. He won statewide fame, while a member of the legislature, by a brilliant forensic attack on free love.



ARTHUR R. ROBINSON
Murat Temple
Indianapolis, Indiana

They had a grand time in Indiana last fall. Indiana, as is well known, takes to politics as does no other state, and when circumstances were such that it was necessary to elect two senators in one campaign the Hoosier cup of joy was filled to overflowing. The Shrine smiles on the result, for the state sent two Nobles to Washington—Arthur R. Robinson and James E. Watson.

Senator Robinson is a past master of Capital City Lodge of Indianapolis, thrice Potent Master of Adoniram Grand Lodge of Perfection, a member of the Divan of Murat Temple, and a wearer of the crown of the 33° in the Scottish Rite.



NOBLE JOHN L. BAKER
Melba Temple
Springfield, Mass.

Back in 1920, Walter H. Damon was Potentate of Melba Temple, Springfield, Mass., and, just at the time of a great ceremonial a circus came to town. Naturally, it had a camel—several camels. And some one conceived the idea of borrowing a camel from the circus for the ceremonial. It was done—and the camel made a big hit. So big a hit that Melba felt it would like a camel for its own. So Potentate Damon named Nobles Theodore Meyers, Charles A. Frazer and John L. Baker, to see what could be done.

Meyers and Frazer didn't think a great deal of the idea. They thought a camel would cost too much. They were disposed to drop the whole notion. Baker wasn't so sure, but he was in a minority, and he didn't say much. It's not his way to rush things. Still, he kept the camel in the back of his mind.

Then, in 1925, more big doings were in prospect. Melba was planning to entertain temples from all sections of the North-east at the dedication of the New England unit of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children, and talk of getting a camel was revived. Once more radicals and conservatives split on the question. But now Noble John L. Baker got up,



"How about it?" he said. "Is this line about a camel just talk, or do you mean business?"

Frazer was Potentate now.

"Oh, we want a camel," he said. "But how about the expense?"

"You leave that to me," said Baker. "Let me handle this. I won't call on the treasury for a cent. Give me a free hand and I'll get you a camel—and I'll raise the money to buy it, bring it here and provide it with a happy, permanent home."

They whooped and gave him his free hand. But probably no one really thought he was serious. They ought to have known him better!

Noble Baker is as good an American as the next man now, but he was born in England, and he used to be one of the Tommies Kipling wrote about. He served in India and in Egypt, and he was in the Boer war, under Kitchener and Roberts. And when he sets out to do a thing he means to do it. Also—he was on terms of friendship with Charles Ringling, who owns most of the circuses there are—he and his brothers, that is.

So Baker took himself down to Bridgeport, where the big circuses spend the winter. That was on March 25, 1925. But Ringling was in Florida; wasn't due back for a month. Baker waited.

Ringling and the circus hit New York. So did Baker. He asked for the camel. Ringling hooted at him. But Baker talked him into it. He got title to the camel—for \$3000. All he needed now was the \$3000: \$3000 not from Melba's treasury.

How did he get that? Easy. He sold three thousand camel's hairs for a dollar apiece! Literally. If you were a Noble of Melba you got a chance to join the Camel Club and wear a button proclaiming your ownership of a hair! Baker got the money. Also the camel.

Then he disposed of the remaining trivial problems. The Springfield Zoo agreed to board Melba—the camel was so named—and gave leave of absence for ceremonials and parades. A motor-truck was lent to transport him from New York. Any time you want something impossible accomplished—send for Noble Baker.



NOBLE ALBERT SCHURR
Salaam Temple
Newark, New Jersey

Noble Albert Schurr, of Salaam Temple, Newark, N. J., made a record during his year as Potentate—1925—that seems likely to stand for a long time. Eight hundred novices were ennobled in five ceremonial sessions. And at the same time Salaam was completing the erection of its new mosque and its auditorium. The assets of the Temple were increased by \$77,144.86 during

his term, bringing the total assets up to close to half a million dollars.



Noble Schurr, who was born in Crefeld, Germany, in 1866, was made a Mason in Northern Lodge, No. 25, in 1894. He received the Scottish Rite degrees in 1907 and in the same year became a Noble of Salaam Temple. He is, by appointment of Governor Moore, a member of the State Commission for Crippled Children, in which work, of course, the Shrine as a whole is keenly interested, and is one of those—he is chairman of the Salaam committee—who are trying to bring a hospital unit to Newark.



NOBLE JOHN W. BLOUNT
Alee Temple
Savannah, Georgia

John W. Blount, Potentate of Alee Temple, Savannah, Georgia, is in civil life Assistant General Passenger Agent of the Central of Georgia Railway System, and is well known throughout the Southeast. Following a long line of distinguished predecessors last January as Potentate of Alee Temple, Noble Blount has already gained recognition as one of the most popular and efficient Potentates

ever elected to this high office in this Temple. Not satisfied with one Spring Ceremonial session in Savannah, another was held in Augusta with a long list of candidates, the subject of much favorable comment. His chief claim at present for local fame is due to his staging a magnificent Arabian Night's Entertainment for the benefit of the Mississippi Valley Flood sufferers. The machinery of the Temple was used, the Band, Patrol and Chanters, augmented by other local talent with the gorgeous Temple scenery for a background. The entire gross proceeds were net to the Red Cross, the Temple absorbing all expenses. The attendance was over 1,500 and this in a city where the Temple's local membership is less than seven hundred.



LOUIS L. EMMERSON
Ainad Temple
East St. Louis, Ills.

Noble Louis L. Emmerson of Ainad Temple—though he became a Shriner first in Medinah—has been secretary of state of Illinois for ten years—a conspicuous achievement in itself. He is an Honorary 33°, Past Grand High Priest, Past Grand Commander of Knights Templar, and is only a short way from being Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Illinois.

In business Noble Emmerson is president of the Third National Bank of Mt. Vernon, Ill. He has two married daughters.

NOBLE F. W. RICHARDSON
Islam Temple
San Francisco, Calif.



Noble Friend William Richardson, of Islam Temple, San Francisco, used to think seven was his lucky number. He may still think so, though some of his friends aren't so sure, because, still playing it, he lost his fight for renomination as Governor of California last fall. However, he seems cheerful.

Noble Richardson first toured California, in his campaign for governor, in 1923, in a famous car, the license number of which was 7, and he has kept that number, though in most states the Governor drives car number one. At the capitol in Sacramento his room was No. 7, and he kept it when the rooms were re-numbered—with 112 on one side of 7 and 114 on the other.

Noble Richardson tells this story on himself, and says it happened to him first, though there are other candidates. He went home to San Bernardino, after his election, and he rather thought there'd be some fuss about him. There wasn't. At the station he saw only old Henry Stone, wrestling with trunks.

"Hello, Henry," said the governor.

"Hello!"

"Remember me, don't you?"

"Yeh."

"Hear I'd been elected governor?"

"Yeh."

"What did the boys say when they heard?"

"Didn't say nothin'—they just laffed."

NOBLE JAMES F. HINKLE
Ballut Abyad
Albuquerque, New Mexico



Noble James F. Hinkle, of Ballut Abyad, Albuquerque, New Mexico, used to be a cowboy. Indeed, he rode the range for twenty years. Then he got in the way of another man's lasso and was roped into the Territorial Legislature. After statehood he went to the State Senate. He was Mayor of Roswell, and in 1923 and 1924 the man who had ridden the desert range in chaps and sombrero became governor of his state. In business the former cowboy is now a banker.

FRANK R. GOODING
El Korah Temple
Boise, Idaho



Noble Frank R. Gooding, of El Korah Temple, Boise, Idaho, has only lived in the United States for fifty-nine years, but they say he is thinking of settling down and making this country his home—encouraged by the evidences of esteem that have come to him, such as the governorship of Idaho and his present representation of the state in the Senate of the United States.

Out in Idaho they think Noble Gooding is a bit of a rolling stone. He has undeniably gathered some moss, because he owns thousands of acres of good land, on which he raises sheep and a few trifling crops of wheat and alfalfa. But they still hold it against him that as a young man he flirted with the idea of living in Michigan and California.

ACTIVITIES

of the TEMPLES and Other News

The Imperial Potentate Pulls Welcome Latch Strings

IT IS not quite clear just what Imperial Potentate Clarence M. Dunbar had to say to President Coolidge, but the significant fact protrudes itself that it was immediately following his leaving the President that the announcement was made regarding the third term, which set the political world all agog.

The overshadowing importance of the Presidential reception rather cast in the shade the excellent entertainment otherwise provided by Naja, Deadwood, S. D. Certain it is that the Imperial Potentate, though a worker in precious metals, never encountered a nicer nugget of virgin gold than the one presented him at the Ceremonial held in his honor. The presentation was made by Past Grand Master L. M. Simons of South Dakota.

Then there was the trip to the State Park and the trout fry at Spear Fish Canyon and sightseeing trips to all the historic spots in and around Deadwood. Also, having his appetite whetted for big guns, the Imperial Potentate breakfasted with Senator Norbeck, had his photograph shot with a regular ten gallon hat and otherwise rose to the demands of local etiquette.

Grand Master George W. Vallery of the Grand Encampment, K. T., joined the party here and his brother, Noble John F. Vallery, Assistant General Freight Agent of the Burlington, was on hand with his business car for the comfort of the party.



(Right)—The Imperial Potentate and party on Needles Highway, South Dakota State Park.

The Imperial Potentate visits the Northwest
Left to Right, First Row—George V. Ayres, Naja; J. G. Thomas, Naja; W. B. North, Sec'y to Imperial Potentate, Palestine; The Imperial Potentate; J. A. Jobe, Potentate, Naja; George W. Vallery, Grand Master, Grand Encampment, K. T., El Jebel; John F. Vallery, El Jebel; S. W. Brown, Naja. Second Row—A. Hesse, Naja; Walter Sugden, Osiris; A. A. D. Rahn, Zubrah; Carl H. Kubler, Naja; R. G. Wayland, Naja; Walter Harkness, Naja.

(Below)—The Deadwood, South Dakota, Stage Coach of 1876, with Imperial Potentate Dunbar on driver's seat.



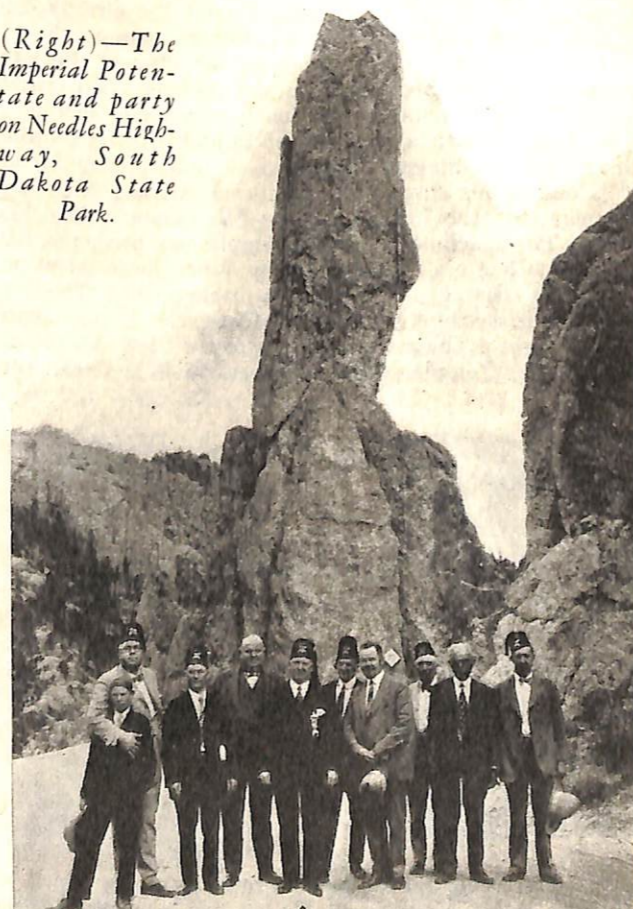
Varying the monotony of receptions Kalif, Sheridan, Wyo., turned loose its Trombone Band at the depot, hailing the chief with some tempestuous music. Past Potentate Peter Kooi had the welcome rôle of host at his own home, and later Piney Inn, in the foothills, was visited, a banquet spread and Dr. I. P. Hayes, Acting Potentate, elaborated on the various virtues of the speakers.

Al Bedoo, Billings, Mont., had planned to meet the distinguished guest at the Crow Wing agency and escort him over the famous battlefield where General Custer and his loyal troopers made the supreme sacrifice more than half a century ago, but Jup Pluvius took the situation in hand and spilled buckets of water and shot bolts of lightning which compelled a hasty change of plans. Sightseeing drives were substituted and a banquet was served which had the novelty of not being paid for in golden speech. At the ball in the evening, the Imperial Potentate added a Navajo rug to his collection of mementoes and he and Past Potentate A. A. D. Rahn of Zuhrah, Minneapolis, official chaperon, were created Honorary Members of Al Bedoo.

Trout was the breakfast appeal and the morning was spent in reminiscing.

Business cars were strewn along the way, the Imperial Potentate departing from Billings in the car of Superintendent Lowry of the Northern Pacific.

Helena staged an escort to the Gate of the Mountains and then the party proceeded to the summer home of Dr. O. M. Lanstrum in the heart of the hills. The dinner in the evening included the reception committee from Bagdad of Butte, the Divan and Past Potentates of Algeria, Helena, and Nobles Dunbar, Sugden, Rahn and North. [Continued on page 53]



OCTOBER, 1927

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"I got the idea from Florenz Ziegfeld"

Behind the scenes at the Ziegfeld Theatre Gladys Glad is remarking to Flo Kennedy between acts of the Follies.



Florenz Ziegfeld, famous theatrical producer, writes:

"As the producer of 'The Ziegfeld Follies' I know full well how important it is for my stars to have clear voices at all times. Several years ago, when I first began to smoke Lucky Strikes, I noticed that my voice remained un-irritated after a most strenuous time directing rehearsals. I passed this information on to my stars and now we are all agreed: Lucky Strike is a delightful smoke and most assuredly protects the voice, eliminating any coughing, which often interrupts a perfect performance."

Florenz Ziegfeld

You, too, will find that Lucky Strikes are mild and mellow—the finest cigarettes you ever smoked, made of the finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos, properly aged and blended with great skill, and there is an extra process—"It's toasted"—no harshness, not a bit of bite.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.





WITHIN THE SHRINE



ACTIVITIES OF THE TEMPLES

COMING EVENTS

Oct. 1st—Billiard and pool tournament, Islam, San Francisco
 Oct. 12th—Ladies' night, auspices Crescent Chanters, Trenton, N. J.
 Oct. 15th—Ceremonial, Mahi, Miami, at Hollywood, Florida
 Oct. 18th—Acca Temple, Ceremonial at Alexandria, Va.
 Oct. 28th—Informal dance, Islam, San Francisco
 Oct. 29th—Silver Jubilee Ceremonial, El Mina, Galveston
 Oct. 29th—Ceremonial, Tigris, Syracuse
 Oct. 31st—Ceremonial, Almas, Washington, D. C.
 Nov. 4th—Ceremonial, El Maida, El Paso
 Nov. 5th—Turkey sweepstakes, Golf, El Jebel, Denver
 Nov. 7th—Ceremonial, Zuhrah, Minneapolis
 Nov. 8th—Stag whist party, Islam, San Francisco
 Nov. 9th—Hamasa Fall Ceremonial, Meridian, Miss.
 Nov. 12th—Armistice Ball, Islam, San Francisco
 Nov. 14th—Ceremonial, Tripoli, Milwaukee
 Nov. 15th—Ceremonial, Crescent, Trenton
 Nov. 16th—Ceremonial, Mirza, Pittsburg, Kansas
 Nov. 18th—Ceremonial, Ben Hur, Austin
 Nov. 18th—Ladies' Night, Almas, Washington, D. C.
 Nov. 23rd—Ceremonial and stag entertainment, Mahi, Miami
 Nov. 23rd-24th—Ceremonial and Mammoth Thanksgiving Celebration, Maskat Temple, Wichita Falls, Tex.
 Nov. 24th—Thanksgiving Ball, Islam, San Francisco
 Nov. 24th—Ceremonial, Kosair, Louisville
 Nov. 28th—Circus, Tigris, Syracuse
 Nov. 29th—Ceremonial, Acca Temple, Richmond
 Nov. 30th—Informal dance, Islam, San Francisco
 Dec. 9th—Ceremonial, Jaffa, Altoona
 Dec. 14th—Ceremonial, Syria, Pittsburgh
 Dec. 15th—Ceremonial, Al Menah, Nashville
 Dec. 16th—Kiddies' Christmas party, Crescent, Trenton
 Dec. 26th—Football game for Children's Hospital, Auspices Islam, San Francisco
 Dec. 28th—Potentate's ball, Mahi, Miami
 Dec. 29th—Potentate's Ball, Tigris, Syracuse
 Jan. 4th—Annual Meeting, Syria, Pittsburgh, Pa.

A MESSAGE FROM MAHI, MIAMI

Es Selamu Aleikum!
 Nobles of the Mystic Shrine—
 On behalf of the city of Miami and Mahi Temple, let me extend to each of you a most cordial invitation to visit our Oasis. Bring your ladies, and form your caravan now. Send us your reservations. We have accommodations at most reasonable rates. Come by boat, yacht, rail, automobile or airplane. We have docks, depots, garages and landing fields.

You will never regret being our guests, as a royal program is here for your entertainment as befits true Nobility. We want you; we welcome you to the "Greatest Show on Earth," the Fifty-fourth Imperial Council Session of the A.A.O.N.M.S. Miami, Florida, May 1st, 2nd and 3rd, 1928.

Aleikum Es Selam!

Yours in the Faith,

Signed—Henry R. Pridgen

Illustrious Potentate, Mahi.

* * *

Mahi, Miami, were to have a Ceremonial at Key West and then go on to Havana, but they cancelled these plans and held their Ceremonial in Miami on the Biscayne water front. Seventy candidates were taught how to properly conduct themselves as Shriners.

* * *



Henry R. Pridgen, Potentate, Mahi Temple, Miami, presenting wristwatch to Miss Miriam Finney, winner of the 1928 Shrine Convention Slogan Contest. The slogan is "Come on Fez—Miami Sez."



James H. Price, Illustrious Potentate, Acca Temple, Richmond, Va., who has been appointed Imperial Recorder to succeed the late Noble Benjamin Winslow Rowell.

Noble Price, before he became Potentate of Acca Temple, Richmond, Va., was its Recorder for thirteen years. He is Chairman of the Ritual Committee of the Imperial Council, and has been very active in Masonry in Virginia for many years, being Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge A. F. & A. M., Past Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter R. A. M., and at present he is Grand Standard Bearer in the Grand Commandery K. T. (See photograph above.)

* * *

Although this was considered by many to be a cold summer it was highly satisfactory from the standpoint of Shrine picnics. Oasis, Charlotte, N. C., had an old time southern barbecue tendered them by R. E. Simpson of the Southern Railway System at Mineral Springs. Osman Temple of St. Paul, had their annual picnic at Wildwood Park and hundreds of gallons of ice cream and lemonade and thousands of packages of crackerjack were handed out to the youngsters, as well as free tickets to every concession on the grounds. The Shrine Band was on the job, grinding out tuneful melodies while the fats and the leans and the married men and the single men were carrying on their annual contests of speed and skill. In Escanaba, Mich., Shriners from the upper peninsula gathered six hundred strong and led off with a big parade to the special cars which took them out to Terrace Gardens where the picnic baskets were unlimbered and everyone feasted while Ahmed's Band and Chanters displayed their musical talent. Dancing filled out the remaining hours of the evening most satisfactorily.

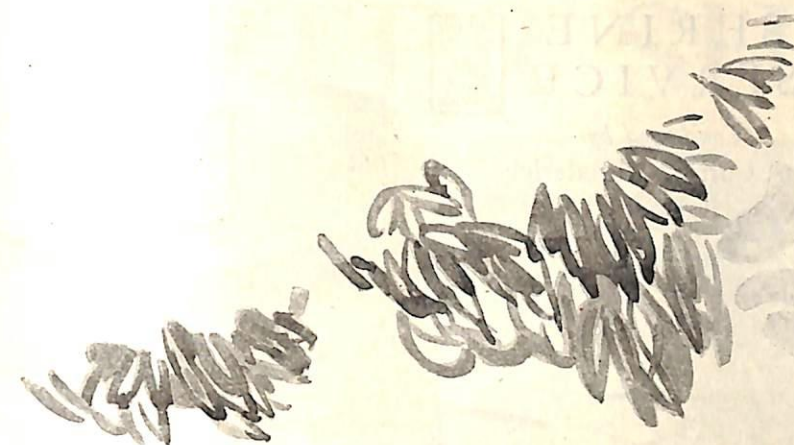
* * *

Mahi, Miami, is offering a substantial cash prize for a 1928 Shrine Convention Song and musicians and composers from all over the country are enthusiastically submitting manuscripts. This contest is open to anyone regardless of profession, experience or training and the winning offering will be the official song of the 1928 Convention in Miami. Incidentally, in pronouncing this name of the Temple you pronounce it as if it were spelled "Maw-Hee".

[Shrine News Continued on page 50]



The City of Miami's skyline, its waterfront and hotels, and at the extreme right, the News Tower Building.

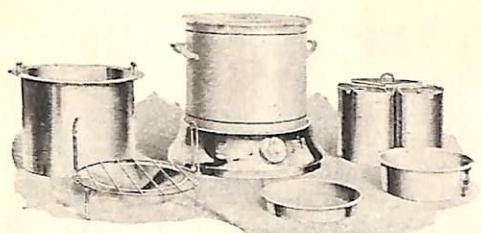


YOU will surely come to the eight if you seek the ultimate in motoring, and by the same token you will come to Hupmobile among the eights. Distinct and definite superiorities in straight-eight smoothness and ease, in superb performance, in modern engineering, single out Hupmobile as leader of the eights today, as from the beginning. Custom bodies, created and built by Dietrich exclusively for this magnificent chassis, are available.

Beauty, Color Options, Luxury in 14 closed and open bodies, \$1945 to \$5795, f.o.b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

IN THE FINE CAR FIELD, THE TREND IS UNDOUBTEDLY TOWARD EIGHTS

THE DISTINGUISHED HUPMOBILE EIGHT



(The electric cooker is especially suitable for the business woman.

((Right)—The newer cabinet ranges are as perfected as those used by foremost chefs in the best hotels.

COOKING by electricity is becoming increasingly popular and universal because of the many practical benefits which it brings the housewife. Cleanliness is probably an outstanding ideal of all Americans, and this desire is fully met in all types of electric cooking appliances. They produce no smoke, soot or fumes and thus keep draperies and walls free from soil and liberate the housewife from the attendant work of "blackening the range," scouring the bottoms of pots and pans, etc. No other fuel also so fully satisfies the term convenience. For it is only the electric cooking utility which can be operated by automatic control of temperature to the end of insuring even heat, accurate measurement and cooking without pot watching. Last, coolness in the kitchen is assured because of the many heat variations permitted by electric units and because these utilities are so unusually well insulated.

Indeed it is not too much to say that electric cooking shortens the housewife's hours in the kitchen, lightens her labor and permits the attractive sanitary kitchen which has become almost typical of the American home. On a nutritive basis, also, foods cooked electrically retain their valuable mineral and health elements because of the even regulated flow of electric heat. Scientific exactness may be duplicated in the home kitchen as well as in the laboratory, and guess work and failure in cooking results be made a thing of the past.

The exact type or model of cooking unit to be selected must depend on individual family requirements and the prevailing local rates of current. Some of the newer models in the cabinet electric range are as complete and perfected as those used by foremost chefs in best hotels. These large ranges are peculiarly interesting because of their automatic control over cooking temperatures. They are fitted with a clock on the top of the oven. This clock controls the oven heat and can be set for any moment at which it is desired to start cooking. On the front of the oven door is a thermostat or temperature gauge with an adjustable hand which can be set at any desired degree of temperature. Thus when the oven reaches this temperature the heat will automatically be turned off. The cooking then continues on the heat stored in the oven and held there in its insulated walls. With this type of range it is possible to place an entire dinner or meal in the oven, adjust the control—and be out of the kitchen for several hours—to return with the full assurance that "dinner is ready."

There have been interesting developments too in smaller and more compact models suitable to the average family or apartment where both steps and space must be conserved. One of these is built in a wall model which has four heating units on top, a built-in waffle iron and toaster, and a side convenience outlet for plugging in percolator or additional utility. The heating elements of this excellent range are concealed under the smooth top, which is nevertheless hinged upward for easy cleaning.



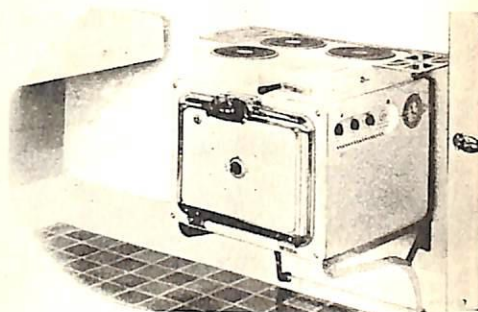
Conducted by
Mrs. Christine Frederick



The Three "C's" of ELECTRIC COOKING —Cleanliness Convenience Coolness

A still smaller and portable model is the improved wall outlet range which may be operated by plugging into any wall outlet. This unit looks much like the square familiar dutch oven using gas or oil; but its well insulated space allows an entire meal to be prepared in this oven while at the same time utilizing the broad "hot plate" on its top surface for a tea kettle, fry pan, etc. This and similar types of electric ovens are fortunately convincing the housewife that one may cook vegetables and other foods in the oven, as well as utilizing it for roasting meats. The writer has urged for years oven cooked meals, yet few women seem to realize that they are cooking unless they see a quantity of steam and hot air rising from the stove. This illusion is a hangover from the days of the old-fashioned coal range where heat was felt even more than used. The electric unit unconsciously teaches the practise of slow cookery methods as on "low," and the frequent use of the oven for boiling, steaming, casseroles.

There are many householders, business bachelors, and kitchenette dwellers who en-



((Above)—Compact models are suitable where steps and space must be conserved. This range is built into the wall.

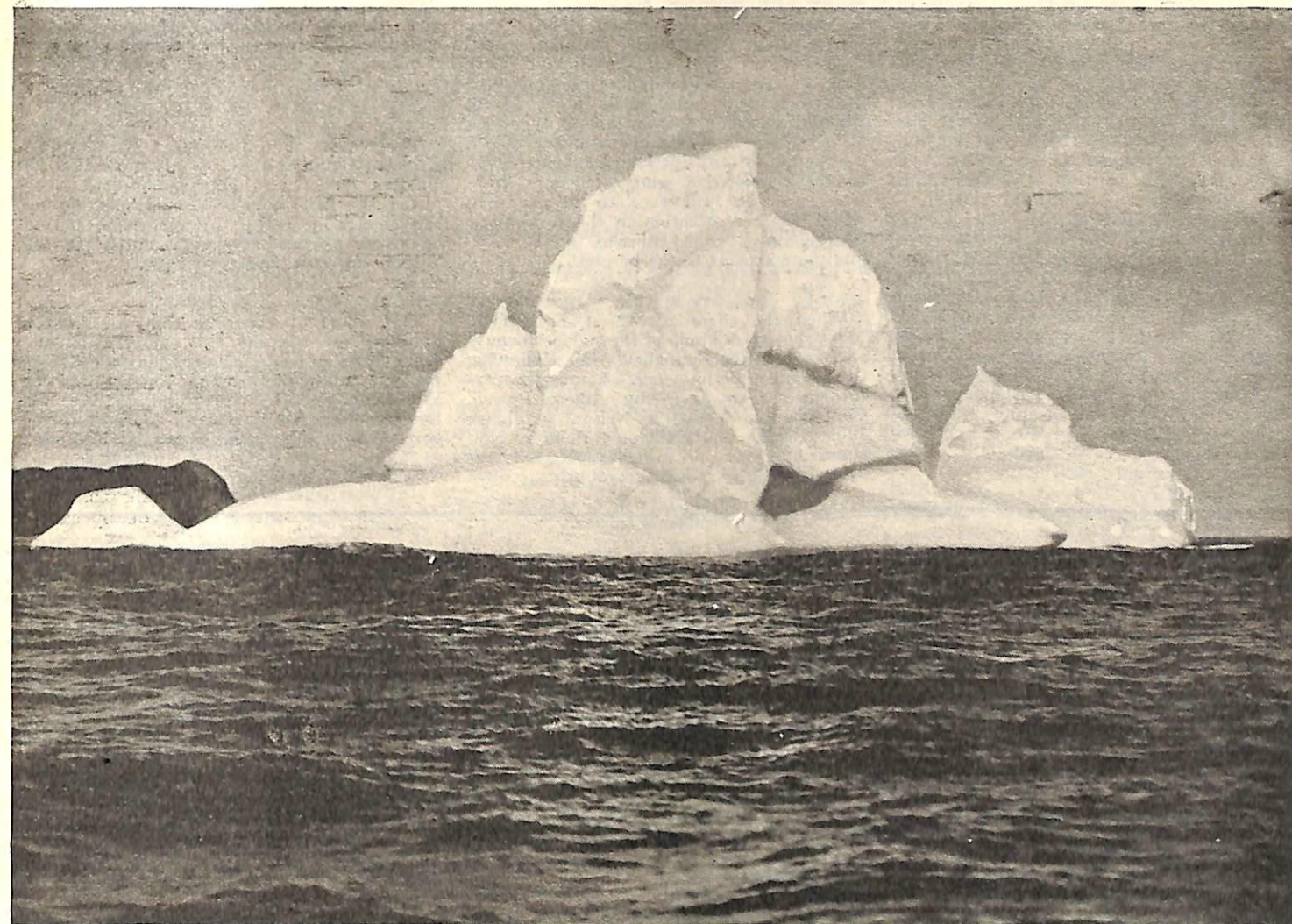
joy the benefits of electrical cooking in units which are small and portable. The percolator, toaster, table stove, griddle and waffle iron head a long list of utilities which are becoming increasingly serviceable in every household. For breakfast, lunch, company supper, or for the family of two or three, these smaller units give loyal help. Where formerly the housewife had to remain in the kitchen or constantly run from table to stove in order to give her family the pleasure of hot waffles, hot griddle cakes and similar dishes, now she may pleasantly sit with the family at the same time that she cooks electrically direct on the table. Dishes such as waffles, for example, once considered suitable only for breakfast, and then made at considerable inconvenience, can now be readily baked in a few moments and served at any meal, even on the hostess tea-time tray. With a little skill, even the small table or disk stove may be made to prepare three or four dishes of entirely different kinds.

Electric cooking devices are now manufactured in the highest quality materials and with elements which will give the least trouble or servicing problems, if they are rightly treated. There is very little work to caring for any electrical appliance. In most cases it consists of keeping the polished surface smooth. However, heating devices having a concealed element, such as percolators, etc., should not be immersed in water as this may seriously damage the heating element.

Other appliances designed for heating a liquid have a circuit-breaker or fuse in the base of the appliance to prevent the heat from rising to a point where the device would be damaged. All it needs here is reasonable care to see that they are not left to operate with no liquid or foods inside them. Exposed heating elements need a little more precaution than if they are protected. If, for example, the open element of a toaster becomes clogged with crumbs or the range elements accumulate dirt, never use a cloth or a stiff brush to clean them. Instead gently shake out the crumbs, or use the blower or suction attachment of the vacuum cleaner. With just fair, honest care, well made electric utilities will last years.

Last, electric cooking can be very economical. The housewife who tends to let the gas flame burn too high, or who may shovel on coal without thinking, has a constant check on fuel extravagance in the varying degrees of heat which only electric cooking makes possible. In the usual unregulated oven, there is almost no control of temperature or means of knowing whether the oven is moderate, quick or anything else. With electric heat, there is accuracy, and if the thermostat is set for 350° or any other desired temperature point, the user may be sure that that is the real temperature she has to work with. If this is exactly the right heat she can repeat these exact results the following day. In short, electric cooking is scientific cooking and controlled temperature brought down to the popular level of the everyday housewife.

AFTER SHAVING



HERE IS A GOOD BET

Have you ever tried Listerine after shaving? You will like it.

We are so certain of this that we are willing to risk the cost of this page to tell you about it.

After your next shave, just douse Listerine on full strength and note results. Immediately, your skin will tingle with new life and vigor. Then, over your face will

steal a lingering and delightful sense of coolness such as you have never known before.

And as it cools, Listerine also heals—takes the smart and burn out of tiny wounds left by the razor and lessens the danger of infection. Go ahead and try Listerine this way. We dare you. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

EVERYBODY'S TALKING
Everybody's talking
about the marvelous
whiteness of teeth after
using Listerine Tooth
Paste a short time.
You will be delighted.
Large tube, 25c.

LISTERINE

—the safe antiseptic

WHAT IS YOUR HOUSEHOLD PROBLEM?

Is it cooking? Cleaning? Washing? Redecorating? Furnishing? The care and feeding of children? No matter what it is write to Mrs. Frederick and she will be glad to help you. Address a stamped envelope to Mrs. Christine Frederick, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.



SHRINE HOSPITAL NEWS



[Continued from page 46]

It is a custom at the St. Louis Unit for the Visiting Staff and House Staff to give a dinner once a year to the Board of Governors. The Visiting Staff donates their services. President of Physicians is Dr. F. W. Bailey.

Below is a classified list of those serving: House Staff: Dr. L. C. Abbott, Chief Surgeon; Dr. C. H. Crego, Assistant Surgeon; Dr. J. A. Key, Research Director; Dr. A. O. Adams, Resident Surgeon. Visiting Staff: Dr. J. E. Stewart (Orthopedic); Dr. T. C. Hempelmann (Pediatric); Dr. Paul Zentay (Pediatric); Dr. H. W. Lyman (Otolaryngology); Dr. F. C. Simon (Otolaryngology); Dr. E. H. Higbee (Ophthalmology); Dr. F. E. Woodruff (Ophthalmology); Dr. W. H. Mook (Dermatology); Dr. A. H. Conrad (Dermatology); Dr. L. B. Alford (Neurology); Dr. F. W. Bailey (General Surgery); Dr. A. O. Fisher (General Surgery); Dr. D. L. Harris (Pathology); Dr. R. Thompson (Pathology); Dr. L. Sherwood Moore (Radiography); Dr. L. Shanley (Dentistry); Dr. H. F. D'Oench (Dentistry); Dr. C. C. Burford (G. U.); Dr. A. B. Day (Internal Medicine).

The report of the Ladies' Auxiliary to the Winnipeg Hospital shows to what a great extent the Shrine work for crippled children is dependent upon the women. The women supply proper food, suitable clothing, special shoes, special braces, etc., to those children who are to be readmitted to the hospital; thereby sustaining the successful treatment received. In most of the homes to which these children must return, circumstances will not permit of any special care being given to the convalescent, and oftentimes limbs which are weak will revert to the condition which required attention in the first place. This entails additional suffering for the child, and more expense to the hospital.

When the circus played at Springfield, Massachusetts, a group of the star performers went out to the Springfield Unit, following the afternoon performance. Among the performances were those by Albert Powell, Contortionist; Nelson & Nelson, acrobats; Billie Denaro and Guillaume Polidor, who staged a clown prize fight; the Oliveras brothers, Mexican hand equilibrists; Buck

Baker with his "Funny Taxi," and 10 clowns including Kid Kenard and Billy Hart in their boxing kangaroos act. The show was given through the courtesy of Fred Bradna, equestrian director of the circus, who is a member of Tigris Temple, Syracuse, New York.

The records of the Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children at St. Louis show that 28 children were cured entirely or had completed the first stages of treatment during the month of July. In the same period thirty-one youngsters were admitted to the hospital for care and treatment.

The report of the operations of all the hospitals for the first six months of the year shows a per capita cost per diem as follows: Chicago, \$3.72; Montreal, \$3.65; Philadelphia, \$5.13; Portland, \$3.97; St. Louis, \$4.01; San Francisco, \$3.39; Shreveport, \$3.39; Springfield, \$3.66; Twin Cities, \$3.76.

[Shrine News Continued on page 52]

The DEDICATION of the ZEM ZEM HOSPITAL



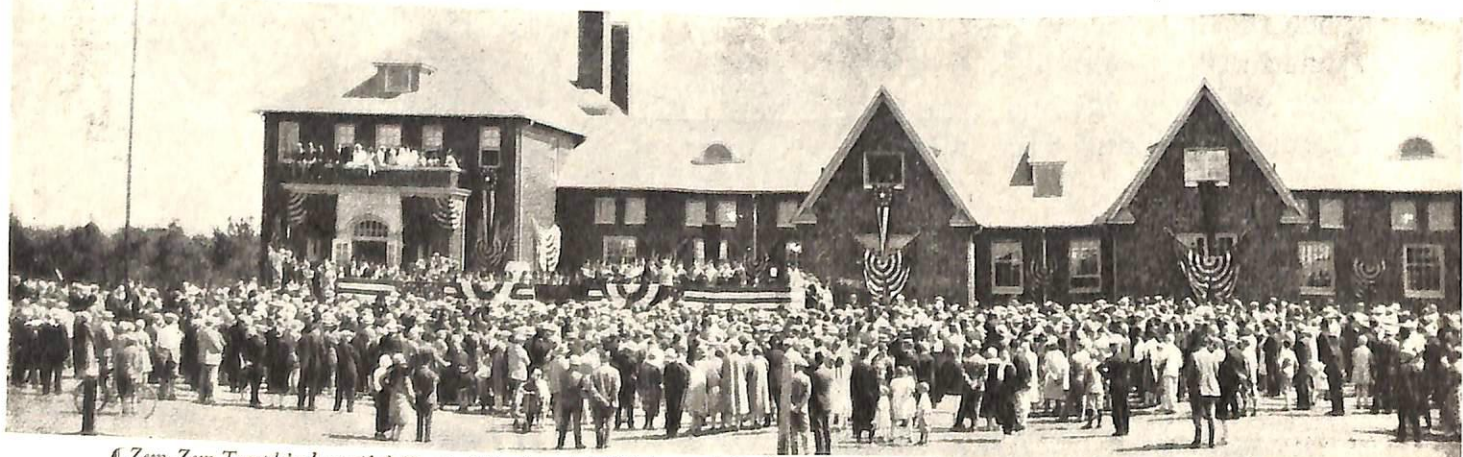
(Above) The members of the Hospital Committee are: Past Potentate Arthur W. Milne, Past Potentate Charles J. Haller, H. Rommerdale, George L. Epp, H. L. Munger, W. W. Meyers, Dr. Arthur G. Davis, Louis Benjamin, J. Orin Wait, Recorder Clyde M. Langdon, and Illustrious Potentate Walter L. Blossom of Zem Zem Temple, whose photograph appears at the left.



(Above) The Zem Zem Patrol did its grandest at the Dedicatory ceremonies of Zem Zem's Hospital.



(Above) Zem Zem's Band—one of the real factors in the success of the Dedication ceremonies of the Hospital.



(Above) Zem Zem Temple's beautiful Hospital for Crippled Children at Erie, Pennsylvania, at the time of the Dedication Exercises July 26th last.

\$15,000.00 in cash prizes for a slogan about WOOD

Read the fascinating story of Nature's most friendly and useful material. Know more about its beauty, durability and economy. Learn the truth about America's vast and permanent supply of timber. Then send us your slogan!

This message may mean \$5,000 to you. And remember that these slogan contest prizes are seldom won by professional writers or technical experts. Nearly always the winners are people who never expected to win. So do not skip anything—not one word.



No timber shortage

Almost everyone has been induced to believe that this country is confronted by an acute shortage of timber. This is not true. In fact, Col. William B. Greeley, U. S. Forester, urges the nation to "Use wood and conserve the forests." For timber is a crop. It needs to be cut when ripe. Failure to do so means waste.

There is enough standing timber in the United States today to build a new six-room house for every family in this country, Canada, South America, all of Europe and the entire British Empire! And the additional lumber supplied by the yearly growth of standing trees would build a continuous row of these houses along both sides of a street reaching from New York to San Francisco.

These are not "opinions" but facts backed up by extensive investigations and published reports of the United States Forest Service.

Better lumber than ever

Not only plenty of lumber—but better lumber! Today, *American Lumber Standards*, adopted by the industry and endorsed by the U. S. Government, give the purchaser protection he never had before.

Universal adoption of reliable standards has won for the Lumber Industry high praise from Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover.

Wood built America

Without wood there could have been no America!

Stout wooden ships brought the settlers of America across the wide stretches of the stormy Atlantic. Wood sheltered them in sturdy log cabins and wood housed their descendants in colonial mansions—many of which endure today.

Throughout the Thirteen Colonies wood built the homes, the churches, the town halls, the schools. Wood built the wharves, the warehouses, the stockades, the barns, the corn cribs, the bridges.

Later, the Forty-Niners battled their way over the long cruel trail to California in covered wagons made of wood. On ties of wood the railroads advanced unceasingly, West, East, North and South.

Uses constantly increasing

Twenty years ago there were less than 2600 commercial and industrial uses for wood. Today there are more than 4500.

From the staunch timbers in mine shafts to the buoyant strength of Lindbergh's immortal plane, wood serves mankind in countless and ever-increasing ways.

Wood endures

The oldest and most beautiful homes in America are houses built of wood. Many of them stand today, as sound in timber and beam, and as livable, as they were before the Revolution.

Wood endures—and the supply is enduring. It is the only one of our natural resources that grows. The mine becomes a gaping hole; the forest forever renews.

Wood is beautiful

Wood possesses a pleasing natural beauty of grain and texture that mellows and deepens with age and defies imitation. Wood can be fashioned and carved and fitted into thousands of charming designs.

And surely it is significant that the American architect prefers lumber for his own home!

Wood is friendly

Of all materials there is none so friendly, with such a sense of human companionship as wood. Wood is warm and alive to the touch. The handle of a tool, the steering wheel of your car, the arm of your chair, the bowl of your pipe—you like the feel of them because they are wood.

Wood is economical

Wood is stronger, pound for pound, than any other material. It is easily and cheaply fitted to special forms for special needs.

Its moderate cost is due today, in no small measure, to the elimination of waste. There is a grade of lumber for every purpose, a right wood for every need.

To inspire renewed and greater appreciation of wood, and to make more widely known its almost endless variety of uses, manufacturers of American Standard Lumber in the National Lumber Manufacturers Association are preparing an extensive educational campaign. The first thing the Association wants is a "slogan." Send your coupon now!

NATIONAL LUMBER MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION
Washington, D. C.
Manufacturers of American Standard Lumber

This free booklet may mean \$50000 to you

Send today! Mail coupon below and booklet will be sent you postpaid. It contains the Official Blank on Which Your Slogan Must Be Submitted. This may mean \$5,000.00 added to your bank account. So mail your coupon right now.

First Prize . . .	\$5,000
Second Prize . . .	2,000
Third Prize . . .	1,000
Four Prizes (each) . . .	500
Fifty Prizes (each) . . .	100
Total, \$15,000	

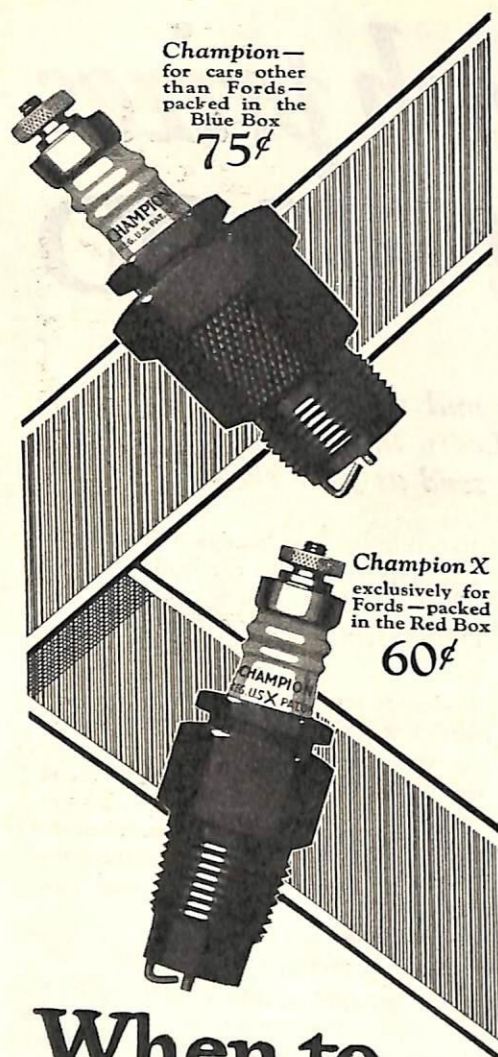
In case of tie, the full prize will be paid to each tying contestant.

Contest Closes December 15th



National Lumber Manufacturers Association,
P. O. Box 811, Washington, D. C.
Gentlemen:—I want to enter your \$15,000 Prize Slogan Contest. Please send me free copy of your booklet, "The Story of Wood," so that I may qualify.

Name.....
Street.....
R. F. D., Town or City.....
State.....



When to install new Spark Plugs

Dependable Champions are built to last longer than any other spark plug made. They have perfectly plain, easily recognized points of material and structural superiorities, including sillimanite insulators, special analysis electrodes and two-piece construction which insure long life. And yet Champion—selling nearly 70 per cent of all the spark plugs used the world over—Champion out of its experience says this to you:—*Change your Spark Plugs every ten thousand miles if you want to get the utmost out of your motor and the greatest good out of your car for less money.*

CHAMPION
Spark Plugs
TOLEDO, OHIO

WITHIN THE SHRINE

ACTIVITIES OF THE TEMPLES

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 50])

Following a colorful parade of 2,000 Shriners and Masons the corner-stone of Tripoli Mosque, Milwaukee, was laid with solemn ceremonies, the Grand Lodge of Wisconsin officiating.

The parade, which followed a formal opening of the Grand Lodge at the Commandery Asylum, was marked by resplendent uniforms, drill formations and music by Tripoli Oriental Band. Noble Frank J. Meyer was grand marshal.

The parade was led by Tripoli Band, followed by the Drill Teams of the four Commanderies of Milwaukee. The uniformed organizations of Tripoli acted as the escort for Illustrious Potentate James B. Leedom and his Divan. In the escort were the Patrol, Chanters, Ringmasters and Veteran Patrol. The officers of the Grand Lodge came next under charge of the Drill Corps of the Milwaukee Commanderies and they were followed by the members of various Masonic bodies.

Singing by the Chanters and music by the Oriental Band preceded the ceremonies at the Mosque. Most Worshipful Grand Master Herbert W. Dixon, assisted by members of the Grand Lodge, performed the corner-stone rites. The stone was laid in place by Arthur K. Bentley, Architect, and sealed by B. J. Jelinek, superintendent, and Peter Estergard, foreman of the building.

The box placed inside the stone contained a copy of the history of Tripoli, pictures of the present Divan and the Divan of 1925, in which year the work was started, copies of the latest issue of Tripoli Tattler, the

Masonic Tidings and the latest issues of the Milwaukee papers. A photograph of Tripoli, baby camel at the zoo, was also included.

Past Potentate William G. Thwaites was master of ceremonies, introducing the speakers, following the corner-stone rites. Potentate Leedom delivered the address of welcome, thanking the Grand Lodge for their services and congratulating the 6,000 members of Tripoli upon their achievement. Past Potentate Fred H. Dörner, Louis Schneller, chairman of the building committee and Past Potentate Julius P. Heil spoke of the building troubles and gave a history of the movement. Predictions were made that with the finishing of the Mosque it will be entirely free of debt.

Governor Zimmerman, also a member of Tripoli, sent a telegram of congratulation and regret that he was unable to be present, and Alderman Cornelius Corcoran extended the greetings of the city.

Past Commander Leo F. Nohl, Wisconsin Consistory, made the chief address.

The building when completed will cost \$500,000. It combines the decorative features of Oriental architecture with the functional characteristics of the western style. It is constructed of steel, concrete and brick, the exterior of light brown brick suggesting the sands of Arabia, with multi-colored tile decorations. The chief ornamental features are minarets, spires and the huge dome. It is expected that construction work will be completed early in 1928.

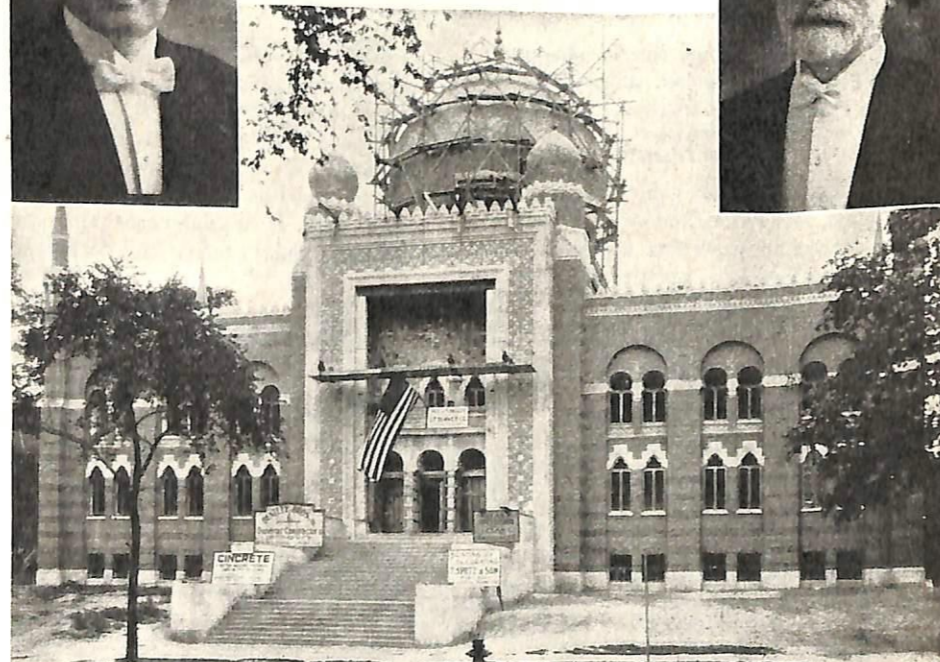
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Noble Edward C. Samelson of Aladdin Temple, Columbus, Ohio, has been missing since June 23rd. Relatives fear his mind is temporarily affected. He is six feet in height, weighs two hundred pounds, has mole on left cheek in front of ear. Notify Aladdin Temple, Columbus, Ohio.

(Shrine News Continued on page 56)

(Left)—James B. Leedom, Illustrious Potentate of Tripoli, Milwaukee.

(Right)—Adolph H. Wagner, Recorder of Tripoli since 1910.



(Tripoli Temple's new Mosque—a beautiful and dignified building—in the course of construction.

THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE PULLS WELCOME LATCH STRINGS [Continued from page 44]

This particular spot is renowned in the piscatorial world as being the place where the fish push each other aside in their efforts to reach the hook. Which accounted for the piece de resistance.

Past Potentate Malcolm Gillis, Potentate Samuel T. Blair and Nobles Louis Dreibelbis, Angus B. McLeod, C. E. Beebe, J. D. Wallace and Harry Kinney had motored over to Helena, enjoyed the hospitality of Algeria, and took the Imperial party in charge for the visit to Bagdad. Few of the friends of the Imperial Potentate would have recognized him after the committee dolled him up in a miner's outfit—overalls, cap, lamp and all the etceteras—for his visit to Leonard Mine. Potentate Blair stuck to him like a brother, being similarly costumed. The streets of Butte were enlivened by the music of the Bagdad Band, leading the Patrols of Algeria and Bagdad on the way to the Ceremonial, which was one of the old timers. A banquet preceded the work. Following the Ceremonial, just by way of variety, a night ride was taken shortly after midnight, that the picturesque features of Butte at night might be viewed from Harding Way.

Dr. C. B. Over, Potentate of El Korah, Boise, became chaperon at this point and conducted the Imperial Party into his Oasis. The first stop was at Pocatello, where several hours were spent as the guests of the Shrine Club. The day at Boise was started off with an Idaho breakfast, every article on the menu being a product of the state—trout, cantaloupe, curled bacon, hashed brown potatoes, hot biscuit and strawberry sunshine satisfying the inner needs of the twelve who sat down to table. The meal was served at the home of Dr. N. E. Brasie, and at 10 o'clock the party visited Arrowrock dam, returning for a luncheon at the home of Past Potentate Harry Hopfigarten. A reception was held in the evening, and a banquet served. A smoker concluded the official day.

Calam, Lewiston, held its Summer Ceremonial at Coeur D'Alene, President J. W. Voellmeck of the Shrine Club at that city, being in charge of arrangements. Dr. Harry Barclay acted as host. There was a parade, a luncheon, a Ceremonial in full form, at which 34 candidates trod the hot sands and a picnic lunch at the city park. Boat trips were the order of the day for the remaining time at the disposal of the Imperial Party.

The Mobile Unit at Spokane was inspected, and each one of the twenty-one children was made happier by a little gift from the Imperial Potentate. The children sang a song dedicated to the Imperial Potentate, which was very touching and every one in the party was visibly affected. The party was entertained by the Milwaukee Railroad in the afternoon. The El Katif Band, Patrol and Drum Corps escorted the visitors from the Davenport Hotel to the Masonic Temple, where a banquet was held, at which time the Imperial Potentate addressed the Nobility.

LaGrande, Ore., overlooked no bet, arranging with the railroad company to hold over the train at that point for forty minutes, that they might put on a concentrated entertainment for the Imperial Potentate and party. Nobles L. L. Snodgrass and Geo. T. Cochran met the train at Hot Lake and accompanied the visitors into their Oasis. Umatilla Indians were the official reception committee, meeting the party at the station and landing the Imperial Potentate on top of their old stage coach, in charge of Chief Sumpkin. The Drum Corps of Bend furnished the note to attract the attention of the residents of the city. A band of Indians, on horseback, and Nobles, the Drum [Continued on page 54]

It's in This Tube, Men

The supremacy we do not ask you to believe until you've proved it for yourself!

A 10-SHAVE TEST OFFERED FOR THE COUPON



GENTLEMEN:

Ask your druggist, and he will probably tell you Palmolive Shaving Cream is his fastest seller.

Countless men have written praising it; sales figures are amazing. Our years of experimenting have been crowned with success. We believe we will win you, too.

But before we ask you to buy a tube, we wish Palmolive Shaving Cream to prove its own case on your beard. Hence we offer a 10-shave test, free. Just use coupon.

* * *

Sixty years of soap study stand behind our laboratories. 130 formulas were tried before we succeeded in this unique creation. 1000 men had told us what they sought—5 things a shaving cream should accomplish. They set our goal.

What we have accomplished is in the trial tube we send you. The unvarying qualities that have won men by the millions.

THE PALMOLIVE-PEET COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

If we win you, you'll thank us for the test. If not, return to what you've been using.

Test these 5 improvements

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Ask for this free test. Shave 10 times and learn why men adopt it. Words can't win men to quit their former shaving cream for this.

Make this test yourself. Cut out the coupon to remind you.

10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1406, Palmolive, 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.

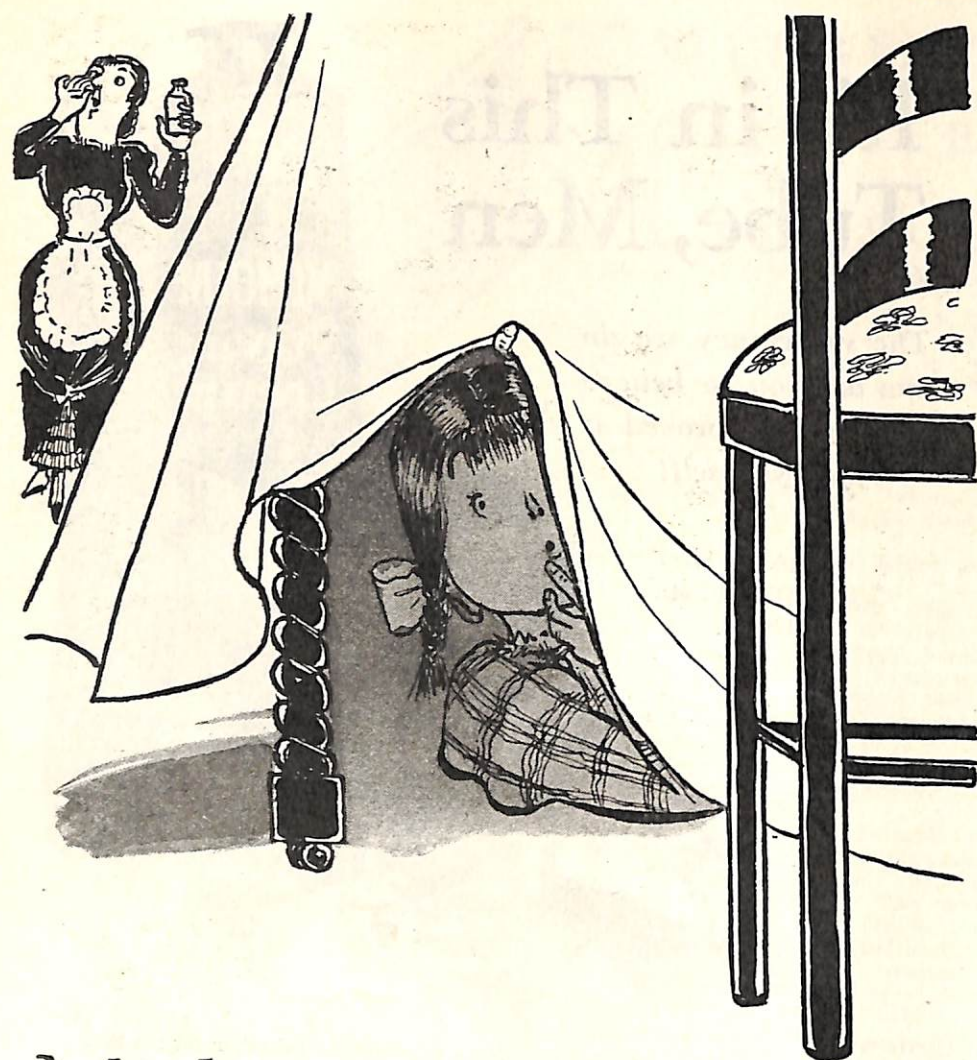
Residents of Wisconsin should address Palmolive, Milwaukee, Wis.



To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. Here are new delights for every man. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.

3731

(Please print your name and address)



Mothers... it used to be harder
to give castor oil to a child than
it was to take it. NOW... easy to
give... because easy to take

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THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE PULLS WELCOME LATCH STRINGS [Continued from page 53]

Corps, and the Imperial Potentate's party paraded to Riverside park. The state convention of the American Legion was in session at this place and the Imperial Potentate was escorted to the platform by the State Commander and given a rousing cheer, after which the Imperial Potentate addressed the Legionnaires briefly. On returning to the train, Governor I. L. Patterson, a member of Al Kader, Portland, was in waiting and introductions to the party followed.

Continuing the journey, Noble Dunbar and party reached Seattle, the home of Nile, where the banquet previously arranged in his honor, was cancelled at his request as a tribute to the recently deceased Potentate—Fred R. Harrison. Early in the morning, before leaving for Victoria, Noble Dunbar visited Lakeview Cemetery and placed a wreath of flowers upon the grave of Noble Harrison.

A number of the Shriners came down from the mainland and welcomed the Imperial Potentate and party at Victoria. The home of Past Potentate Stephen Jones near Sidney was the rallying place of the guests. These Nobles acted as an escort to Vancouver, where Gizeh is located, and where the golf clubs were unlimbered and the Imperial Potentate went into action. In the evening a banquet was spread in Stanley Park pavilion, and the Imperial Potentate addressed the assembled Nobility. Potentate J. B. Agar, assisted by Past Potentate C. A. Welsh looked after the party during its brief stay. Imperial Outer Guard Hugh M. Caldwell, Nile, Seattle, was among those present. An announcement was made during the visit that Vancouver was being favorably considered as a point for the location of a mobile unit as soon as the funds would warrant.

The business car of General Superintendent C. A. Cotterell, C. P. R., was in waiting to take the delegation to Banff and Lake Louise.

Potentate Walter S. Davidson, Al Azhar, Calgary, took the reins at Lake Louise and gave the Imperial Party a personally conducted tour of the Rockies in that section, later accompanying them to Calgary, where a most cordial greeting awaited them.

Noble Donald Fraser, as the personal representative of the C. P. R., was indefatigable in his efforts to promote the comfort of the party, accompanying them to Regina, where Wa-Wa took the party to the fair then in progress and had the honor of chieftain conferred upon the Imperial Potentate, Chiefs Red Dog and Rockthunder heading the colorful Ceremonial. The pipe of peace was smoked and fully 400 participated in the proceedings.

There are only four living white men who have had the honor of being created a Cree Chieftain conferred upon them: The Prince of Wales, The Duke of Connaught, Earl Haig and Imperial Potentate Dunbar.

Incidentally, it might be mentioned that Noble Dunbar was christened Chief Big Knife on his adoption, the name having been suggested by the scimitar on the fez. In Cree dialect Big Knife is Kip-che-mocanim, but it is doubtful that his every day acquaintances will give Noble Dunbar the national greeting in every day life.

The traditional banquet was served in the evening, when toasts to the King and the President were given, the national airs of both countries were sung with a zest and a handsome buffalo robe was presented to the guest of the evening. It was the pleasure of the Imperial Potentate to pin upon the breast of Past Potentate H. D. MacPherson his jewel of rank, after which the gathering adjourned to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne."

The next port of [Continued on page 55]

call was Khartum Temple, Winnipeg. Elaborate and unusual decorations made the banquet distinctive. The table was in U shape and in the center on the ground a miniature golf course had been built, in honor of one of Noble Dunbar's pet diversions, and on the course were representations of the Imperial Potentate, Past Potentates Arthur W. Chapman, Wm. A. McKay and Dr. Taylor. In keeping with the display a magnificent assortment of golf clubs and two dozen golf balls were presented the Imperial Potentate. At the conclusion of the Imperial Potentate's address, a voluntary contribution of \$100 was made by those at the dinner table, and turned over to Arthur W. Chapman for the unit of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children at Winnipeg.

The Mobile unit was visited and the children met him with a hearty "how-de-do, Mr. Dunbar, how-de-do"! and crowned their welcome by the presentation of a neatly prepared folder, with a view of the hospital and the signature—the very, very own signature—of each of the children.

Under escort of Nobles Clarence A. Hale, Dr. H. M. Waldren and Jud La Moure, the Imperial Potentate arrived in Grand Forks on his official visit to Kem Temple. In the evening, a banquet was spread for more than 600 Shriners and the Imperial Potentate was the recipient of a particularly beautiful piece of clay work, in the form of an ash tray and humidor. It was made at the ceramics department of the University of North Dakota, from North Dakota clay. Potentate A. J. (known as Dad) Stephens and Past Potentate A. G. Arvold, El Zagal, Fargo, joined the party to look after their welfare in the oasis of El Zagal, whither the pilgrims headed on leaving Grand Forks. A short Ceremonial was held in El Zagal Park, and in the evening there was a smoker, at the Masonic Temple. The following day a visit was made to Itasca Park, Past Potentate Thomas P. Bradley, Aad, Duluth, assuming charge when the border line of the state of Minnesota was reached.

In Duluth there were no formal activities. The party arrived late at night and left early in the morning for Hibbing, where a class of fifty was put over the hurdles. Following this there was a vaudeville show and the party returned to Duluth.

Elf Khurafah Temple, Saginaw, Mich., entertained the Imperial Party at Alpena with a reception and ceremonial. The guests arrived on a special train arranged for by Clarence Knott of the Michigan Central Railroad Company. On board were the Illustrious Potentate, H. L. Rutherford and his official Divan, Captain Ireton and his Arab Patrol, "Bobby" Heisman with his full Elf Khurafah Band, Glenn MacDonald with his Chanters, P. P. Peters with his crew of Floor-Workers, Mechanics and Electricians, besides the working paraphernalia, including ceremonial piano and automobile. On arrival at Alpena luncheon was served at the Grand Lake Club a few miles out. On return to the city a spectacular Shrine parade traversed the business section which was in holiday attire.

Dinner was served by the Alpena ladies, assisted by the DeMolay boys in the Masonic Temple where the Mayor of Alpena, L. G. Dafoe, welcomed the Imperial Potentate and party. A grand Ceremonial, in full form, was staged in Memorial Hall at seven-thirty. Noble Dunbar and his party did not hesitate to express their approval of the work of Elf Khurafah in terms most gratifying to the Potentate, Divan and Workers. On return to Saginaw the new Elf Khurafah Mosque, club rooms and theater were inspected and came in for their share of enthusiastic praise.

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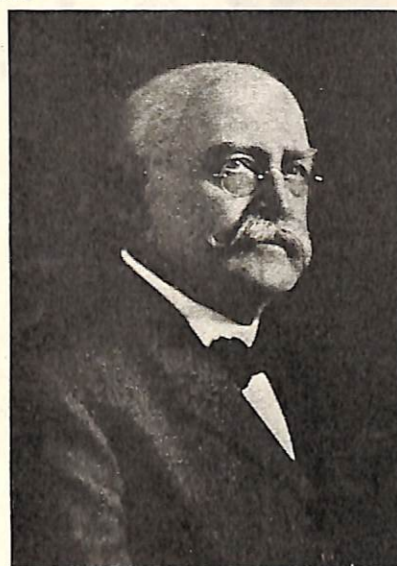
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WITHIN THE SHRINE



(The late Benjamin W. Rowell.)

The death of Benjamin Winslow Rowell, Imperial Recorder, occurred on August 22nd after a long illness. The funeral took place from the Boston Street Methodist Church, Lynn, Mass., the Rev. Dudley H. Farrell officiating. The Olivet Commandery of Lynn conducted the funeral, and interment was at Pine Grove Cemetery.

The late Imperial Recorder was one of the most beloved men in Shrinedom. He was born at Chichester, N. H., on August 18th, 1846. His parents, John Winslow Rowell and Martha Stevens Rowell, soon afterwards returned to Lynn, Mass., where the Imperial Recorder made his home up to his death. After attending the Lynn Public Schools, he entered business from which he retired in 1890 to devote his time to various Masonic organizations. He later became comptroller of the Boston Mutual Life Insurance Company, President of the Masonic Automobile Club of America, and President of the Union Hospital Association of Lynn.

Mr. Rowell joined St. Paul's lodge, A. F. & A. M., South Boston, in 1877. He was exalted in Sutton Royal Arch Chapter, Lynn, in 1878, and accepted as a member of Boston Council, Royal and Select Masters in 1886. The same year he was knighted in Olivet Commandery, Knights Templar, of Lynn, and was its Eminent Commander in 1892 and 1893. The degrees of Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite were conferred upon him in 1877 and he was elected Thrice Potent Grand Master of Lafayette Lodge of Perfection in 1888. The 33rd degree was conferred upon him September 17th, 1889. Since 1886 Mr. Rowell had been Secretary of the four Bodies of the Scottish Rite meeting in Boston. His services in the Council of Princes of Jerusalem and Chapter of Rose Croix date back to 1884. He had been Secretary of Massachusetts Council of Deliberation since 1894.

Mr. Rowell was elected Grand Recorder of the Grand Commandery of Massachusetts and Rhode Island in 1890, and was also correspondent of the Grand Commandery. He was Grand Representative of the Grand Commandery of South Carolina, also representative of the Grand Commandery of Mississippi. Among other duties he was an active member of the High Council Societas Rosicruciana of the United States and Secretary of the Massachusetts College Societas Rosicruciana; Secretary of the Grand Council of Knight of the Red Cross of Constantine. Knight of the Holy Sepulchre and Knight of St. John the Evangelist of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and Grand

Treasurer of the Supreme Grand Chapter of the Grand Cross of Constantine of the United States of America.

Mr. Rowell joined Aleppo Temple of the Mystic Shrine in 1885, and was elected its Recorder in 1886. He had been Imperial Recorder of the Imperial Council, since 1894 and had been continuously elected representative to the Imperial Council from Aleppo for thirty-five years. In acknowledgment of this service the Imperial Council in 1908 conferred upon him the honor of electing him an active member of that Body for life.

It is one thing in this world to find the right kind of a man for a big job and it is another thing to find an assistant for that man who can slip into the harness and take care of things without trouble or confusion when occasion demands it. Such an assistant was Harvey Leggee of Aleppo, Boston, who was Assistant to the late Imperial Recorder, and who had been handling the work of this office for several months during the illness of Noble Rowell. While in charge of affairs at the Imperial Recorder's office, Harvey had received and turned over to the Imperial Treasurer, nearly two million dollars and had done this work in a manner that left no cause for complaint and without any undue fuss or ceremony. Noble Leggee is the first Noble in the Mystic Shrine who was ever given the right to the floor at an Imperial Session without being a representative to the Imperial Council. He is a modest fellow, is Harvey, but he is one of those dependable chaps who makes you feel when you have turned a job over to him that it will be handled in the most efficient manner and in a way that is satisfactory to every one concerned. See photograph below.

(Noble Harvey B. Leggee, Aleppo, Boston, who was assistant to the late Imperial Recorder B. W. Rowell.)



When Pyramid, Bridgeport, celebrated their golden Anniversary one of the features of the program at the Seaside Park was the adoption to the Hopi Tribe of American Indians of Governor John H. Trumbull, Esten A. Fletcher, Damascus, Rochester, Imperial Assistant Rabban; Mayor Norman Stevens of Sphinx, Hartford; Potentate Earl Jeffries, Crescent, Trenton; Homer B. Knox, Chief Rabban; Judge Harry J. Beardsley of Waterbury, and Clifford H. Bradt, Past Potentate of Kismet, Brooklyn.

When Imperial Potentate Dunbar was greeted by the Nobles of Kalif, Sheridan, Wyo., at a banquet at Piney Inn, his beaming personality was topped off with a ten-gallon hat. This large white hat of approved cowboy style was a gift from Kalif Temple and had a silver Shrine emblem engraved on the band.

At a special election of Nile Temple, W. A. Eastman was elected Potentate to succeed Fred R. Harrison, whose sudden death on July 22nd was a shock to all Shrinedom. [Shrine News Continued on page 58]

AROUND THE CARAVAN CAMP FIRE [Continued from page 39]

dyed-in-the-wool Potentate. True Shriners are like that! They speak kindly or button their lips about a brother Noble!

It is so easy to criticize people! It is so easy to be sarcastic about their efforts! It is so easy to laugh at them! Most literary critics are soured by their own lack of success; most art critics are painters who failed to make a name for themselves. But the most successful critics encourage rather than poke fun, build up rather than tear down.

Last night I sat in lodge listening to a nice chap mouth the ritual of a beautiful degree. I was really pained at the way he mutilated that beautiful piece of work. But when he came to me, perspiring but happy after it was over, he made me think so much of Wee Nippy and his efforts to be a Scottish Terrier that I told this boy he was the ritualistic champion of this Masonic Jurisdiction and that he ought to devote a lot of time to the work as he had a lot of talent.

I hope he will go right on believing he is a good ritualist. If he does, he will work harder at it than ever. He will try to act like a good ritualist, and who knows but what with proper encouragement he may become what he thinks he is! I believe he will.

Wee Nippy lived very much closer to the life of a Scottish Terrier because we never discouraged him or told him that he was not one. People, Shriners especially, are like that.

THE FIGHTER

[Continued from page 13]

take my advice, Cashin, and get into some sort of work that is suited to your character and disposition. It would be mighty hard for a fellow like you to settle down in some dull, routine job."

"Yeah. I know that," agreed Biff. "I need plenty of excitement, and somebody to stand over me and smack me down if I raise too much hell."

"Are you going back to the old gang?"

"You can bet all you ever saw I'm not," said Biff.

"You'd better keep away from your old neighborhood, then," said the warden.

"Don't I know it? I'm goin' to steer clear of Van Kleef street and the lads there. I know I can't live there and not be in with the mob. If I went back there, I'd be gettin' in some jam inside of two months. I'm layin' off that racket for good."

"I'm glad of that. Can I help you in any way?"

"No, thanks, Warden," replied Biff. "I got a job in mind that's made to order for me, and I can grab it myself. Well, I'll be movin'. Good-by."

"Good-by, Cashin, and good luck to you," he said.

In the railroad station in New York, Biff Cashin paused before a large colored sign. It showed a strenuous-looking young man in an olive uniform dashing up a hill, a bayonet in his hands, and a look of jubilant pugnacity on his bronzed face. Biff read the words printed there in bold type—Recruits Wanted—Now—Active Service in the Manalaya Islands—See the Sergeant.

Biff approached a seamy-faced old sergeant who hovered near the poster.

"How's chances of gettin' in the corps?" asked Biff. The sergeant looked, critically, at Biff's six feet of sinew.

"Never better, buddy," the sergeant said. "Listen," said Biff. "What I want is action, I've done [Continued on page 59]"



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WITHIN THE SHRINE

ACTIVITIES OF THE TEMPLES

[SHRINE NEWS] [Continued from page 56]

Irem Temple held its annual outdoor Ceremonial on the Irem Country Club grounds on July 27th when 116 novices were inducted into the Nobility with ceremonies that were impressive and colorful in the natural surroundings of mountains, huge trees, beautiful flowers and the green carpet that nature had provided.

Forty-two Temples from every part of North America were represented by delegations and members who reported back to their local Shrines as to the proceedings, and altogether it was a highly satisfactory Ceremonial. A Band concert, vaudeville entertainment with a dinner served to 6,000 Nobles were part of the program for the afternoon and a dance was held in the evening.

Potentate George F. Eisenbrown of Rajah, Reading, with his Divan, came in state in the Potentate's golden chariot with an escort of mounted riders of the Pennsylvania State Highway Patrol as outriders with flags flying and bugles calling.

With the class taken in, Irem's membership goes over 7,000 active Nobles and a steady increase of 800 to 1,000 each year. A membership of 10,000 is one of the objects for which Irem is striving and hopes to accomplish in a few years. The magnificent country club with its golf and gun clubs, hundreds of acres of woods and valleys full of game birds, its special attractions for the women and younger folks of the Noble's families prove a strong inducement to bring those qualified into the Temple.

The Ceremonial of September 28th was held at Williamsport, Pa., including candidates of the West Branch of the jurisdiction. It was held in the afternoon followed by a dance in the evening for the Nobles and ladies.

Anah, Bangor, combined the Annual Field Day and their Ceremonial and the Shriners with their ladies gathered at Oakland Park in the forenoon for a program of sports and general good time. Over 500 people sat down to a bountiful shore dinner and the afternoon was taken up with dancing. In the evening the Ceremonial was held at the Arcade in Rockland with a total of 28 novices crossing the burning sands.



[Recorder James H. Rowland, Chairman, Board of Governors, Shreveport Unit.]



[Nurses and little patients of the Shreveport Unit are very proud of their beautiful eight cylinder Jordan Sedan presented to the Shrine Hospital by Nobles of El Karubab Temple, March 20th last. The car is done in the Shrine colors.]



[James I. Phelps, Potentate, India Temple, Oklahoma City, Okla., who traveled two thousand miles to visit a Shrine Club.]

India Temple, Oklahoma City, believes in keeping in touch with its members. Recently some three hundred of its members who now live in southern California, held a get-together meeting in Santa Monica. Potentate James I. Phelps made a special trip from Oklahoma City to attend. This is probably the longest trip ever authorized by a Temple for the purpose of visiting a Shrine Club. (See photograph above.)

Following an annual custom several hundred members of El Mina, Galveston, marched to Galveston's famous beach and hoisted "Old Glory" to the breeze at sunrise on July 4. To stimulate the study of American history in the public schools of Galveston, El Mina presents the student having the highest average in this study with a silken flag and through him a larger flag is presented to the school of which he is a student. El Mina Temple is the first Temple in the United States to establish this beautiful ceremony among Shriners. Senator T. J. Holbrook of El Mina presented the flags. Following the ceremonies, "To the Colors" was sounded, a salute was fired, and bombs were dropped from the escorting airplanes which exploded with deafening reports. W. L. Norwood, the originator of the flag-raising ceremonies, had charge of the arrangements.

George William Lynch, member of El Kalah Temple, died on August 20th at Salt Lake City. Noble Lynch was a prominent mine operator and had long been active in Masonry. He was born at Centerisle, N. Y., May 13, 1867, and went to Utah twenty-eight years ago. He was Grand High Priest of the R. A. M. in Utah in 1925 and was elected Grand Commander, K. T., last spring but was never installed on account of his absence from the state. He held a life membership in the Travelers Protective Association. A widow survives him.

[Shrine News Continued on page 65]

THE FIGHTER

[Continued from page 57]

soldierin' in the guard and I know my squads east and west. I'm all set and rarin' to go."

The sergeant's leathery face was creased by a grin.

"That's the talk," he said. "There's a battalion goin' out to them islands in a few weeks to tame a bunch of tough brown babies that live on fightin'. You hop up to room 33, Terminal Building, and see Major Bemis. He'll fix you up," said the sergeant.

Major Bemis was a weighty man, with an important military mustache. He surveyed Biff Cashin, who stood at attention before him, with approving eyes.

"Want to enlist in the marines, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Any experience?"

"Corporal in the Fifth Infantry."

"Mmmmm. That helps some."

"I want some fightin'," said Biff Cashin.

"The real thing."

"You'll get plenty," promised the major. "Get your clothes off and I'll have the medical officer look you over."

Presently the medical officer weighed, measured, and tapped Biff Cashin, while Major Bemis looked on.

"He's O. K.," announced the doctor. "A fine specimen."

"Want to sign up right away?" the major asked Biff.

"Yes, sir."

"What's your name?"

"Biff Cashin."

"Biff?"

"Paul."

"Address?"

"Twenty-seven Van Kleef street," said Biff.

"Age?"

"Twenty three."

"Occupation in civil life?"

"Fighter."

The Major smiled.

"Boxer, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. That's all, I think. Read over this enlistment blank, and sign it."

"I don't need to read it," said Biff, reaching for a pen. As he did so, the major's eyes rested on the scar on Biff's chest which a Nighthawk's bullet had made.

"How did you get that scar, Cashin?"

"Fight, sir."

"Bullet?"

"Yes, sir."

"But you couldn't have been in the war—"

"No, sir. I tried, but they said I was too young."

"Mmmmmmm. The Major frowned slightly. "What sort of fight was it?"

"Oh, a pretty good fight," answered Biff.

"I mean—was it some sort of gang fight?" Biff hesitated. Then answered,

"Yes, sir."

"Anybody hurt besides you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Killed?"

"Yes, sir."

The frown on the major's face deepened.

"Were you arrested?"

Biff gulped.

"Yes, sir."

"Tried?"

"Yes, sir."

"Convicted?"

"Yes, sir."

The major was very stern now.

"What charge?"

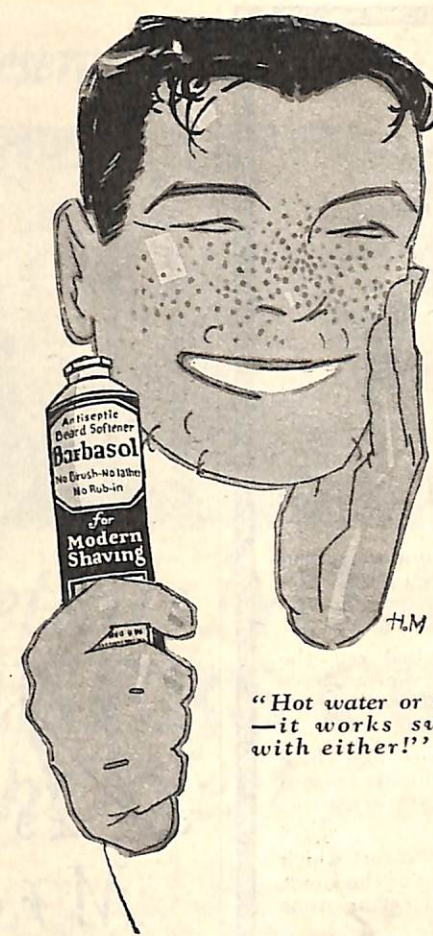
"Murder, sir," said Biff, and added, hopefully, "But only in the second degree, sir."

"Then you've been in prison?"

"Yes, sir," said Biff. "Only a couple years, though."

The major's face was clouded with suspicion.

[Continued on page 63]



"Hot water or cold—it works swell with either!"

Keep that Schoolboy Complexion

The years roll off with your whiskers when you shave with Barbasol.

It's a glad some fact, men! You, yourself, will be surprised to see how fresh and smooth and young you look when you've shaved with Barbasol. It's a tube of Perpetual Youth.

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1. Wash the face (but leave it wet)
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Scientists have searched out the secrets of Nature. Inventors have perfected metals. Mechanical experts have developed processes.

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The immutable law of Nature which governed the designing of the Clark Grave Vault makes it certain that no moisture can enter.

The use of Keystone copper steel, or Armco Ingot Iron, in 12 gauge weight, gives permanence. In the quarter of a century this vault has been in use it has never failed.

The higher priced vaults are plated with pure cadmium, by the Udyline process, exclusive on this vault. This means the greatest rust-resistance known to science.

Representative families are demanding the Clark Grave Vault as a logical part of the burial equipment. It is a comfort in time of sorrow, a mark of respect, a tribute of love.

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Ask
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Are You On The Improved Homemaking Highway?

Dear Shrine Readers:

OCTOBER has always seemed to me such a joyous housekeeping month! With golden corn and pumpkins, with magenta grapes and plums, a bumper harvest garnered from field and orchard, the housewife is assured of an overflowing larder. Then, too, the enervating heat, the annoying insects of summer have departed, replaced by clear bracing winds. Children are well started to school; housecleaning is over; the ills of winter are yet far away. At last—it looks like a clear “GO” signal for the housewife to drive straight ahead!

But *where* is she driving? What is her destination? Isn't this just the month to stop and ask ourselves if we are on the main homemaking highway, or if we are losing time following a wrong detour because we have failed to consult a good road map? The housewife may think that she knows every curve and signpost of the way. But with the homemaking highway, as with other paths, there is constant change and new developments. Even the woman who “has kept house for 20 years” may be off the best road equally with the new housekeeper who must continually watch her wheel. The whole subject of feeding the family, for example, has altered as radically as the site of an old mansion torn down and replaced by a modern bungalow colony.

In every department of the housewife's activities new roads have been cut through: the care of children and their training even in pre-school years has been completely modified in the light of modern psychology; the subject of house decoration and furnishings has increased to the proportions of an entire new study based on modern trends in art, the vogue for color, and the manufacture of radically different textiles and furniture materials; last, the actual technique of laundry work, cleaning rooms, mixing cakes,

cooking itself—have been literally revolutionized in the past 20 years—electricity has transformed simple hand processes into skilled machine operations.

What will aid the housewife in keeping on the main and improved homemaking highway? What is the best road map to consult? BOOKS! BOOKS! The woman who is really on the job will keep herself informed on, buy, and study, the latest and most helpful books in the housekeeping field. I have talked with several prominent men interested in placing practical books before women, and their invariable answer is “Oh, women don't and won't buy books!” Now I ask is this true? Won't the housewife as readily part with a few dollars for a book which will show her easier housework, make her budget more economically planned, or her family better fed, as she will part with a couple of dollars for a berry bowl or a vanity case?

In answering the countless letters from women all over the country, and now, in replying to Shrine correspondents which I enjoy so much, I am struck with the number of inquiries on the same subject. Baby feeding, house decoration, entertainment, kitchen equipment are the topics repeated over and over. It is just here that books will be added assistance, and often supply an entire

[Continued on page 61]

Send for your free copy at once—“THE HOMEMAKER'S ROAD MAP” Shows best books and routes along the housekeeping highway.

Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to SHRINE SERVICE, THE SHRINE MAGAZINE, 1440 Broadway, New York City.



[Continued from page 60]
course in the home training on the particular topic. Every housewife should have a well selected “Five Foot Shelf of Books” which will be a ready reference library on her profession of housekeeping.

And so with this thought in mind, I have most carefully prepared for all my Shrine correspondents a special leaflet on household books which I have called “The Homemakers Road Map.” It covers all the new and improved “roads” in child care, furnishings, budget and every department of housewifery.

We have decided to hold one more contest! The subject selected is “Your Favorite Holiday Menu.” This may be one suitable for Christmas or New Year's. Since the winning menu will be announced in the December issue, out December 1st, it will give opportunity for the prize menus to be helpfully used for the holidays. The menu should be based on serving 4 persons; it should be one that the housewife herself can prepare without being too tired to enjoy her guests; it may use a substitute holiday meat instead of fowl; it might be a sectional menu, that is, featuring dishes typical of a special locality; last it should be held within the bounds of a moderate price.

Here are the exact rules:

HOLIDAY MENU CONTEST

- 1—Write only on one side of the paper.
- 2—Write only one recipe to a page, but you may send in as many recipes as you choose.
- 3—Write recipe in standard recipe form, giving ingredients, method, time of cooking, etc.
- 4—Address HOLIDAY MENU CONTEST EDITOR, SHRINE SERVICE, THE SHRINE MAGAZINE, 1440 Broadway, New York City.
- 5—Contributions must be received by November 15th.

Remember the first prize is \$10, the next \$5, then \$2 each for the following three best recipes and \$1 paid for any recipe used by the magazine.

No contest was more interesting than our recent one on “Summer Beverages.” What delicious drinks were submitted and what unique beverages from readers in every section of the country! We were so fascinated in reading the recipes and in trying many of them that we had difficulty in choosing the prize winners. I had never thought that so many different kinds of ingredients could be combined in such refreshing, cooling and sparkling drinks.

However, we had to make *some* choice and so at last and after much discussion here are the names of the lucky winners in the Summer Drink Contest.

FIRST PRIZE \$10.00

MRS. J. D. LARSON,
789 Worcester street,
Wellesley, Massachusetts.

Maple-Ginger Cream: 1 teaspoon maple syrup, one tablespoon cold sweet cream, ½ pint ice cold ginger ale. Have bottle of good grade ginger ale and a jar of fresh sweet cream on ice until thoroughly cold. Chill beverage glass. (An 8 ounce glass is most satisfactory.) When you wish to serve the drink, make as follows: Put the maple syrup into chilled glass. Add the cream. Stir syrup and cream together lightly with small silver fork or spoon. When well blended, pour in the ginger ale. The complete mixture should then form a light foam. If it does not, again mix lightly with spoon. Serve immediately. Will make one glass. It is well to have several bottles of ginger ale and two or three jars of cream in the refrigerator at all times during the summer. In this way, you can quickly chill glasses and prepare any number of servings on short notice. No matter how many glasses you are serving, each recipe should be made separately and quickly while the ginger ale is sparkling.

SECOND PRIZE \$5.00

MRS. LYNN Z. HILL,
3129 Hazel street,
Erie, Pennsylvania.

Fruit Punch With Whipped Cream: ¾ cup sugar
[Continued on page 62]

Ahoy! Reservations Are Going Fast!



Get details NOW of the SHRINERS CRUISE to the West Indies



A “busy” corner in La Guayra, showing the colorful type of store to be found there, pasted with bright posters and hung with festoons of vegetables and fruits.



Bell tower of the Cathedral, Havana, Cuba. A picturesque example of Spanish architecture in the busy center of the city.



A typical street scene in La Guayra. Quaint balconies overhang the narrow, cobbled streets, giving them an atmosphere of fascination and charm.



JANUARY 17, 1928 is the day. The White Star Liner Megantic will pull out from New York with a happy party of Shriners, their families and friends, bound for the Spanish Main!

The SHRINE MAGAZINE Cruise has been greeted with the heartiest enthusiasm. Messages of congratulation have poured in. Reservations are being received every day—Shriners everywhere are taking no chances on being left behind. This is going to be a Shriner's holiday that *you* won't want to miss.

Off for the West Indies Jan. 17—Back Feb. 7

The magnificent S.S. Megantic of the White Star Line has been chartered. For 22 glorious days she will be like our own private yacht. Aboard her luxurious decks we will cruise to Havana; Kingston, Jamaica; Colon and Panama; Cartagena, Columbia; Curacao; La Guayra and Caracas, Venezuela; San Juan, Porto Rico and Bermuda. Then back to New York—all on our own ship.

As Low as \$320—All Expenses

Just the one small fee pays for everything, on board and ashore. You simply select the stateroom you want, which determines the rate you pay. Then give yourself up to complete enjoyment and relaxation. All arrangements have been made for us by James Boring's Travel Service, Inc., whose successful record in managing cruises is a guarantee of our pleasure and comfort.

Special trains and automobiles are reserved. Golf games, bridge games and a host of other entertainments both on ship-board and on shore will make every hour a happy memory.

You've wanted to take the West Indies trip. Here is your chance to take it under the most perfect conditions—on our own chartered boat, in congenial companionship with fellow-Shriners, at reduced cost. Decide now to get away for 22 days this winter—you will be repaid a thousandfold in pleasure, in health, in the friendships you will make.

Send Now for Information

The demand for reservations will be great—accommodations are limited to 480 persons. Mail the coupon or write for full details. Tell your friends about the opportunity. Remember: January 17th is the day. But reservations should be made NOW.

The SHRINE MAGAZINE, S-4,
1440 Broadway, New York City.

I am interested in the cruise to the West Indies, Panama and Caribbean South America under the auspices of The Shrine Magazine. Please have James Boring's Travel Service send me full particulars.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

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tice how cool and slow burning it is—and how smooth. Now you know why so many thousands of pipe smokers say Old Briar is "the best pipe smoke ever made."

It has taken years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending and generations of tobacco culture to produce Old Briar Tobacco. Step by step Old Briar has been developed—step by step perfected. It all shows up in the smoke.

*The above tribute to Old Briar is all the more convincing because it was entirely unsolicited.

Of all the pleasures man enjoys, pipe smoking costs about the least.



50c

TO DEALERS: Old Briar is sold in sealed pocket packages at 25c and sealed boxes at 50c, \$1.00 and \$2.00. If your jobber has not supplied you, write us and we will send you a supply by prepaid Parcel Post at regular Dealer's prices. Every box and package of Old Briar has our unlimited guarantee.

UNITED STATES TOBACCO CO., RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, U. S. A.

ASK MRS. FREDERICK

[Continued from page 61]

syrup, 1 pint grape juice, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, ½ cup orange juice, 1 cup fresh pineapple pulp with juice, 4 sprigs fresh mint; few grains salt; few grains nutmeg; crushed ice, 1 pint soda water, whipped cream. Mix grape juice, lemon juice, orange juice, fresh pineapple pulp with juice, mint, salt, sugar syrup and nutmeg. Cover and let stand in ice-box one hour to ripen. Pour over crushed ice in tall glasses; add soda water and serve with whipped cream on top. Garnish with mint leaves. Makes 5¼ glasses or 16 punch glasses.

SECOND PRIZE \$5.00

MRS. E. R. YATES,
3535 East Vermont street,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

Frosty Cherry Cordial: 1 quart cherry juice, juice of three lemons, 1 lemon sliced thin, 1 bottle Coca Cola, 1½ cups sugar, 3 pints water (carbonated if preferred). Place cherry juice, lemon juice, Coca Cola and sugar together, mixing well with an egg beater. If plain water is to be used add the water and stir well. If carbonated is preferred add it just before serving. Serve in glasses with chilled ice and a thin slice of lemon. This makes a very pretty drink as well as being deliciously cooling. Will serve about ten large or twelve small glasses. The housewife who cans her own cherries may find this a very economical drink if she will can the juice which is always left over after canning cherries for pie.

\$2.00 WINNERS

DOLORES SWAIM,
2 Magnolia Court,
Greensboro, North Carolina.

Coffee Marshmallow Cream: 2 cups strong boiling coffee, 2 tablespoons granulated gelatin, 2 tablespoons cold water, 3 tablespoons sugar, ½ cup water, ½ teaspoon vanilla, ¼ cup cut marshmallows. Soak gelatin in cold water until soft. Add coffee and stir until gelatin is dissolved. Add other ingredients. Add marshmallows just before chilling. Chill and serve.

MRS. C. S. POLSON,
512 Second street,
Hoquiam, Washington.

Malted Milk with Yeast Cake—A Most Healthful Summer Drink: 1 yeast cake, 1 heaping tablespoon malted milk or prepared chocolate malted milk, 1 cup of ice cold milk (hot milk or hot water may be substituted). Rub yeast cake and malted milk to a paste. Add a little of the milk and stir till all the lumps are gone. Add remaining milk and serve at once. This is a delicious and extremely beneficial mid-afternoon drink for the children and a wonderful nightcap for the grown ups in the summer because it supplies a quantity of easily digested energy-giving food and keeps the whole system healthy.

MRS. JOHN ATEN,
Box 154,
Loupurex P. O., Pennsylvania.

Royal Punch: 6 bananas, 1 dozen lemons, 1 dozen oranges, 1 can shredded pineapple, 1 cup maraschino cherries and juice, 3 quarts ginger ale, some mint, two to three quarts water, sugar, syrup to taste. Slice bananas in thin rounds. Add lemon and orange juice and grated rind of three oranges. Let stand 5 minutes. Putting lemon juice on bananas will keep them from turning dark. Add pineapple, syrup, cherries and ginger ale. Mix well. Put large piece of ice in punch bowl with crushed mint. Pour punch over it. Add more water if desired and more sugar syrup if necessary.

\$1.00 WINNERS

MRS. ADAM BAKER,
320 S. W. 14th avenue,
Miami, Florida.

Nourishing Beverage: ½ cup orange juice, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ½ cup Pet Brand milk, ¼ cup water, 1 teaspoon sugar. Mix sugar with fruit juice, then beat in diluted milk slowly. Cool with ice to suit taste. Mason jar will serve as shaker. Nice for children.

MRS. JENNIE MORRISON,
W. 1217—12th avenue,
Spokane, Washington.

Spiced Lemonade: Put one-half teaspoon whole allspice, one-half teaspoon cloves, a small piece of stick cinnamon into one quart of cold water and bring to a boil and chill. Make lemonade, using juice of four lemons and a quart of water. Add the quart of cold spice water, sweeten to taste and serve with a slice of lemon having a clove stuck in its center. Add a plentiful supply of cracked ice.

THE FIGHTER

[Continued from page 59]

"Did you escape, Cashin?" he shot out. "No, sir. They give me a pardon. See, here are my papers."

He handed them over. The major ran a quick eye over them. He handed them back to Biff.

"You can put on your clothes, Cashin," he said, coldly. "We can't use you."

Biff's jaw dropped.

"Huh?" He seemed stunned. "You don't mean I can't get in the corps?"

"Yes. That's what I mean. You have been convicted of killing a man, Cashin. You've lost your citizenship. You cannot enlist in the army."

"But, major," pleaded Biff, "listen. I'm a fighter, I am. I like to fight. I'm a good soldier, too. You ask Colonel Hansen of the Fifth Infantry if I ain't. I'd make good in the corps—honest I would—"

The major cut him short.

"You're a convicted murderer," he said. "That ends it."

"But—but, major," Biff Cashin burst out, and his voice was almost a sob, "I don't go round killin' people right and left, honest to God I don't. And, anyway, it's the army I want to get into. I ain't askin' for a job as a floorwalker or a chaplain or nothin' refined. I want to be a doughboy and mix it with them coons or anybody you want to send me against. You advertise for guys that ain't afraid to shoot or be shot at. Well, that's me. It ain't fair to keep a guy like me outa the army just because he got into a fight—"

"Sorry," said the major, with finality. "We can't take you. Good-day."

"Won't you please give me a chanst?"

"Impossible," said the major. "We cannot take convicted murderers in the army."

Biff Cashin fumbled into his clothes. He went, slowly, down to the street. He stood there awhile, uncertainly, his hands plunged deep in his pockets, his face grim and despairing. Then he straightened up, and smiled, bitterly.

"Taxi," he shouted.

A cab wheeled up to the curb, halted. Biff got in. To the driver he said,

"Van Kleef street."

SHRINERS, SAVE "OLD IRONSIDES" [Continued from page 41]

guns and anchors from Maryland, Connecticut and Massachusetts; fir and pine from the North woods, while the bolts that fastened her historic timber were made at the foundry of Paul Revere. Her first flags were made by the Daughters of Betsy Ross. There was not a single section of the land in the days of her service that was not represented in her successful crews.

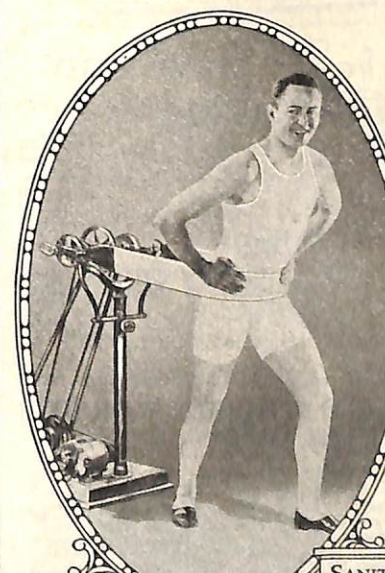
Her services in the War of 1812 in which she defeated crack ships of the acknowledged Mistress of the Seas, old England, whose cruisers had long been accustomed to capturing French, Spanish and other warships of European nations whenever they met them, cannot be overestimated. The story of her duty in the West Indies and as flagship of the American Mediterranean squadron in the war with Tripoli (1803-1805), her marvelous escape from the British squadron in July, 1812, under the command of Isaac Hull, her fight with the British frigate "Guerriere" under the same gallant officer and her subsequent capture of the British frigate "Java" when she was commanded by Commodore William Bainbridge, and later when she took two British men-of-war, the "Cyane" and "Levant," in a moonlight battle in 1815, Commodore Charles Stewart commanding, reveal a stirring tale of American Naval history.

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Wm. Wrigley

KEEN business men realize the importance of keeping fit. They know the right kind of exercise is absolutely imperative. Wm. Wrigley, Jr., speaking about the Battle Creek Health Builder, says: "I have one of your 'Health Builder' machines in each of my four homes. I use this machine never less than half an hour a day and I am in perfect physical shape."

Keep physically fit—radiantly healthy! You can now exercise and massage your whole body in this surprisingly simple new way right in your own home—without any effort. Thousands are doing it.



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The Battle Creek SunArc Bath and "Mechanical Health Horse" are also made by the manufacturers of the famous "Health Builder."



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A NEW ERA FOR WOMEN

[Continued from page 16]

organizations such as the International Film Arts Guild of New York. This is a movement in which the clubs should join. There should be cooperation, in any given locality, of the Parent Teachers Association, Business Women's Club, Y. W. C. A., Churches, Farm Bureau, Teacher's Clubs, and organizations of men."

At a convention of the Illinois Clubs the following significant opinion was put forth: "What adults see is comparatively unimportant . . . If adults, cannot stand their own civilization, that civilization is doomed. What children see is all-important."

The Federation has its eye on the main point when it asks that special attention be given to what is produced on Friday night and Saturday. Here are three good reasons:

1—The young audience will be present on these days naturally, where they might be suspicious and hostile when a special matinee is arranged for them.

2—Family programs tend to unite the family in a common pleasure.

3—If something of this sort is not done the movie-going is haphazard, with young and old tending in different directions.

Like most educational influences, the Federation does not urge the habit of going to the moving pictures. On the contrary, it says: "Unless parents are constantly on guard, most children attend too many performances now." The Federation is not opposed to films given at special matinees, altogether, although the warning about too much movie-going should always be remembered. When such a film is given the educational purpose should not be apparent to the child. Following this general line of thought, it is recommended that information be obtained from Yale University Film Service, 522 Fifth avenue, New York City. Another organization with which clubs and parents can profitably get in touch is the National Better Films Council, 70 Fifth avenue, New York City. It is well to remember that the United States Government has many films obtainable for no more than the cost of transportation. Some of the most interesting are to be obtained from the Forester, Department of Agriculture, Washington. Others are from the Children's Bureau, Department of Labor, Washington.

Texas deserves mention for the use clubs there have been making of the films. A very interesting phase of the work has been information conveyed about desirable jobs, both for men and for women.

As Mrs. Sherman said good-by to me, she apologized again for taking up so big a subject when just off a sick bed. But I thought to myself that I wished I, who am never sick, had as much energy as this woman of twenty-five years' experience in the general field of woman's needs; of special interest in the home; of, now, the leadership in the whole vast organization. Anybody can see by her manner how exciting it is to be marching at the head of an army of women, demanding a better future for the race, and helping to create it. Optimism rules. Among the questions sent all over the nation was this: "Are you a better wife, mother, and homemaker because you are a club-woman?" Naturally the answer was overwhelmingly yes. It was explained that such work is teaching a member to think more clearly about public matters; to run a home with more knowledge; to be more interesting as a wife and more capable as a mother.

The second article in this series on the Woman of Today will deal with the new ideas in the development of the Child mind. Read a New Era for Women by Norman Hapgood in the December issue.

SHRINE CLUBS

[SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 58]]

Places and Dates of Meetings

Akron—Tadmor, Fridays, Masonic Temple.
Altoona—Jaffa, Fridays, Penn Alto Hotel.
Baltimore—Scimitar Club, Mondays, Hotel Emerson.
Birmingham—Zamora, Thursdays, Bankhead Hotel.
Buffalo—Ismaïlia, Fridays, Hotel Statler.
Boise—El Korah, daily, Kelley's Round Table.
Cleveland—Al Koran, Fridays, Allerton Hotel.
Columbus, O.—Aladdin, Thursdays, Masonic Temple.
Charleston, W. Va.—Beni Kedem, Thursdays, Scottish Rite Cathedral.
Detroit—Moslem Boulevard Shrine Club, Wednesdays, General Motors Bldg.
Detroit—Moslem, Caravan Shrine Club, Thursdays, Hotel Statler.
Duluth—Aad, Mondays, 105 W. Superior street.
Des Moines—Za-Ga-Zig, Saturdays, Ft. Des Moines Hotel.
Evansville—Hadi, Fridays, Shrine Club.
Flint—Shrine Club, Masonic Temple, Wednesdays.
Hastings—Tehama, Fridays, Hotel Clarke.
Hollywood—Shrine Club, 1st and 3rd Friday nights, monthly, Hollywood News Bldg.
Honolulu—Aloha, Shrine Club, Thursdays, Young Hotel.
Los Angeles—Al Malaikah, Thursdays.
Lexington, Ky.—Oleika, First Friday, monthly, Phoenix Hotel.
Milwaukee—Tripoli, Fridays, Milwaukee Athletic Club.
Minneapolis—Zuhrah, every other Monday, West Hotel.
Memphis—Al Chymia, Fridays, Shrine Bldg.
Mount Hope, W. Va.—Beni Kedem Shrine Club, 1st Thursdays monthly.
Nashville—Al Menah, Wednesdays, McFadden's Grotto.
Pittsburgh—Syria, Fridays, William Penn Hotel.
Philadelphia—LuLu, Wednesdays, Adelphia Hotel.
Pasadena—Shrine Club, Mondays, Hotel Maryland.
Portland, Ore.—Al Kader, Thursdays, Multnomah Hotel, Assembly Hall.
Rochester—Damascus, Fridays, Powers Hotel.
Rockford—Tebala, Fridays, Tebala Mosque.
Richmond—Acca, Sphinx Club, Thursdays, Seventh street, Christian Club Annex.
San Antonio—Alzafar, Fridays, Nueces Hotel.
San Pedro—Shrine Club, Tuesdays, Y. M. C. A.
St. Paul—Osman, every other Friday, St. Paul Hotel.
San Francisco—Islam, Thursdays, Palace Hotel.
Saginaw—Elf Khurafah, Caravan Club, Fridays, Hotel Bancroft.
Seattle—Nile, Thursdays, Chamber of Commerce.
Spokane—El Katif, Mondays.
Terre Haute—Zorah, Fridays, Elks Club.
Waco—Karem, Tuesdays, Shrine Club.
Washington, D. C.—Almas, Fridays, New Ebbitt Hotel.
Youngstown—Shrine Club, Tuesdays, Y. M. C. A.

A man using the name of R. B. Johnson, claiming to be a Shriner, has been operating in Texas, buying jewelry and giving worthless checks. He is five feet six inches tall, heavily built and of ruddy complexion.
[Shrine News Continued on page 76]

GETTING SKINNIER EVERY DAY

Hollows in Cheeks, Neck
and Chest Growing
Deeper Every Week

Someone Ought To Tell Him How
To Gain Pounds of Solid Flesh
And Look Like a Real Man

Tens of thousands of thin, run-down men—yes, and women too—are getting discouraged—are giving up all hope of ever being able to take on flesh and look healthy and strong.

All such people can stop worrying and start to smile and enjoy life right now, for McCoy's Tablets, which any druggist will tell you all about, is putting flesh on hosts of skinny folks every day.

One woman, tired, weak and discouraged put on 15 pounds in five weeks and now feels fine.

McCoy takes all the risk—Read this iron-clad guarantee. If after taking 4 sixty cent boxes of McCoy's Tablets or 2 One Dollar boxes any thin, underweight man or woman doesn't gain at least 5 pounds and feel completely satisfied with the marked improvement in health—your druggist is authorized to return the purchase price.

The name McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Tablets has been shortened—just ask for McCoy's Tablets at any drug store in America.



DRIFTING [Continued from page 33]

Hello Everybody! This is Johnnie Walker Speaking!



"Funny how many people are really dissatisfied with their cigarettes and don't know it until they find such complete enjoyment in mine. Buy a package of Johnnie Walkers for 20c and you'll know what I mean."

20c for 20

Johnnie Walker
CIGARETTES
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a museum specimen. And he's the first worth-while man I've met in years. Why, we had fun."

"Fun?" blinked Dorothy, trying to visualize Anthony as skipping.

"Yes, and a hard fight. A full evening you might call it. Why some woman hasn't discovered him and married him is more than I can see."

"You put this on before you wash your face, and this after? I must remember that address. As a matter of record, darling, some woman has married him..."

The glass top of the cream jar rattled on the floor. It took Clarissa some minutes to retrieve it. When she spoke it was in her usual light, half-derisive manner. "Why didn't you tell me he was married?"

"Why didn't I tell you the others were or weren't? Frankly, I didn't suppose it would be necessary. He isn't the kind who... that..." she heard herself gibbering senselessly, amazed beyond coherence at the truth on Clarissa's face. Clarissa... who must have turned down any number of fascinating counts and millionaires, and a great many honest-to-goodness men besides.

She did add this, for what consolation there was in it. "He isn't so fearfully married, to be truthful. She's been gone for... it must be every day of a year—California. I've heard there's someone out there."

EARLY autumn and the crowd had ceased migrating and settled in town for the season's gaieties. But Dorothy Small loved her trees in their crisp autumn dresses, and she loved the hush of nature that precedes the final exodus of all the year's wild blooming.

So the Smalls stayed on at Darrow Head, contented and healthy and happy. And Anthony Gray stayed on, writing his book. And Clarissa stayed on.

That first night, after she had learned from Dorothy that Anthony was married (of course Anthony supposed she knew it, she remembered telling him they had talked about him) Clarissa had it out with herself, and she came to a brave decision. Here was a man who needed help, encouragement, companionship. What had been the matter with Anthony was—his wife. Dorothy described her to Clarissa. "Oh, she's no worse than a lot of others... wanting a gay time always, flying with the fast crowd, going to wild parties, drinking and smoking too much. I suppose there's no real harm in her, but she's not Anthony's kind."

So Clarissa decided to stay on and give Anthony what of friendship she had to give, and when it was over she would go away and she wouldn't whimper about it either.

Day after day Anthony and Clarissa were off across the country as far as they could make it; had lunch at an inn or a farmhouse or sometimes out of Anthony's unexpected pocket. Came home. Rode an apple cart part of the way, swinging their feet, making friends with the apple man, with the farmers, with all the dogs. At the fork in the road they left the cart. "Here," said the man to Anthony, "take a handful of apples for your wife."

They could laugh at it, tramping through the meadows, Anthony bulging at the pockets. Dead leaves covered the ground now. Anthony saw poetry in them... history in them.

"They have given themselves that something more beautiful may live... a higher service than beauty or happiness for themselves. D'you see, Clarissa, proof that I am not the last of me? The man I am is nothing, but what I give out... what I

pass along... that's what counts and lives on afterward. And this thing that lives after me is a greater responsibility of mine than I am. Catch what I mean?"

"I do, Anthony."

Sometimes he got strung off, talked his soul out. Clarissa let him. And again they could walk for miles without speaking, except with that more intimate language of a smile, a lifted eyebrow, a glance of perfect understanding.

"I'll remember this," Clarissa would think, "and this and how shiny the mornings are, and how sweet the dusks, and how his face looked when he said that, and the funny, dear way he has of tossing up his head." And she kept storing up little treasures against a day when she would need them.

At night they came home to firelight through the windows, and the dogs rushing up to greet them. After such a day Anthony would retire to his work den in a fine frenzy of inspiration and write until dawn.

Clarissa had thought that love, real intense love, was a fire... a spell which held you to an unnatural and almost uneasy rapture. She found now that it was a quiet contentment, making any little dear word or touch or glance so very poignant and precious. Her old restlessness was gone; the urgent necessity to travel on and on.

In the midst of their very successful sailing of friendship, Clarissa saw that Anthony was falling in love with her, if indeed he hadn't been in love from the first as she had. Now Clarissa was a woman. She grew a little defiant. If it meant happiness for her, and far more important, for Anthony... was it not right? She saw, as every woman sees who loves a man, that love was right. Marriage just because it is marriage, isn't necessarily sacred. People can make mistakes, fearful mistakes, especially young people.

Thus Clarissa, to herself. And when Anthony asked her she would say this! And then, through the days, something kept knocking at Clarissa's head... knocking... knocking... And she found it was Anthony's wife who kept knocking there...

Anthony himself brought up the subject. They were in the garden again. October can be as balmy as June, but the little leaves were all gone, and the night bird had flown South.

"Warm enough, Clarissa?" he asked, giving the fur collar of her wrap an awkward, husbandly tug... infinitely dear to Clarissa.

"Quite," said Clarissa. Quite warm. Quite everything.

Anthony slid on to the middle of his back, an immense frown between his rather stormy brows, and he spoke of a subject they hadn't mentioned before.

"Case of incompatibility. Y'take two people with different interests, ambitions, tastes, pleasures, ways of thinking, talking and living... there's not a chance on earth they could ever be happy together. Mary and I tried it for six years. We tried hard. Through what storms and personal inconveniences to both I cannot tell you. We just weren't suited, Clarissa. Everything that interested me bored her to extinction. She wanted a gay life—parties, dances, joyrides, golf, polo, yacht trips—you know the usual run of it. Her crowd did these things. And they drove me wild. Six years of that—driving each other wild and no possibility of any kind of a common meeting ground... and then we came to a calm and sensible agreement to quit. We let it go as a separation because neither of us cared about anybody else, but there was an understanding that either could get his freedom on request. Life has been kinder to both of us since we [Continued on page 67]

parted. I've heard there's someone in California who interests her."

Clarissa could find nothing to say.

He shifted his position. "Life is a queer one. Puts a man here apparently a completed product. Says, 'Get along, you, and do what you can about it.' Yet you are only half a person, stumbling down a road of darkness, handicapped, crippled, until that other self comes to bring you up out of the darkness. Out of your shut-in, grumpy old self, and you rise a new man, and the world is a new world." Abruptly, "Will you marry me, Clarissa, when I'm free?"

She felt the universe whirl, and steady. She was suddenly as shy as a girl, confused, a little frightened. She could only falter, "But you aren't, Anthony."

He was impatient of this way of looking at it. "It's what I've been trying to explain to you... I've been free for five years. Free and alone. Mary will be the happiest of the three of us."

We never quite know ourselves. Clarissa, alone, had argued this thing out. Pro and con. Con and pro. And she knew that when the hour struck she would accept Anthony. She wouldn't be able not to. But now she found that there was something more imperative than their happiness... the happiness of Anthony's wife.

She knew, suddenly, what to do. "Anthony, I'm leaving Darrow Head tomorrow. I'm going to drop completely out of your life for six months. We aren't even to write. At the end of that time... both of us having gone our own ways... we'll meet and decide. In the meanwhile you aren't to say one word to Mary about this."

Anthony stormed. He raved.

"Clarissa, I've never kissed you. Tonight, before we part... I think I deserve that."

Clarissa was trembling like a leaf. She stood before the fire, her back to Anthony, a hand resting on the mantel beam and her forehead dropped to that. Time ticked its little minutes between them.

Then Clarissa turned and walked toward him. And the look in Anthony's eyes as she came on blinded Clarissa... blinded her with tears.

Clarissa "dropped out."

Four days later her trunks pulled up at a hotel in California. It had been easy enough to learn where Mary was staying. Clarissa went straight there. After a little maneuvering she got a room next to Mary's.

Clarissa had friends everywhere. She knew that she had only to appear in the great, luxurious lounge, or the dining-room, to be instantly recognized and accepted as a happy addition to the circle that Mary Gray would be a member of. As she descended in the gilded elevator that first rather heart-thumping evening she pictured Mary...

a certain modern type, over-daring in dress, bored, hard, unemotional, "spoilt" Anthony had said.

The crowd was there... friends.

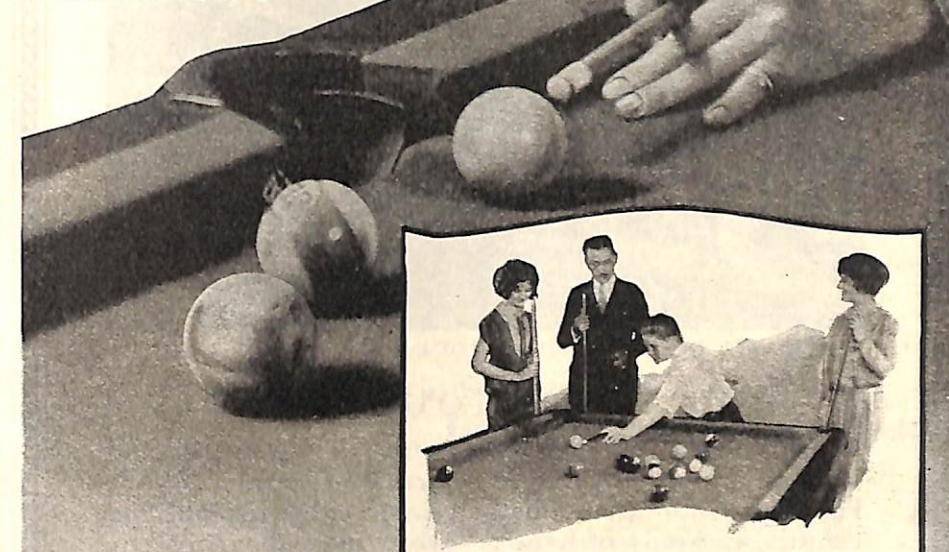
"Clarissa King... you here? How delightful. And do you know these people?" Numerous new names. Then... "and Mary Gray and Alex Ratcliffe."

Mary was rather younger than Clarissa had expected, or able to produce this effect; slim, blonde, very smart, pretty. And except for an air of bored disdain which she affected, Clarissa found her... no getting around it... likable.

Clarissa cultivated her. She learned that wherever Mary went Alex Ratcliffe went also. On every hand she was informed that Mary was getting a divorce, and would marry Ratcliffe eventually. It ought to have been enough to satisfy the most puritanical. Somehow it wasn't... Clarissa must be sure that Mary was happy. It loomed before her as her peculiar and personal responsibility.

"We're motoring, Clarissa, won't you come along?" Mary would [Continued on page 68]

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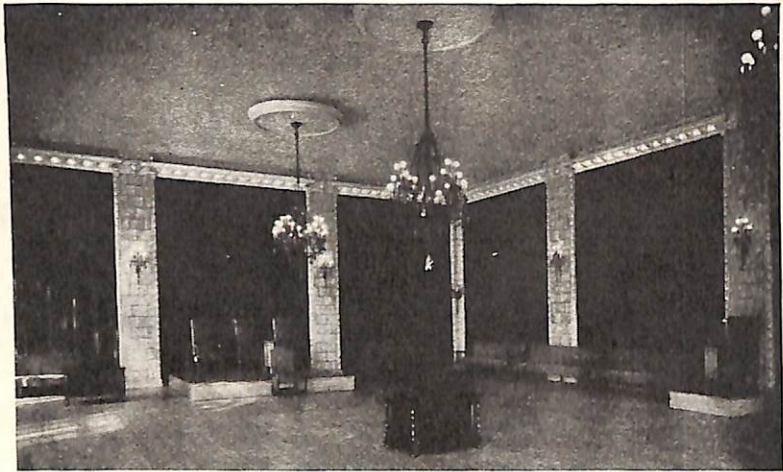
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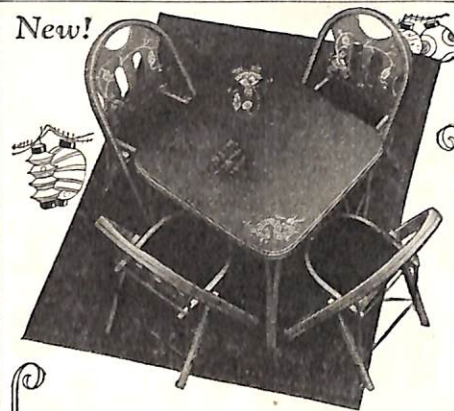
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DRIFTING [Continued from page 67]

say, hospitably. Or, "We're going out to the races, do come." Mary's so generously wanting a third aroused Clarissa's suspicions. Did Mary love Alex? Did Mary really enjoy going, going, going . . . or was Mary running from something?

Clarissa had that faculty of bringing out the best in people. She brought out the best in Mary Gray, with the result that . . . as the days passed . . . she saw Mary, not as spoilt and hard and unfeeling, but as a woman, seeking (as all women seek) a path to happiness. Getting to drift, as Clarissa had drifted.

The two of them—Mary and Clarissa—dressed for the evening, with gauze scarves over their shoulders, sat on the small iron balcony which they shared and looked out over the incomparable softness and beauty of Southern California at dusk.

"Romance," mused Clarissa. "Do you believe in romance, Mary?"

Mary turned her face with its rather plucky chin to the sea.

"I wonder." And there was a wistfulness in Anthony's wife's voice, which Clarissa could recognize because she had felt it so often herself. "Do you, Clarissa?"

"How can one tell?"

"Sometimes," said Mary, "you think you've found it, but it goes like the mist that flies at sunrise. All worthwhile things go." She gave a short, apologetic laugh for the emotional turn of conversation, her voice dropping confidentially. "You know, I married very young . . ."

Clarissa's heart ceased beating for a time.

"Yes," said Clarissa at length, "I know Anthony. I met him at the Smalls' last summer."

"And probably disliked him. Most people do."

It was proving harder than Clarissa had anticipated. She found the gathering darkness a blessing. "I thought him a most remarkable man."

Mary said, quickly, "Yes, you would, Clarissa. But nearly everyone misses that in Anthony." And just when Clarissa thought Mary wasn't going to say any more, she spoke again. "Marriage is the greatest farce! Romance, glamor, whatever it is that young people marry on never outlives the honeymoon. But there are things . . . unaccountable little things . . . ties that don't let go. For instance, wondering if he's remembering to put on warm things in the winter. Funny, isn't it?"

"But after all," said Clarissa hungrily, never having known a tie, "don't ties of any sort matter?"

"Oh, it's nothing but habit. You get the habit of a person, and you go along missing even the disagreements. Once you've married a man you can never erase him, absolutely, from your thoughts. One leaves the scar of one's life on the other. Anthony and I together . . . fearful! We couldn't get on at all. But there was something about Anthony . . . and it's rather spoiled the other men for me."

After a time of silence that was just silence on Mary's part but during which Clarissa had held a funeral, Clarissa spoke.

"The glamor people marry on isn't necessarily love, do you think, Mary? It's moonlight and summer and the call of youth to youth. It comes so easily when we're young. But this second love, which is the real love, must be worked for. It is born of compromise, of giving in, of forcing and even acquiring an interest in the other's interests. And endless, endless patience. But anything that is worth having is worth suffering for. The easy things never get us anywhere. And when one does manage this more unselfish love . . . oh, it's the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow, [Continued on page 69]

isn't it? The thing we all dream of but so few attain."

How old Clarissa felt giving up her little hoarded wisdom. So many years had gone into the accumulating of it. Giving up her happiness that another woman might not lose hers.

There was a step behind them and Mary's maid said, "The telephone for you, Mrs. Gray."

Mary stirred. Came back from another world. "For me?" Then . . . "Answer for me, please. Say I'm not going." The maid went in.

Another interval. Mary rose. She came and put a kiss on Clarissa's cold cheek, and walked away. In the door she spoke, and there was character in Mary's voice . . . purpose. As if Mary had grown up.

"You're right, Clarissa. I've been a quitter. I'm going in now. I've got to pack. I'm going home to my husband . . . if he'll have me."

Clarissa sat on.

Words came up to comfort her . . . Anthony's words. What was it he had said about the leaves that blessed day of autumn when they had tramped the golden meadows? Service . . . the giving of one's self . . . a higher attainment than mere personal happiness. It was not so much ourselves that counted, but this thing evolved within, and built of suffering and despair and final courage . . . the thing they were able to pass along. This is what lived on!

April, bright, is the brightest month of the year. But April weeping is quite the saddest. Rain fell with doleful persistency . . . slow little unhurried drops, as of a secret sorrow enduring through time. Summer was coming just over the edge of the calendar, and Clarissa would soon begin the round of summer trips and visits.

There was a stack of letters on her desk, just brought in. Invitations no doubt. Clarissa's eye kept dodging them. She felt she could read them if only the rain would stop weeping outside her window. She picked up the letters and ran through them. Paused at one addressed in a hand unknown to her. Anything new. Tore it open. Mary!

Dearest Clarissa:

I hope you aren't going to censure me too greatly. I've done my best. But it's no go. And Anthony and I are finishing up our affairs. Somewhere he may find a woman who is his kind, but I am not that woman. We are as different as black and white (of course I'm the black; I've known that all the while), and there's no earthly use in ruining both our lives because of a mistake we made when we were young. The longer I am away from Alex the dearer he grows. I begin to see real happiness ahead. But I did want you to understand, Clarissa, that I really tried. I'm not quite so flippant as I look. I've an idea that after all I'm a pretty sensible, level-headed,

MARY.

Clarissa read the letter the first time by starting at the end and coming up, as we do when excited. That didn't make any sense so she began at the beginning, but she could no longer see. She reached an arm up and swabbed it across her eyes, little girl fashion, to clear her gaze, but the tears kept falling and falling and falling.

O, Anthony . . . Anthony darling! As if in answer to her cry the bell tinkled, and she heard murmured voices that might be the maid protesting, and then a tall form in the door. And hungry arms, and somebody's breath against her cheek.

"Clarissa . . . Clarissa!"

Outside the gay dance of April's diamond raindrops!

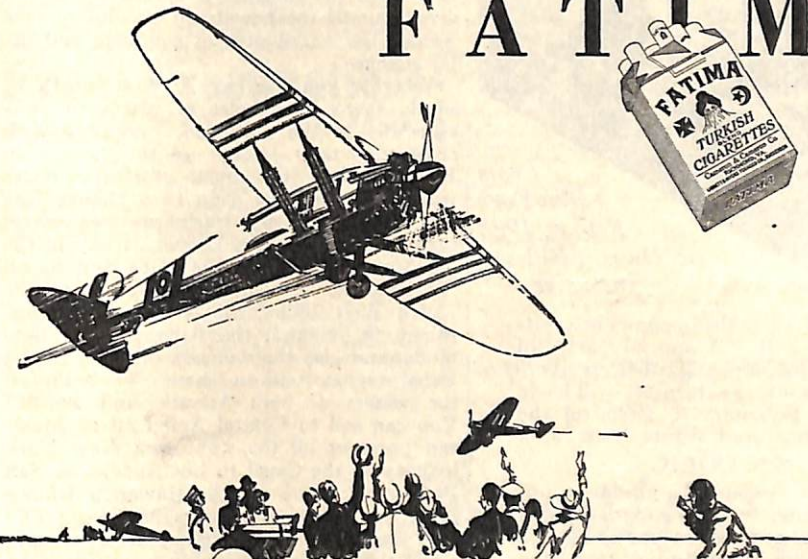


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The Season for Short, Colorful Water Trips

By Anne C. Granbeck

DO YOU seem to find life becoming a little too routine and dull? Are you just a little tired of your local surroundings, local vacations? Are you longing for sights unseen, colors unknown, strange places never yet visited? Has your spirit rebelled, and shown signs of sagging? Do you have a strong desire to forget everything for a few weeks and get quickly and inexpensively for a few weeks to foreign, colorful, varied scenes which will fascinate you?

Yes, it is possible! If you have a week, two, three or four weeks—and fifty to several hundred dollars—then your imagination may have the romance it craves. You can give yourself the novelty of absolutely new scenes; the refreshment of complete and utter change.

Whether you live east or west, north or south, there is a choice of places to go—especially in the southland, beginning with coast-wise trips to our south shores; to Florida, where the great, glistening white sea beaches and the palm trees change Nature's aspect; to the Caribbean Sea where there is a far too little known variety in the old Spanish atmosphere in Cuba and South America, the old Dutch atmosphere in the Dutch West Indies, the old English atmosphere in Jamaica, the Bahamas and Bermuda, and also the wonders of the Panama Canal region, with a chance to bathe in the waters of both Atlantic and Pacific! You can sail to Central American or Mexican ports or all the way from New York by way of the Canal to Los Angeles or San Francisco. There are the Hawaiian Islands for those living on the Pacific Coast; and the South Sea Islands themselves, premier of all the colorful regions!

Warm balmy nights and gorgeous coral colors are yours in a short winter trip to Bermuda, where you will find yourself after two days amid lilies, oleanders, palms, prickly pears, citrons, orange, lemon, lime and coconut trees. And what a profusion of gorgeous flowers! There are never-to-be-forgotten crystal caves and sea gardens, resplendent with stalactites, slender and delicate, from roofs of caverns. You are transported into a veritable fairyland.

Those on the North Atlantic Seaboard—Boston, New York, Philadelphia, etc.—can step aboard a boat that goes to Baltimore, Norfolk and Old Point Comfort, Savannah, Charleston, Jacksonville, Miami, Havana, New Orleans, Key West, Galveston, each one of which ports has change with a capital C to offer; the languid airs and streets of an old south still surviving romantically. As it is only two and one-half days to Savannah, only three days to Key West, and only five days to Galveston, Texas, it is easy to see that coastwise trips are entirely feasible for a winter vacation into the warmer country, leaving all trace of blizzards behind!

One of the most gorgeous palettes of color and richest variety of scene, lies in Caribbean trips; to Havana; to Jamaica; to Porto Rico with its palm-fringed beaches, grapefruit orchards, old bandit caves; Panama, oldest of American cities, founded in 1519, captured by the famous buccaneer

Morgan, with its impressive locks set in the middle of a lush tropical civilization which has evolved from Spanish to French to American; Colombia, with its great banana plantations, scene of the Spanish Main and the Spanish Inquisition; Jamaica with its "Garden of the Gods," gorgeous botanical gardens; Venezuela with its famous crystal caves—here is color enough for the most jaded. You will promptly forget, in this "pirates' playground," all that you have left behind, and return home with a wider horizon, a fresher cheek, a more zestful attitude than you have known before.

And all in the space of a few weeks—there lies the special point to this little story. Most of us find it impracticable to take off from our work any period of months; yet we fail to realize that we have authentic foreign "color" right at our south door; that modern steamship service has provided a variety of comfortable jaunts for short vacations which will give plenty of choice in time and cost.

FOR those who want to extend the time, there is more to see farther south on either the east or west coast of South America. Who has not yearned at some time to see that land of amazement—South America? With great gaunt mountains, rivers, overhung with fragrant orchids, wheatfields, cattle ranges and the incoherent chatter of monkeys, amid the huge stretches of the Upper Amazon. Oh, to gaze at the phosphorescent waters of the equatorial region; the deep azure of the Caribbean Sea—could anything more thrilling be imagined than this unusual variety!

Americans are only beginning to realize the joys of playing in the winter time in southern areas. Here are places where the earth is romantic with luxury; where nature has impressed beauty and charm. Almost by a magic carpet your working days in the bustling, icy city may be changed into days of fragrance with roses, balmy nights, silvery stars and seas red with coral!

Mild water, perfectly appointed ships, pleasant company—who could ask for anything better? Knowing people are more and more taking short winter vacations, and finding them ever so beneficial.

Miss Anne C. Granbeck of the Travel Bureau will be glad to answer all questions on Travel both here and abroad. She will do your travel shopping for you (as well as select appropriate gifts for your friends who will travel), make reservations for rail and steamship tickets, hotel rooms, opera, concert, theater or lecture seats. Write, enclosing stamped addressed envelope, Travel Bureau, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

THE UNDERSTANDER

[Continued from page 21]

"mous," Karl said. "I guess I'd better go." He knew where to find Birdie's address—in the small silver frame suspended with his license tag on a silver cord around Karlschen's neck. But not until Karl climbed into his roadster was the dog satisfied. He made no serious objection when, after providing for his dinner, Karl drove away.

"I suppose you've come to see Karlschen," Birdie greeted him, her eyes swollen and red-rimmed. "He—he left me."

"I know," Karl said prosaically. "He came to visit his folks."

Birdie straightened up, relief shining in her blurred eyes. "You mean he's safe? He found you and he—he's safe?"

"You care—if he's safe or not?" Karl asked pleasantly.

"Oh, oh, oh"—Birdie dissolved into tears again. "What a terrible c-cruel thing to think—much less say!" She mopped her eyes.

"You've been going through a little trouble, maybe?" Karl inquired with remarkable blandness.

"There's no maybe about it. If it's any satisfaction to anyone, I'm licked. Nobody wants me, not even my dog."

Karl remained silent.

"The answer is," Birdie continued, quietly, "I'm wrong. When even Karlschen can't stand me—and I love him, Karl. At first I didn't, not very much; but afterwards—he's been all I've had. I told him all my secrets and hopes—and even when I didn't tell him he understood. He knew what I—I might have done the other night, and he was ashamed of me. That's why he left me."

"Ever since he went away I've been thinking—and I know just how wrong I've been. All my life I've been asking—gimme. Never did I give anything. Even on the stage I held out, not doing my best except when I figured it would get me something. Only to Karlschen was I giving any kindness or love—but not as much as he gave me. Can you imagine how it feels to know that your dog is more loving and lovable than you yourself are? Oh, boy!" Her eyes darkened with fine scorn. "What I know about me. Tripe!"

To her astonishment, Karl threw back his head and laughed. "Goot! Now you are ready to be a star. Once I told you I have mar-r-revelous idea for making you a star. I say so again, but this time I don't gum the proposition by saying anything about marriage." Birdie turned away quickly. Unruffled Karl continued, "Ve make a contract. You to come to my place—I mean," he stammered, "the place vere I am living—and follow my orders, asking no questions. I to pay all expenses—"

"Karl, I can't do that!"

"Why not? I have Karlschen; he's fine security for the money I advance you until you get working, and"—He jumped to Birdie as she swayed weakly. Her head dropped wearily on his arm. "How long since you have eaten?"

"Since—since Karlschen left."

"By Golly," Karl's eyes rolled in wonderment. "Listen; in a couple of hours I show you Karlschen. I bet he kisses you all over the farm. I show you a nice cool bedroom in an old farm-house with an apple tree outside the window to keep it full of perfume. I show you a nice old man and his wife, goot friends of mine from Switzerland, who will be glad to have you live with them for a while. I show you plenty milk and eggs that vill put on you the five-six pounds you should have on you, but haven't, and when you are all rested nice, then ve get down to work to make you a star. Come."

[Continued on page 73]

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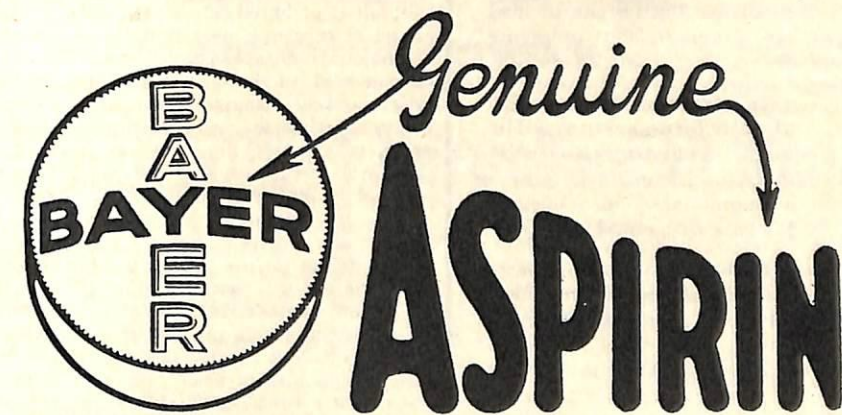
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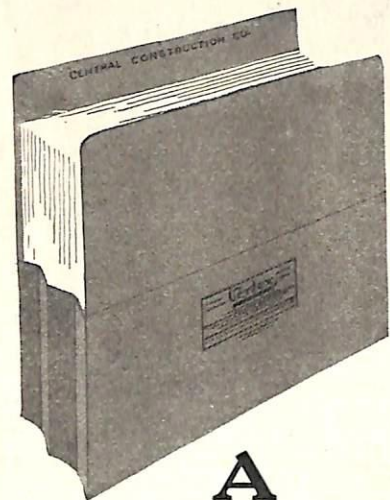
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THE term "quick breads" covers biscuits, muffins, popovers, waffles and all flour mixtures made light with baking powder. It also includes many wholesome and delicious breads baked in a true loaf form. Such loaf breads made with chopped nutmeats, raisins, prunes, peanut butter or fruit peels, are delightfully different, but are so easy to prepare that they can quickly fill the emergency when the usual loaf falls "short." Also, when prepared from whole wheat and other health flours, or with bran, they are one of the most pleasant ways in which to include "roughage and vitamins" in the daily menu. Last, they are as attractive and tempting for the hostess tea tray as they are nutritious for the after-school snack or the noonday lunchbox.

All these breads are true to their name—quick, in both mixing and baking. The following is a most simple and satisfactory standard mixing method: Into a large bowl sift all dry ingredients twice; into a smaller bowl or measure place liquids, melted shortening, and unbeaten eggs; with a flat wooden spoon held on the bottom of the large bowl, stir the liquid ingredients into the dry, always stirring in ever-widening circles. As soon as the two mixtures are smoothly incorporated, turn at once into well-oiled pans and place in the oven.

The oven temperature also must be quick—that is between 350-425 degrees. The oven should be pre-heated to this point before the bread is placed on the racks. Usually a baking period of from 20 to 25 minutes is sufficient when the bread is in either a muffin or sheet form. If the bread is to be baked in a loaf or brick pan, then cover the pan with a towel, and set to rise in a warm place for 20 minutes before baking. The loaf bread requires a less hot oven than the smaller forms: bake in a moderate oven (300-350) for 45 to 50 minutes. The more nuts, fruit and heavy ingredients, the slower may be the baking time.

The housewife who uses such breads frequently will save time, effort and motions if she assembles the necessary utensils and keeps them always in the same place. Thus the shallow oblong twelve-inch biscuit pan makes a good tray on which to group flour sifter, measuring spoon, spatula, egg whip, measuring cup, baking powder and salt. Then with almost one motion she can do "speed cooking" which will have the breads mixed by the time the oven is hot—always lighting the oven first that it may be well pre-heated.

Again, by following and becoming expert at one master recipe of breads of this class, she can make countless variations merely by

varying one or perhaps two of the ingredients. A separate recipe is not required for coffee-cake when one knows baking powder biscuit; one loaf bread is exactly like another save the nuts, raisins, etc., which make the distinctive flavor; or by using the same recipe but varying the proportion of different flours, an entirely different bread will result, thus nut bread made with white flour and eggs, is seemingly quite different from the same recipe evolved with whole flour and prunes. By slightly increasing the proportions of shortening used, and decreasing the liquids, the same dough may be steamed and served as a pudding dessert, such as individual steamed fruit shortcakes, jelly roll, etc.

Standard Biscuit Recipe: 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons melted shortening, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup liquid.

Standard Muffin Recipe: 2 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1-2 eggs, 2 tablespoons liquid shortening.

Standard Loaf Breads: 3 cups flour, 6 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons melted shortening, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups liquid, 1 cup chopped ingredients.

Some of the more unusual variations are: Prune Coffee Cake: Standard biscuit recipe plus 2 eggs and 1 teaspoon flavoring. Pour into shallow oiled pans. Cover top with chopped, pitted but uncooked prunes; sprinkle with mixture of sugar and finely chopped nuts.

Raisin-Nut Bread: 3 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 egg, 1 cup chopped walnut meats, 1 cup seeded raisins. Mix and let stand 30 minutes before baking. Moderate oven 1 hour (2 small or 1 large loaf).

Peanut Butter Bread: $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup bran, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup peanut butter, 1 egg, 4 tablespoons syrup, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk. Bake in loaf form 45 minutes moderate oven.

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THE UNDERSTANDER

[Continued from page 71]

Birdie shook her head slowly, decisively. Karl's puzzled frown suddenly vanished. "I forgot to tell you; this idea I have—it makes me a star, too."

Birdie inhaled deeply. "How soon do we start, boss?"

A rooster crowing at the sunrise roused her the next morning. On the floor lay Karlschen. Head on paws he glanced up at her, winked one eye, stretched luxuriously and dropped off to sleep again.

Two more days, of just going through the motions of living, and then—gymnasium calisthenics, in the open air, in a bathing suit; galloping a large heavy horse all over the hills; swimming—and what a time to learn the swan dive that Karl insisted she master; tennis, with Karl running her ragged; worst of all, the plain fundamentals of stage acrobatics. And with it all, not one step of dancing.

In the speckled shade of a hickory tree one hot afternoon, exasperated by her inability to perform a trick consisting of running to Karl and with the help of his lifting hands leaping to his shoulders where she was expected to balance on one foot and extend her arms like a bird poised to soar blithely into space, Birdie finally gave vent to an accumulation of curiosity and protest.

"I can't do it!" Dripping from every pore she flopped down against the tree trunk. "And if I could, why should I?"

Karl wiped his streaming face. "I'm glad you stopped for rest."

"I want to remind you that the agreement was to make me a star dancer; not a star acrobat!"

"There are worse things than acrobats," Karl said easily. "And if I should try to explain what I have in mind for us you wouldn't believe it could be done."

The three dogs, Pierre, Colombine and Karlschen romped up eager for their afternoon swim. Dropping into position for the trick he and Birdie had been rehearsing, Karl called to Colombine.

"Come! On my shoulders here—up!" The dog leaped toward him, leaped to his shoulders and stood upright with the help of Karl's steadying hands.

"And also," Karl announced serenely, "she is very glad and happy to do it because she trusts me and knows I have a good reason for—"

"Listen," Birdie grimly interrupted. "She's glad to do it because she doesn't like me and wants to show me up." She jumped to her feet. "Get ready, Legree; I'll do this trick if it's the last act of my warped life!"

Eight o'clock of a Monday evening early in October found a crowded lobby and a long queue of customers at the box office window of New York's ace house of vaudeville. Agents, bookers, scouts, managers and producers were gathered with the regular Monday nighters to verify the report that had gone forth after the matinee that the bill contained something new under the spotlight's sun. Through five acts and an intermission they waited. Then to the dignified strains of Handel's Largo the curtain rose on an act billed simply as—"Mlle. Fleurs, Premiere Danseuse."

The empty stage was draped exquisitely with long rich folds of crimson velvet and cloth of gold. At the rear, on either side, large screens of interesting outline and design broke the luxurious monotony of the encircling drapes. In the deliberate rhythm of the music the drapes at the rear parted, lifting to reveal a slender white column, its crown ten feet above the stage. Poised atop it stood a [Continued on page 75]

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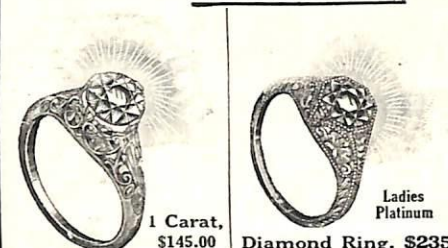


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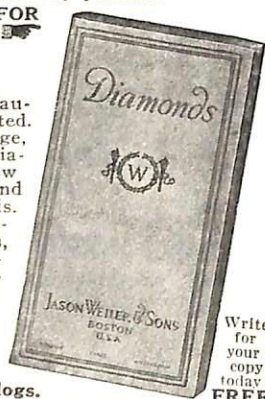
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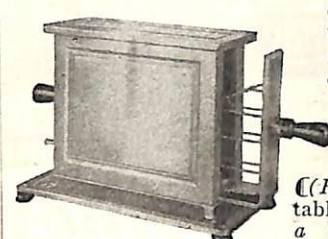
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CONDUCTED BY MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK
(Mrs. Frederick will be glad to tell you about her experiences with any of the devices on this page)



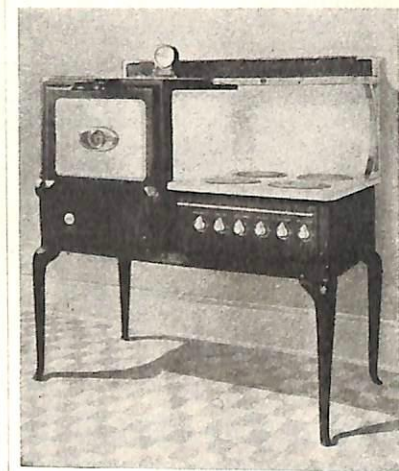
((Left)—This oven toaster toasts a slice of bread a minute and on both sides at once.



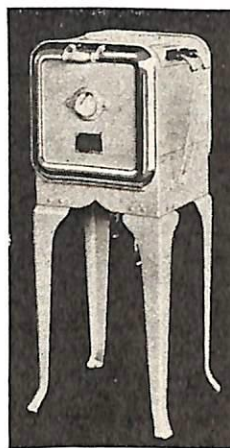
((Right) — An electric table stove that combines a waffle iron, toaster, poacher and frizzler.



((Left)—Without grease or smoke this electric griddle bakes three cakes at the same time.



((Right) — An electric oven-range that prepares entire dinner in one operation. Can be plugged into any outlet.



((Above)—Snap switches control the heat in this automatic cabinet electric range.



((Above)—An economical hot plate with a three heat switch which heats water or prepares a hurried hot snack.

((Below)—This handsome table waffle iron has a special groove to catch excess batter.



((Below)—This beautiful and distinctive percolator set is equally practical, supplying nine cups of delicious coffee made at table.



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OCTOBER, 1927

THE UNDERSTANDER

[Continued from page 73]

diminutive Diana, in briefest of white satin trunks and brassiere, every line of her white-powdered body standing out clearly beautiful against a dark blue background. Motionless, alertly tense, her gaze directed off-stage, the brilliants clustered on trunks and brassiere aglitter under the lights, Made-moiselle Fleurs was a picture the audience acclaimed with a burst of spontaneous applause.

And then there entered Apollo—nothing less. The audience stirred and whispered, watching his muscles ripple silkily as he walked halfway to the footlights in absolute time to the music, and turned to Diana on the pedestal. As she glanced down at him, he stretched his arms toward her in invitation. Lightly she raised her arms to the slow rhythm of the singing orchestra and opened them wide as the wings of a bird. Even as she lifted on her toes the audience anticipated her next move and caught its breath when suddenly she leaped—in a perfect swan dive—down into the arms of Apollo.

Another burst of applause, followed by another and another while, with a slight quickening of the music's tempo and character, Apollo and Diana postured in a beautifully modulated, ever changing succession of attractive and bizarre pictures, two models of living statuary unhurriedly forming new poses. "Is it dancing or acrobatics?" Jimmy Casey asked his chief, Woodfelt of Follies fame.

"Both," Woodfelt replied, "plus poetry of motion—and showmanship." With the music drawing to its stately closing cadence, Diana, upstage in front of one of the screens, broke into a run toward Apollo, down near the footlights on the other side. Gathering speed as she neared him, lightly, gracefully she leaped—to arrive poised, arms eagerly outstretched, on his shoulder as the last note of the music sounded.

A storm of applause rose from the audience. For the first time the folks out front had witnessed an Adagio Dance.

Bowing upstage, Birdie and Karl disappeared behind the screens. Sensing a costume change wait, the audience started to settle back in their chairs. They only started—because, to a murmur of "Oh's" and "Ah's," Pierre, Colombine and Karlschen, shoulder to shoulder, trotted out from the wings and down to the footlights where they made polite, pleasant obeisance to their public.

Pierre quickly nosed upright the hinged lid of the large ornate hatbox he had carried on with him. Karlschen, curious, poked his nose inside the box and came up with a woman's silver slipper. With it in his teeth he started toward the screen behind which Birdie had retired. But Colombine had a more modest idea. Quickly barring the way she took the slipper from Karlschen and herself primly carried it to the near-nude lady behind the screen.

That piece of business brought a roar from the audience. With Pierre supervising, Karlschen and Colombine rapidly emptied the box of its costumery, trotting with the articles to Karl and Birdie. With another bow to the audience, a friendly wave of plumed tails, shoulder to shoulder they trotted off.

The orchestra began erupting a spirited jazz melody. Presto was its tempo and presto was the speed with which Karl and Birdie flung themselves into its urge. In contrast to their Adagio dance this was a whirlwind movement. Twirls, pirouettes, leaps, slides—not for nothing had Birdie spent hours on the tennis court acquiring speed of foot and endurance. A puffball in Karl's hands, her [Continued on page 77]

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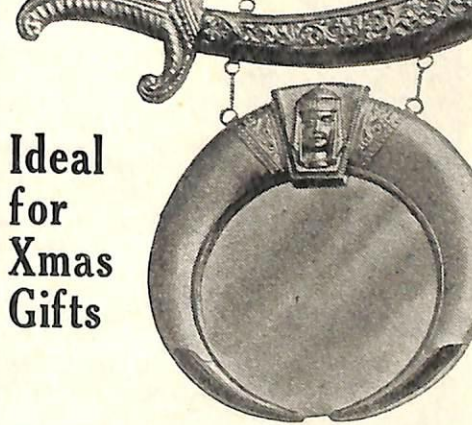
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What we have done for these Masonic organizations we can do for you. If you plan to build a new Temple or Mosque write for a copy of our booklet, "Institutional Financing". It explains the details—including the low cost of our services.

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WITHIN THE SHRINE UNIFORMED BODIES

(SHRINE NEWS (Continued from page 65))

Mahi, Miami, has a newly organized Drum Corps with 48 members and expects to raise this number to a hundred or more by the time of the Convention next year. The first of the series of social functions by this new unit was a dance and entertainment conducted in its clubhouse in the Ponce de Leon entrance at Coral Gables. Music was furnished by the Shrine Orchestra.

The Patrol, under Buck Leatherman, is making preparations to enlarge its membership to one hundred. With the Chanters and Band, the uniformed bodies of this Temple will number 208.

Mahi Band at Miami, presented the first of the series of concerts to an enthusiastic audience in Royal Palm Park and practically every number was encored again and again. In addition to other concerts to be given in Royal Palm Park some of the series will be presented at Miami Beach and Coral Gables.

Ararat Temple (Kansas City, Mo.) Shrine Chanters recently entertained the patients at the city tuberculosis hospital and the girls of the Interdenominational Home. Later the Chanters held an old-fashioned party at the farm of one of its members. Clarence D. Sears is Director.

Morocco Temple Arab Patrol gave a ball to the members of the Temple in June. Nobles Frank Cartmel, S. K. Cowan and Harry E. Hollowell were in charge of the affair.

The members of the Arab Patrol of Morocco, Jacksonville, selected the Jacksonville Beach Shrine Club as the ideal location for their dances. This club is on top of the Sandpiper Baths and has been filled to capacity by the many Nobles and guests at these functions.

Morocco Temple Band and Chanters, Jacksonville, Florida, will go on the air regularly from station WJAX, operating on a wave length of 336.9 meters in accordance with the following schedule, Eastern Standard Time:


October 4	Band	9:00-9:30 P. M.
October 17	Chanters . . .	8:30-9:00 P. M.
November 1	Band	9:00-9:30 P. M.
November 14	Chanters . . .	8:30-9:00 P. M.
December 6	Band	9:00-9:30 P. M.
December 19	Chanters . . .	8:30-9:00 P. M.
January 3	Band	9:00-9:30 P. M.
January 16	Chanters . . .	8:30-9:00 P. M.
February 7	Band	9:00-9:30 P. M.
February 20	Chanters . . .	8:30-9:00 P. M.
March 6	Band	9:00-9:30 P. M.
March 19	Chanters . . .	8:30-9:00 P. M.
April 3	Band	9:00-9:30 P. M.
April 16	Chanters . . .	8:30-9:00 P. M.

The Veteran Patrol of Tripoli, Milwaukee, gave a surprise party to Captain R. Fred Whetter and as a token of appreciation presented the captain and Mrs. Whetter with a beautiful grandfather's clock. At the same time a handsome wrist watch was presented to First Lieutenant Herman C. Pietsch and a consistory ring setting to Noble Henry C. Topp for many years Captain Whetter's Second Lieutenant, but now retired and a member of the Veteran Patrol. Neither Captain Whetter nor Mrs. Whetter had an inkling of the affair until they arrived at the Tripoli Country Club where they were supposed to have dinner with a few friends. Lieutenants Pietsch and Topp were in on the secret as far as the Captain was concerned but their own gifts were totally unexpected and both the Lieutenants and the Captain were so carried away by their emotions that they were at a loss for words for several minutes. The presentations were made by Past Potentate John H. Moss.

The four Uniformed Units and the entire Divan of Mizpah, Fort Wayne, attended the Pageant, "Ma-con-a-quah," and the opening of the municipal park at Peru, Indiana. [Shrine News Continued on page 79]



Gizeh Temple Shrine Band entertaining the patients at Queen Alexander Solarium for Crippled Children at Mill Bay, B. C., Canada, which was built and is supported by Women's Institutes of British Columbia. The Band donated \$100 toward the fund for a bathing pool for the patients. Imperial Potentate Dunbar visited the Solarium recently accompanied by J. R. Agar, Potentate Gizeh Temple, Victoria, B. C.



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THE UNDERSTANDER

[Continued from page 75]

filmy gown aswirl, up in the air, around his head, over his shoulder, her feet skimming the ground only to leave it again in an electric fusing of dance steps and acrobatics that left the audience breathless.

One curtain—two—with the din out front still mounting. But Mademoiselle Fleurs had no encore, nor any breath for one. Panting, deliciously happy she squeezed Karl's hand as the curtain rose and fell again.

"Make 'em a speech," yelled the stage manager. "Nothing else'll choke off this riot."

"Listen," Karl warned her hurriedly but emphatically as they walked downstage while the audience quieted expectantly. "When you talk, talk with a dialect. Otherwise I murder you right before all those managers out there who don't know Fleurs is French for Flowers!"

"Ladies and gentlemen," Birdie puffed, imitating Karl for all she could. "I t'ank you. You are so vunderful and I lofe you, every one. I mean it." She flashed a glance at Karl. "I did not know until too late my partner's name is not on the program. I wish you to know him. Mr. Karl Techau!"

She saw his utter amazement as the audience acknowledged the introduction. "He is the or-riginator of all you have seen us do. And so, the success you give us tonight—he is to blame. T'ank you." Kissing fingertips to Karl and house Birdie ran off the stage straight to her dressing-room.

"Karl Techau!" Woodfelt nodded. "I thought I'd seen that chap before. Several years ago I saw him putting a class of royal princesses and countesses through a setting-up drill in the gymnasium of one of his father's hotels in the Alps. This boy is the only son; apple of the old gentleman's eye. Sort of puny as a kid, his father kept him out-of-doors with a dog or two, finally interested him in gymnastics and—"

"Listen, Jimmy, go backstage and make an appointment with them to see me. The Booking Office will make them a sizable offer, of course, but I'll ask whether they prefer to headline in vaudeville or play a solid season on Broadway in my Follies with their names out front in electric lights."

Ready to leave her dressing-room Birdie suddenly dropped to her knees beside Karl-schen and hugged him until he gasped for air.

"Oh, boy! He takes a chorus girl, worth about thirty cents a pound on the hoof, and makes an acrobat of her. Then with a few la-de-dah ballet steps thrown in to make it look intricate, with me as top-mounter and himself as understander we do an elite acrobatic act in strict time to adagio music—and the customers cry for more!" She shook her head. "But, oh, boy, in the meantime, what he has done to me! The nicest thing that could be said to me now is, 'May all your children be—'"

A knock on the door interrupted. Karl and his two dogs were there.

"Congratulations," Karl began; then stopped abruptly. For Colombine, crowding Karlschen aside, had deliberately placed her head under Birdie's hand to be petted.

"Colombine!" Birdie's voice broke and her eyes filled. She saw Karl nodding and smiling. "I suppose you're taking the credit for this, too," she quavered.

Karl laughed happily. "That sounds just like my father. He—"

"Your father, Karl! You never mentioned having a father."

"Nearly I did once, the time you said you'd only marry a rich man. And speaking of marriage, now that I am a dancer in great demand, instead of just an acrobat—"

"You are positively the best understander in the world," said Birdie, walking straight into his arms.

Do You Make these Mistakes in ENGLISH?

Free yourself of embarrassing mistakes in speaking and writing. Wonderful new invention automatically finds and corrects your mistakes; gives you a powerful mastery of language in only 15 minutes a day.

MANY persons say, "Did you hear from him today?" They should say, "Have you heard from him today?" Some spell calendar "calender" or "calander." Still others say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me." It is astonishing how many persons use "who" for "whom," and mispronounce the simplest words. Few know whether to spell certain words with one or two "e's" or "m's" or "r's," or with "ie" or "ei." Most persons use only common words—colorless, flat, ordinary. Their speech and their letters are lifeless, monotonous, humdrum. Every time they talk or write they show themselves lacking in the essential points of English.

Every time you talk, every time you write, you show what you are. When you use the wrong word, when you mispronounce a word, when you punctuate incorrectly, when you use flat, ordinary words, you handicap yourself enormously. A striking command of English enables you to present your ideas clearly, forcefully, convincingly. If your language is incorrect it hurts you more than you will ever know, for people are too polite to tell you about your mistakes.

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For many years Mr. Cody studied the problem of creating instinctive habits of using good English. After countless experiments he finally invented a simple method by which you can acquire a better command of the English language in only 15 minutes a day. Now you can stop making the mistakes which have been hurting you. Mr. Cody's students have secured more improvement in five weeks than previously had been obtained by other pupils in two years.

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Drawing by
Edward A. Wilson

FOR INVESTORS

By Jonathan C. Royle

DON'T take your hands off the wheel!

Steering a safe and straight course in investment is just exactly like steering an automobile or a ship. It is a process of constant correction. The driver or the steersman may think he is holding to a given course but what really happens is that he keeps constantly correcting his course to right or left.

Lindbergh had an earth inductor compass which showed when "We" deviated. The quartermaster of a vessel has the magnetic compass and the patent log, while the ditches at the side of the road regulate the fluctuations of the motorist. But not one of them on earth, sea or sky can afford to take their hands off the wheel and let the steering take care of itself. To do so is to head straight for disaster. It is equally dangerous to attempt it with an investment.

The tides of trade, the inequalities of the business road and the air pockets of commerce are likely to throw any pilot off the safe investment course. No line of commerce, industry or trade is independent. Each is interlocked with a score of others. Conditions for a company in which any investor has an interest may be highly favorable one month and change badly for the worse in the next. Eternal vigilance is the price of safety in stocks and bonds as well as in statesmanship and prizefighting.

Not long since, a heavyweight who represented an investment with prospective profits of a dozen million turned his head. In the ten seconds the referee counted over him his investment in himself had deteriorated—by means of a left hook from his opponent—by a thousand percent.

A friend of the writer has \$9,000 invested in securities of a company which has been in the hands of a receiver for eight months. He has just found it out.

There is a lot of talk of "suckers" in the investment field. In the investment game they are not suckers because they invest or even because they speculate. They are suckers because they do not keep in touch with their investments. It is not difficult to find a stock or a bond that is a good investment. The difficult part is to so watch holdings that it will be unnecessary to say it was a good investment.

No point of information regarding a company in which an investor is interested is too small to overlook. Most of the essential information may be found in the annual, semi-annual and quarterly statements of the corporations, but one must know how to interpret them.

Current assets is just one of the items that may steer one right or direct one wrong. Here is an example. One automobile company, in its latest statement, reported net working capital of \$3,132,000, but of this

amount 84 percent was represented by "inventory". That means that the company had over \$2,630,000 worth of cars on hand it had not been able to sell.

One of the large utility and oil companies which has tens of thousands of stock and bond holders scattered over the country has had 7,000,000 barrels of oil in storage during the huge overproduction in the Seminole field. This compares with 3,250,000 barrels a year ago and instead of being an asset, in view of present prices and storage charges, it was a liability for the time being.

There is a mining stock which has been widely traded in for years on the New York Exchange. It is paying dividends regularly but its ore reserves, as is shown by its report, are so depleted that unless other bodies are found the days of the property are numbered. Hundreds of investors wonder helplessly what is wrong with investments like these which seem all right on the surface.

On the other hand there are some industrial and commercial corporations which have piled up huge sums that are carried under such names as depletion and depreciation reserves. Knowing that these reserves may be turned into profits has put many an investor on the right course to the port of profits.

Some years ago San Francisco went crazy over a yacht race from the Golden Gate to Santa Cruz. The distance was not great and two ardent sportsmen who hitherto had confined their seafaring to the hurricane deck of a polo pony determined to take part. They bought a boat and announced they would sail it themselves.

"Do you know the course to Santa Cruz?" they were asked.

"Sure," they answered, "You go out to the Cliff House and turn to the left."

They did just that. The trouble was that their left hands which directed the course did not know what their right hands on the wheel were doing. When a bark carrying coal from Wellington, N. Z., sighted them they were headed for Tahiti and they were towed ignominiously home.

If you want to avoid a similar happening on the sea of investment watch the compass and keep both hands on the wheel.

Service for Investors

Accurate, reliable, unprejudiced information is the basis of all successful investment. The Shrine Magazine is prepared to furnish its readers with information of that sort on investment securities. Send your inquiries WITH SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE to Jonathan C. Royle, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.



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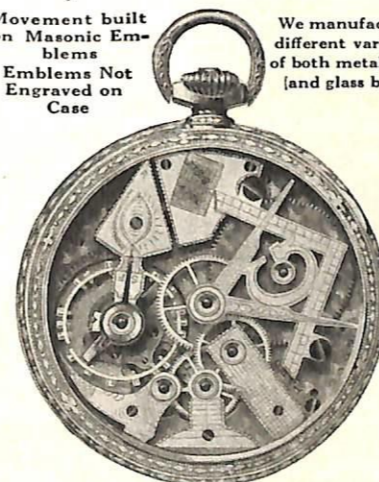
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SHRINE NEWS (Continued from page 76)

Pyramid Temple, Bridgeport, celebrated its fiftieth anniversary on August 6th and the accommodations of the city were taxed to the utmost. Uniformed Units and Bands were present from Mecca, Kismet, Melha, Salaam, Aleppo, Palestine, Sphinx and Crescent. There were also Uniformed Units of Pyramid present from New Haven and New London. There was a magnificent afternoon parade which ended at Seaside Park, where everyone enjoyed exhibition drills by the visiting units and concerts by the visiting bands. There was an evening entertainment at the Mosque entitled "Streets of Pyramid" with an oriental atmosphere which was entirely in keeping with the occasion. Over one hundred novices took advantage of this auspicious occasion to enter the realm of Shrinedom.

Hella Temple, of Dallas, Texas, decided to get away from the "cut and dried" Shrine picnics and did so, by inviting all of the Blue Lodges of Dallas and vicinity to be its guests and the affair, the second of its kind, was even more successful than the one a year ago when nearly twenty-five hundred persons attended.

More than seven thousand fans saw Ismailia, Buffalo, take the Annual Knights of Columbus Baseball Game by the score of 5-to-4. Cowboys, a Spanish Toreador, an impersonator of Col. Lindbergh on a bicycle, Jan the knife thrower and the clowns, Mouldy and Musty of Radio Fame, occupied the diamond during the grotesque performance while the two teams warmed up. The performance was put on for the benefit of the welfare work funds of the two organizations.

Kaaba, Davenport, Zenobia, Toledo and Al Kader of Portland, Ore., were among the many Temples that held picnics during the past season. Kaaba went up the Mississippi to Credit Island for their Jamboree, Zenobia went out to Walbridge Park and Al Kader selected "The Oaks" so that they could ride on the Shetland ponies and see the Spidora and "head-on-the-bottle" stunts at the palace of illusion.

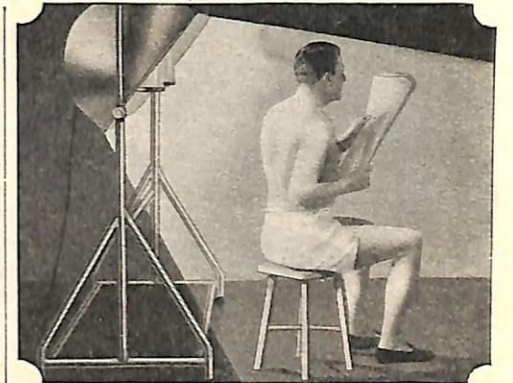
Ainad, East Saint Louis, went over to Gillespie, Ill., to pay their respects to the members of the Masonic fraternity there and inspect the new Masonic Temple. The DeMolay Band alternated with Ainad Musicians in playing for the occasion; the main street was roped off so the Patrol could drill and maneuver without interruption and the ladies of the Eastern Star put out one of those feasts that only the Eastern Star seems able to prepare. It was a glorious day.

In addition to the contest prizes handed out by Zuhrah, Minneapolis, at their picnic they gave prizes to the largest Shrine family in attendance, the oldest Shriner in attendance and a special prize to the member of Zuhrah living in the State who came the farthest to the picnic.

Sesostris, Lincoln, held its annual picnic at Capitol Beach with the usual decorations of ice-cream, lemonade, popcorn and basket lunches. Children from the Orthopedic Hospital and other institutions were guests at this picnic and transportation was provided for them.

Aleppo, Boston, has in its quarters on the thirteenth floor of the new Statler Building, the finest offices of any Temple. The rooms are furnished in splendid taste and are well worth a visit from the many Nobles who pass through the city.

[Shrine News Continued on page 80]



for Men!

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College Man Wins Big Advancement

—by the Accountancy Route

Ralph J. Daly, college-bred engineer, had made an excellent record at the University of Michigan—so satisfactory, in fact, that for three years he taught engineering at the University of Pennsylvania.

Seeking a greater opportunity, he gave up teaching for business—joined the Detroit Trust Company—but there he found himself doing little more than marking time.

Mr. Daly saw that he needed a grasp of business principles and methods which his college training had not supplied. He enrolled with LaSalle for home-study training in Higher Accountancy.

Today he is Secretary-Treasurer of the Detroit Fidelity and Surety Company—a position which he credits largely to the practical training which he got from LaSalle. "I feel that it was the one great factor," he writes, "which enabled me to find myself in the business world."

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WITHIN THE SHRINE

[Continued from page 79]

Karem, Waco, celebrated the anniversary of its eighth birthday with a big "blowout" which was attended by more than a thousand visitors. In eight years Karem progressed from number 148 to 78 in membership among Shrine Temples; has donated \$15,000 to charities and \$26,000 to the Crippled Childrens Hospitals; has built up a high class Band and Patrol and has sent their units to five of the eight National Shrine Conventions held since its organization. An open air banquet which was one of the most elaborate ever staged anywhere ended the festivities. The streets were carpeted with sawdust in Shrine colors and decorated on both sides and at both ends with Shrine emblems and electric lights. A large class of candidates was on hand from Waco and other central Texas points.

Salaam, of Newark, again selected Canada for their annual pilgrimage as they did three years ago. The caravan went up the Hudson River to Lake George and thence to the St. Lawrence river and Saguenay river, and on their way visited Bagotville, Tadoussac and Murray Bay, besides Quebec and Montreal. There were 500 in the party. The trip up the Hudson was made on the Berkshire and for the sail along Lake George the steamer Horicon was chartered. When they reached the St. Lawrence they boarded the new observation steamer St. Lawrence. This was their home for four days. All arrangements for boat connections, for train and auto had been previously made. Bermuda was the mecca of the Salaam pilgrimage last year.

A party of fifteen members of Nile, Seattle, sailed on the steamship Alaska for the Northland. The party was headed by W. A. Eastman, Potentate of Nile Temple. Stops were made at Cordova, Juaneau, and Fairbanks, where ceremonies were staged. An inland trip by rail was made to Seward. In addition to the Alaskan trip Nile Temple sent a delegation to Japan, China and the Philippine Islands to keep fresh the spirit of the Shriners.

Mohammed, Peoria, held their annual picnic this year at Miller Park, Bloomington. The usual list of picnic events made up the program and the trip was made by automobile, from Peoria.

Ali Ghan, Cumberland, sponsored an automobile racing meet at the Cumberland Fair Grounds, the proceeds from which went to the Charity fund of the Temple.

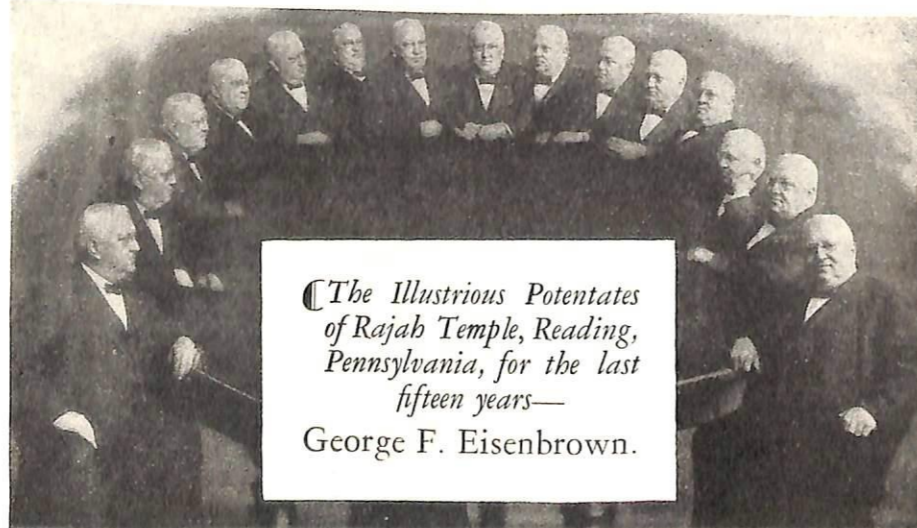
Islam Temple, San Francisco, held their big annual Redwood affair in August, on the 19th, 20th and 21st. "The Renewal of the Kiswah" was a finer and bigger production than was the Kiswah of 1926. The same is true of the 1927 "Al Hotama". Joe Cumming was again responsible for a wonderful production which was even superior to the "Al Hotama" of 1926. A splendid production of the "King & The Cripple" by Noble Archibald Treat was also put on with almost the same cast and practically the same orchestra rendered the wonderful 219 pages of specially written music by Lemare as last year. The orchestra was under the direction of Henry Auerbach, Islam's music leader. Islam's Chanters under the direction of Eugene Blanchard also participated in this big event. The road in the Redwood Shrine has been reconstructed and many steep grades have been eliminated. These improvements, together with the widening of the La Honda Alpine grade, insured a rapid and safe journey.

Hadi, Evansville, held their annual picnic at the Municipal Club House Grounds. A golf tournament featured the afternoon while dancing was the order of the evening. Ararat, Kansas City, Mo., selected Swope Park for their picnic while Crescent of Trenton went to Woodlawn Park. In addition to the usual free ice cream and lemonade and coffee the park management furnished a vaudeville program during the afternoon. The thirty or more amusements of the Park were enjoyed throughout the day. The Band and Chanters gave a concert to the public at 8 P. M.

Kerbela Temple, Knoxville, Tennessee, held its Annual Picnic at Whittle Springs. Several hundred Nobles and families enjoyed games, band concerts, swimming contests, chicken dinner and dancing. Potentate M. F. Flenniken created great amusement by perpetrating a burlesque of bathing beauties. Past Potentate Hugh M. Tate, General Chairman, was ably assisted by President George Henry Smith of the Shrine Club and a large working committee.

Syria, Pittsburgh, Pa., held its annual basket picnic under the auspices of the Syria Temple Automobile Club of Western Pennsylvania at Idlewild Park. This club now boasts nearly 4000 members, the largest Shrine Automobile Club in the world. There were over ten thousand in attendance.

Tebala, Rockford, has already reserved a special 8-car train to carry 150 members to the Imperial Session at Miami in 1928.



The Illustrious Potentates of Rajah Temple, Reading, Pennsylvania, for the last fifteen years—
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YOURS FOR 10 DAYS ABSOLUTELY FREE!

New, Improved "VERSATILE." Now has 6 pockets instead of 5! No increase in price! Combines Brief Case, Week-End Case, Traveling Bag, Sample Case, Catalogue Case, Accountant's Case. 6 bags practically for the price of 1. 17-inch size top grain selected COWHIDE. Patented Steel Bar Construction prevents edges from sagging. Retains smart lines Always! COLORS—Handsome Brown or Black.

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- (B) Pocket containing removable Toilet Kit.
- (C) Fold-up Toilet Kit. May be carried to Pullman or hotel washroom. Ideal for business trips. Pockets for Hair Brush, Comb, Razor, Shaving Cream, Tooth Brush, Powder, etc. See illustration over Brief Case.
- (D) Semi-stiff partitions for sketches, drawings, catalogues, magazines, stationery, order books, etc.
- (E) Pouch pocket for pens, pencils, erasers, etc.
- (F) Patented, disappearing flap—when pressed down, spreads bottom and Case STAYS UP as firmly as a suitcase—it CANNOT tip over! This flap also extends pocket (F) to great width for shirts, collars, socks, ties, extra trousers, underwear, etc.
- (G) Utility pocket for odds and ends—6 pockets in all! You simply MUST see the "VERSATILE" case to appreciate it!

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If pleased you may pay on Budget plan: \$4.00 MONTHLY or, if you prefer to pay cash at end of 10 DAYS, deduct \$1.20 and send Check or Money Order for \$13.75 in FULL SETTLEMENT. Otherwise return it. Order NOW

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Fox, Coon, Mink, Skunk, Muskrat, etc., dressed and made into latest style Coats (for men and women), Vests, Caps, Neckpieces and other Garments. Horse, Cow, Bear, Dog or any animal hide tanned with fur on, made into Robes, Coats, Rugs, etc. Hides tanned into Harness or Sole Leather. FREE CATALOG AND STYLE BOOK gives prices, when to take off and ship hides, etc.

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GODS OF THE MOTOR CAR

[Continued from page 29]

automobile. He sold White cars in Europe for three years, then came back and sold the American army on them. But in 1910 the first White gas truck appeared at the New York auto show.

In the meantime the Whites were making and selling gas motor-cars. Speed was then a big talking point. Racing was in the ascendancy. Webb Jay, who had carried White colors to victory, met with an accident. Walter White promptly substituted. He kept it up for quite a while, until a car skidded on a Cincinnati track and Walter broke a leg and lost a year. Then, while his heart was still in racing, he concentrated on motor sales. He has made good at this, as he always did. He seldom overlooks a bet. One day a California salesman whom he had trained, spotted a well-kept, non-White truck standing driverless in the street. The salesman left his car, with this message, in the driver's wheel:

"Whoever owns this truck is lucky to have a man who cares for it as you do. If you had a White and treated it this way it would last you twenty years."

That unknown driver became a White enthusiast. He sold his boss on White merchandise. This incident explains, in part, why more than \$250,000,000 are invested in White trucks.

Beginning as a draughtsman with an accessories concern, a boy just out of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology found the concern doing less than \$2000 a month, and losing money rapidly. "Bachelor of Science" was young Alfred Sloan's degree and to prove that there was something to the sheepskin and that he was an honest-to-goodness engineer, Sloan began to manage the business of the Hyatt Roller Bearing Company. Later, while he was its president, the Hyatt Company did more than \$20,000,000 a year. Its annual profits have exceeded \$4,000,000.

Of course, Sloan in addition to being an engineer and organizer, was a salesman, literally of parts. The Haynes-Apperson, Olds and Ford cars were equipped with Hyatt bearings. The names of Sloan and Hyatt were well known in the motor world when the spectacular W. C. Durant decided to secure accessories supplies by combining various accessories companies. So when Durant organized the United Motors Corporation he made Sloan the president. When General Motors absorbed United in 1918 Sloan became its vice-president.

There was a shake-up in 1920 when Durant dropped out of General Motors for the second time, and when the shaking had subsided Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., for that is this particular hero's name, was again on top, as president. He's on that job today. His business and his family are his two life interests.

Of course Sloan in his fifty-second year has a sizable job on his hands. The General Motors Corporation is one of the ten billion-dollar corporations of this country.

Any attempt at giving a hint at the personalities behind the motor industry would be incomplete without mentioning Harvey Firestone, who after establishing himself as a buggie salesman, risked his all in starting a tire factory in an old building on Wabash avenue, near Harrison street, Chicago, when rubber tires for buggies were still listed among experiments.

All this, in money, was little enough. With his two associates the total cash in hand, after buying the run-down factory, was less than \$1000. Three-fourths of this was gone before the baby business got a start. Thereafter for three long years, the partners had to figure closely on letter paper and postage stamps. Then they [Continued on page 82]

The Lazy Colon

(Large Intestine)

By CHARLES M. CAMPBELL
Associated with
ALBERT K. DETWILLER, M. D.



Sir Hermann Weber, an eminent English physician was descended from exceptionally short-lived ancestors for four generations. Making a study of longevity, he decided to try for a long life. His celebrated book on "Longevity" was published in his 95th year (1923). The principles he lays down are fully digested in the chapter on "Longevity in 'The Lazy Colon'."

An authoritative discussion in simple language of newer methods in the treatment of Intestinal Stasis (constipation and allied disorders).

Not a Health Book in the usual sense nor given to fads and theories, but derived from the investigations and discoveries of 300 Physicians and Scientists of international reputation, since the X-Rays were first used in studying the 28 feet of human intestine in 1907. This tract, says Fages of Vienna, is the most prolific source of dangerous disease. Including particularly heart disease and cancer; also kidney, liver and stomach disorders. Simple, authoritative, extremely interesting.

Judge E. H. Gary, head of U. S. Steel: "It is a fine piece of work and I congratulate you."

Prof. John Dewey, Columbia University, N. Y.: "I read the book with much interest, parts of it several times. You have rendered us all a service by making this material available."

Martin W. Barr, M. D., noted physician and author: "Sat up most of last night reading this delightful and masterly book."

Dr. J. H. Kellogg, Battle Creek Sanitarium: "The authors are to be congratulated on producing this excellent work, which will no doubt have a large sale."

Hon. Wm. R. Green, Chairman Ways and Means Committee, Congress, says: "How to Add 20 Years to Your Life" would be a good title for this book."

Lloyd H. Wright, San Gabriel, Cal.: Send by return mail one copy of "The Lazy Colon" recommended to me by my physician, Dr. Olsen, of Los Angeles."

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GODS OF THE MOTOR CAR

[Continued from page 81]

got into a patent jam. They lost their welder and a suit. Harvey Firestone then compromised. He welded the two contending parties into one company. That was in 1899. New York bankers finally purchased the consolidation and Firestone retired to a farm with a goodly sum of money in his bank.

In 1901 he was running his own tire factory at Akron, since then the center of the tire industry. The Firestone Tire & Rubber Company, began manufacturing with seventeen names on the payroll. In a year 10,000,000 tires have been turned out. About a fourth of the tires in this country bear the Firestone name or brand and Harvey Firestone is credited with putting balloon tires on our thoroughfares.

In addition to selling nearly \$100,000,000 worth of tires in twelve months, Harvey Firestone—who was forced to cut his house rent in Chicago to \$27.50 for each month of a year—has recently put over a plan for growing rubber in Liberia, which, while it will entail an investment of \$100,000,000 in the next ten years, may free American tire manufacturers from a British rubber monopoly and reduce the cost of tires for everyone who drives or owns a car.

Now that these kings and others of their kind have put a god, which is another name for personality, into each and every one of the 22,220,000 machines that speed along our thoroughfares, the question arises, "What are they going to do to keep it up?"

The principal trouble with the current situation is that while we have not reached the saturation point, financially, we have come close to reaching the saturation point physically. You can't go anywhere these days without finding a surplus of motor cars. I don't mean the 19,520,000 motor cars alone. We have to figure in these crowded days on the 2,810,000 motor trucks, in which are included 80,000 motor buses. Only on the main highways and downtown streets do you find much trouble with auto traffic in the rural regions, although limited parking is becoming the rule.

The big cities are finding it harder every day to locate parking space for any large proportion of their cars. There is a battle on between storekeepers who want their customers to come into the shopping districts and park their cars and the city traffic managers who feel parked cars have no right to take up a third of a busy, crowded street. The solution of this problem seems to be in building sky-scraping down-town public storage places where large numbers of cars can be parked at small expense of space and money.

The wise men who are responsible for the billions invested in the motor industry are trying to look ahead five years or so. During the meetings of the makers and their selling representatives at the last New York and other large auto shows the fact was stressed that motor merchandising had become a strenuous selling game. It had been a sellers' market for many years. During the last four years buyers paid \$12,000,000,000 for 15,000,000 new passenger cars, and about \$6,000,000,000 for 12,000,000 used cars.

As each family—one in five of our current population—owns a motor-car, it will be up to the motor salesman to sell the public on two or three cars per family.

But I don't believe the motor men are bothered. They found a new class of buyers during this year's shows because so many women are now car drivers—and they are shopping for the latest thing in car style. To meet this change in class of customers the makers have returned to the brilliant color schemes of twenty years ago. Auto shows are now a [Continued on page 83]



Too Hard There's a much easier way to reduce

Strenuous exercise and starvation diet may reduce fat. But the ways are hard and long and never-ending. And they must be properly directed.

There is an easy, pleasant way which millions have adopted. It acts to correct the cause of too much fat. That way is Marmola Prescription Tablets, used for 20 years. You see the results in new vigor and slenderness wherever you look today.

Marmola is based on many years of scientific research. It has proved itself to so many that people are now using a very large amount. One simply takes four tablets daily. No abnormal exercise or diet is required. Stop when results are completed.

You should know this method. Watch how weight comes down, how vitality improves. Then tell others, as others will gladly tell you. Fat reduction need not be hard. Prove this, for your own sake. Do it now.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

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FREE! 30 DAY TRIAL

Radio's most amazing bargains, direct from big, reliable maker (8th successful year). All Electric or Battery sets. Consoles or table cabinets. Don't buy unless 30 days trial proves Miraco unbeatable at 2 to 4 times the price for selectivity, distance, volume and rich, Cathedral tone. Turn off all stations. Completely assembled, fully guaranteed set! Literature, users' testimony and BIG SPECIAL OFFER! MIDWEST RADIO CORPORATION, Pioneer Builders of Sets, 428-B Miraco Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

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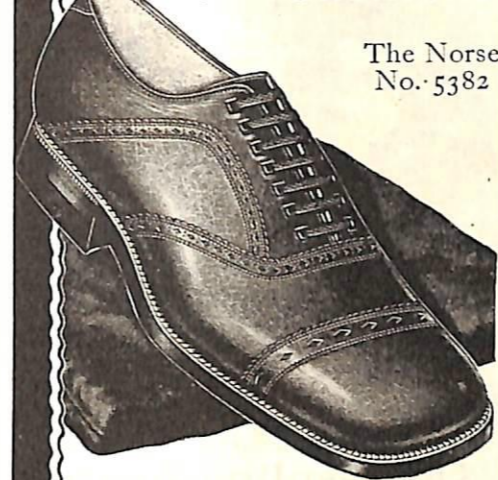
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You Walk on Cushions

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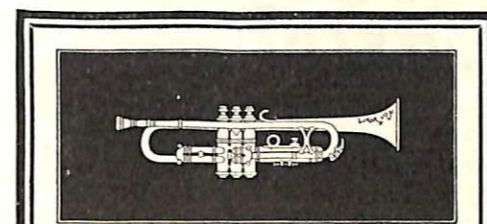
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GODS OF THE MOTOR CAR

[Continued from page 82]

mass of business getting tints and shades. This color complex is, paradoxically, simplified by use of nitro-cellulose quick-drying paints which can be sprayed on and put in use in a few hours.

The latest thing in motor-cars appear before us in palatial salons, at auto shows or plain salesrooms, or at our front doors if any motor merchandiser suspects we are in a mood for buying cars, equipped with illuminated dashboards, vanity cases, bronze hardware, and satinwood, cigarette lighters, motor meters, shock absorbers, radiator ornaments, tapestry lining, soft foot-rests and other accessories and embellishments which were classed as luxuries not so long ago but are now included in the modest retail price. Woman's place is in the home, maybe. But it is also in the motor-car. That's one reason the two-cars-per-family slogan has a meaning of its own.

Improvements in factory methods, plus scientifically directed mass production, permit manufacturers to sell good cars at lower prices year by year. And while, locally, these manufacturers believe that they have a long way to go before they sell cars to the 3,000,000 farmers who haven't them and to the millions of families which can afford to own two cars, they look the whole world in the face when they speak of motor markets. They will sell half a million cars to foreign fields this year, but that is only a fraction of what they ought to sell.

Many of these foreign countries while they have thousands of miles of fine highways, are pleading poverty and pleading honestly. Other densely populated countries lack good motor roads. But the men who made the motor-car industry and taught us to feel bereft without some kind of car, and are directly or indirectly responsible for our vast network of hard, smooth roads, will find some way of selling their goods to foreign countries in vast quantities. The powerful personalities behind the motor game will not curtail our greatest industry. They'll not make so many dollars as they've made in the past twenty years, but, because most of them like the game for the game's sake and are producers fundamentally, they'll keep on making motor-cars.

MYSTERY HOUSE

[Continued from page 38]

tious, mocking courtesy; his was the instinct to prolong and play variations upon, so safe a pleasure.

"You objected a few minutes ago, Beatrice, to my silencing Peter with a bullet," he said softly. "You said it wouldn't be safe for us. I think you will agree that nothing could be safer than this idea, to have Peter commit suicide."

"Suicide is infinitely better—if you can make it look plausible for Peter to have committed suicide in this house."

"Oh, I'll make his suicide look plausible! Besides, Peter is going to write a nice little suicide letter. And now in order that our pleasant ceremony may not be disturbed I'll lock both the doors."

He locked the door into the little study where Grayson and Jackson should have been listening since the moment of Peter's precipitate entrance into the library, and pocketed the key. Beatrice lent prompt assistance by locking the second door, withdrawing the key, and keeping it tightly clenched in the hand that did not hold the pistol. This locking of the doors was a disarming move that Peter's plans had not anticipated.

"And now Peter dear—dear Little Gar-goyle—the next thing on our evening's program is for you [Continued on page 84]

Another Story Of FYR-FYTER Success



\$85 a Month to \$7,000 a Year

Nine years ago Frank DePries was making \$85 a month and had no selling experience. Today he is making \$7,000 a year. Both home and auto are the result of Fyr-Fyter profits, as Mr. DePries has done nothing for the past nine years but sell Fyr-Fyters. Having invested wisely, he is now enjoying a splendid extra income.

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IN the great, fast-growing field of fire protection your chances for quick, steady money and lifetime success are almost unlimited. Here is the story—read and consider every word.

We are the world's leading makers of fire extinguishers. We will train you as a fire-prevention authority, start you, and show you how to sell. You represent the world's finest quality extinguishers (as used by Ford, General Motors, etc.)—types and sizes for every need—approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories. You have unlimited prospects—store keepers, garage owners, home owners, auto owners, farmers, etc., etc. Factories, schools, hotels, etc., often buy 5 to 50 Fyr-Fyters at one time. New buildings often buy without question. There are also thousands of old fire extinguishers which need replacement or refilling. Every fire alarm speeds up your business. Fyr-Fyters often pay for themselves in lowered insurance rates. They save lives and prevent loss of business, time, records, etc., which insurance can never repay. You have this great field to yourself with almost no competition.

Is it any wonder that hundreds of Fyr-Fyter men find it easy to earn from \$50 a week all the way to \$12,000 a year?

MEN WANTED

Lack of selling experience or age is no handicap. You can even start in spare time. If you are sincere, reliable and ambitious, write today for complete details, or simply mail coupon below. This does not obligate you but it opens up an opportunity which is far better than we can tell you in this limited space.

FYR-FYTER CO.
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Dayton, Ohio

Fyr-Fyter Co.,
1608 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.
Without obligation of any kind, send me all details of the positions you have open.

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Address _____
City _____ State _____



Stop That Growing Bulge—Now!

GOOD-BYE to those extra inches and that uncomfortable feeling! The "Little Corporal" gives that springy step, youthful alertness and athletic poise which every man wants and needs. Prove it by a two weeks' trial at our expense.

Little Corporal "Elastex" Belt has been greatly improved and is made entirely of the newly patented ELASTEX webbing. This marvelous fabric retains its elasticity and adjusts itself to your size at all times without the aid of clasps, lacers or buckles. It's simple! Launderers perfectly. Individually tailored. On and off in a jiffy.

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Write today for our three color illustrated booklet, "The Truth." It contains facts about improved appearance and personality that no man can afford to overlook. Mail coupon now!

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Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer,
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MYSTERY HOUSE

[Continued from page 83]

to write your interesting suicide note." "But I don't want to commit suicide now—I tell you I don't want to!" Arnoldo's manner of ornate mocking courtesy was gone instantly, and in its place was the driving harshness of the medieval tyrant. "You're going to do as I tell you! Beatrice, give me back my gun!" "But I've told you I'm against shooting—it's not safe."

"I'm not going to shoot; not unless Peter refuses to commit suicide!" She handed over the pistol. Arnoldo trained it at Peter's heart.

"You go through with the suicide, or you're shot down as a burglar!" ordered Arnoldo. "A bullet won't give you one second more of your precious life, the poison may give you several minutes—that's all the choice you've got! Choose quickly—which is it going to be?"

"Suicide—of course," breathed Peter. "Then sit down at that desk and write your farewell letter!"

Peter slumped into the chair behind the desk, dipped a pen into ink, then looked falteringly up at his brother.

"I'll dictate your letter—I expected I'd have to. You write it off exactly as I speak it."

"I am Peter Buchanan. Dr. Grayson can explain all about me. I have failed utterly in all I have ever tried to do—and particularly have I failed in the thing I tried to do in my masquerade as Henry Delacroix. I see that this masquerade is all but over, and that my exposure is at hand. I cannot face what will come with exposure, so I am taking this way out of it all. Even a dog prefers to die in its own kennel, so for my end I could not restrain the instinct to slip into what was once my home."

PETER BUCHANAN.

"A most excellent letter, Peter," Arnoldo commented.

He turned to the table on which stood his whisky and bottled water and an extra glass.

"You must allow me to join you in a stirrup-cup, Peter—and if you are to see me wish you a happy journey, then naturally I must drink first."

He put down his pistol for the moment and poured himself a drink. "A quick journey, Peter dear!"

He downed the toast, then carefully wiped the glass with his handkerchief. Then he poured whisky into the glass, and shot in charged water; then he uncorked the little bottle he had taken from Peter and sniffed its penetrating odor.

The contents of the bottle he poured slowly, very slowly, into the glass, then the bottle he wiped slowly and carefully with his handkerchief, and holding it by its neck with his handkerchief he very slowly crossed to Peter and held it out.

"No finger-prints to be on it but yours, old dear. So take hold—and several times." Peter obeyed, gripping the bottle anew each time. Then Arnoldo dropped the bottle to the floor, went back to the little table, took up the pistol and returned with Peter's drink.

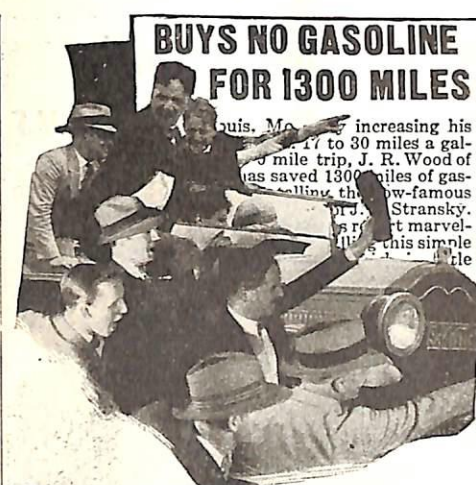
"I don't want it—I don't want it!" gasped Peter.

Again the one eye of Arnoldo's pistol glared into Peter's face.

"I'll—I'll take it!" Peter came waveringly to his feet, and his shaking hand took up the glass. "Well, you win, Arnoldo—you win, Beatrice," he said huskily.

With that Peter swiftly drained the glass and set it down, coughing retchingly at the searing stuff.

The moment after [Continued on page 86]



Inventor Declares War On Gasoline Waste

A NEW revolt now sweeps over America—a fight against gasoline waste. For the average car owner, say experts, wastes 20% to 30% of his gasoline through inefficient combustion. But now over two million car owners have installed an amazing new gas-saving invention that is guaranteed to save 25% to 50% of your gas or you pay nothing. Over 10,000 reports already received say that it increases gas mileage, peeps up engine, and keeps the motor free from carbon an uncanny new way. J. R. Wood of St. Louis got 1,300 extra miles of gas on 3,000 mile trip after installing this device.

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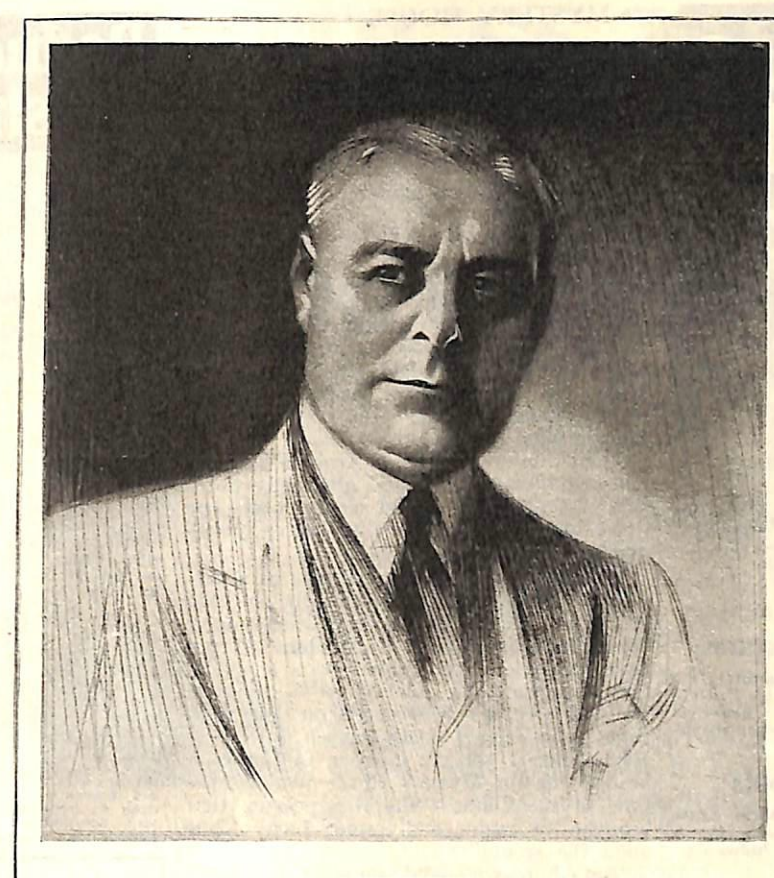
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A REMARKABLE new discovery—no dangerous drugs, nothing to swallow—is bringing relief to thousands of men who suffer devitalizing symptoms frequently suffered by men approaching and past the prime of forty years. Now the painful and embarrassing conditions arising from a disordered prostate gland can be relieved in thousands of cases, without surgery. Don't grow old before your time. Learn the great health influence of this tiny gland.

Competent medical authorities have long claimed 65% of all men past middle age suffer with a disorder of the prostate gland. Thousands of men past this age, and many younger, fall victims to the purveyors of dangerous drugs. Many resort to dangerous surgery or to expensive treatment which sometimes gives them relief, sometimes not.

Some men are fortunate enough to know the symptoms of their trouble in time. Too many become alarmed and fall prey to the natural fear of humanity. Frequently the signs of old age appear. The mental and physical stamina begins to depart. Often the blood pressure increases to a dangerous degree. Nervousness, restlessness and insomnia may add to the victim's

discouragement, and too often, without understanding, the man will give up and resign himself to the belief that vitality is lost permanently, and that old age has visited him before its natural time.

But in the last seven years a treatment has been developed that has proved astoundingly beneficial. So successful has been this treatment, that it has taken its place as one of the great achievements of the scientific world. And yet it has no drugs. It is not a medicine. It is simply a return to natural laws, based upon one of Nature's requirements of the body, if all the organs and glands of that body are to function properly. And it reaches the seat of the trouble direct at once.

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MYSTERY HOUSE

[Continued from page 84]

he had swallowed the drink Peter began to breathe rapidly, with the shallow-lunged pantings typical of carbolic poisoning; his weakened legs buckled under him in the typical carbolic manner, and he sank to his knees and supported himself by clutching at the back of his chair.

"Good-bye, little Socrates!" Arnoldo mocked him.

"Even at that," Peter flung gaspingly at him in a final flare-up, "I almost beat you!"

The smile of mock courtesy vanished from Arnoldo's face. All the motives, the primitive instincts, Peter had been striving to stimulate in Arnoldo, were now aroused and set free—and with them the sense of absolute personal security.

"You almost beat me!" Arnoldo spat his words contemptuously and gloatingly down into Peter's face. "You poor boob—you don't know how badly I've beaten you—not yet."

"They say there is no such thing as a perfect crime! They're fools, the men who said that! A perfect crime is easy when you've got enough brains, and do it alone! I put across a perfect crime three years ago, and they've never been able to get a thing on me—not a thing! First of all, on that night three years ago I made myself a perfect alibi. Then I got the message to you that headed you for Mystery House at about the time of the killings—and the message that brought the raging and jealous Larry Kane upon the scene!"

"But—but—why—did you want us there?" gasped Peter. He was praying that Jackson and Grayson were not missing a word.

"To throw suspicion on you both, set the police on false scents, you fool!"

"Then—then of course—it was you—who killed Laura and Murray Randolph?"

"Of course!"

"But—but the scandal? The intrigue between Laura and Randolph?"

"Camouflage!" laughed Arnoldo, gloating at his cleverness. "Camouflage to plant the idea of its being one of those crimes of guilty passion the newspapers so dote upon! To point suspicion toward some jealous rival in love! I wrote all those love letters between the pair that the police found!"

"Just why—why—did you—kill them?"

"There was no reason for killing Randolph, beyond the fact that his death was necessary to help establish the idea of a guilty love and a crime of passion. As for Laura, I knew she was planning a new will which would leave everything to Maida. Her existing will left everything to me as her husband. It was to my advantage for her not to change that existing will—so she died. As it turned out, she had already changed the will, and her millions went to Maida."

Perhaps Peter should have slumped to the floor in seeming death. But Arnoldo's face glared down at him in gloating triumph—the three years of hell he had been through, and before that the many years of lesser hell—and now, after all the strain and anguish, the sense of wild release that flooded him: these together were perhaps enough to sweep away any man's sober judgment. Peter sprang to his feet.

"I've got you at last, Arnoldo!" he cried, fiercely exultant in his turn.

Arnoldo fell back a pace at this, to him, astounding resurrection.

"I thought—I thought—" he gasped, but could not finish.

"You thought I was the same as dead! This is the second time I've died, Arnoldo, to get the truth out of you—and the second death has worked! All that's happened here in this library has been just a trick aimed at unlocking your lips!"

"Unlocking—my [Continued on page 88]

Reduce This Fleishy Spot

DON'T weaken yourself with starvation diets—don't strain your heart with violent exercises. Here's a wonderful new invention which gives you an instant appearance of slimmness and quickly reduces the actual fat—without any danger, discomfort or disagreeable self-denial.

Take off 2 to 6 Inches with New Self-Massaging Belt

The moment you put on this wonderful, new, self-massaging belt your waist is instantly reduced from 2 to 6 inches—but, better still, you should actually grow thinner day by day. Your stomach disorders, constipation, backaches and shortness of breath generally disappear as the sagging internal organs are put back in normal place. You are filled with a wonderful new energy and will probably look and feel 10 to 15 years younger!

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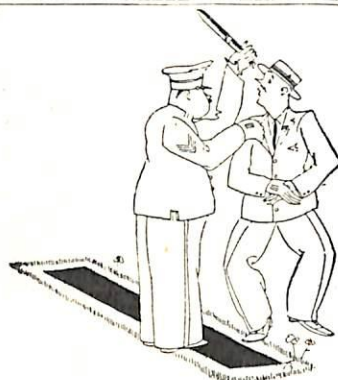
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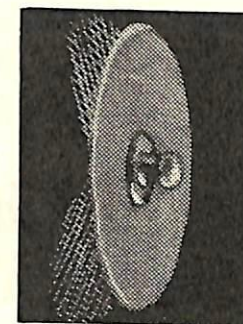
A New Safe Way to Seal Hernia

By JOHN G. HOMAN

AT LAST a really scientific, modern way to seal rupture has been discovered. And so wonderful have been the results, so enthusiastic the praise from ruptured men and women, that this marvelous Magic Dot will be sent you for free examination.

Many years ago I set about to find a real scientific method for the support of rupture—and to heal it.

And now, my friends, a great thing has been accomplished. You can be through forever with the old gouging, and pushing into that tender spot—that likely keeps you from getting well. For doctors and scientists have long agreed that the pressure of old-fashioned trusses upon the injured spot, by shutting off the free circulation of healing blood, actually prevents the healing of hernia.



New Device Weighs 1-25 of An Ounce

Yet it is necessary that some support be used to keep the rupture from coming down and causing strangulation. I have discovered a new way to do this by means of a tiny device that weighs less than 1-25 of an ounce. I call it Magic Dot because it makes the old, very tight strapping and cruel pressure unnecessary—and it makes possible a treatment that will often cause hernia to actually disappear to the delight of the user.

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Think of the immense relief of being able to substitute for the heavy, intolerable, shifting, gouging, old-fashioned device you likely wear, a tiny disc little larger than a quarter, so light that you hardly realize it is being worn. And of even greater importance is the fact that you

should walk, run, climb, bend, etc., in far greater ease than you have really known before. Don't send a penny of your money now—simply fill in and mail me the coupon below. I want to tell you more about this wonderful invention. I want to send you the Airtex sample free. I want to give you the chance to see Magic Dot, free. Take advantage of this offer that may bring you startling results. Mail the coupon this very hour before you turn this page and it escapes.

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IF YOU are a person of settled habits and indoor occupation your system is constantly absorbing more poisons than it can throw off.

These poisons come largely from the lower bowel—the colon. They are bred by undigested food stuffs too long retained. As germs, they seep into your blood stream and naturally undermine your weakest organs.

The presence of these poisons explains why you take cold easily, get headaches, have a pale, sallow complexion, no pep and a cloudy, non-productive brain. Worse, they are a generic cause of high-blood pressure, hardened arteries and stomach, liver and heart disorders.

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To be free of these undermining poisons is comparatively simple. You wash them away by pleasant, refreshing Internal Bathing with the J. B. L. Cascade. Just pure, warm water and a marvelous cleansing tonic administered to the intestinal tract by the J. B. L. Cascade. No pain. No discomfort. A great specialist's idea, this sane and sensible method has brought new energy, new health, new beauty and new mental alertness to fading thousands. Not an enema, mind you—because the enema cleanses but a third of the intestinal tract. The Cascade flushes the entire organ of gas fermenting waste products, impurities and poisons that so imperil health and life.

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Taken just before retiring, Internal Bathing with the J. B. L. Cascade will effect a miraculous change. You will feel your tired, depressed nerves relax. You will sleep like a child. In the morning you will know what real "pep" is. Your brain power, too, will seem at razor-edge. And your strengthened, purified system will laugh at the futile attacks of colds, always dangerous at this time of the year.

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MYSTERY HOUSE

[Continued from page 86]

my—lips," dazedly repeated Arnoldo.

"Unlocking your lips—yes!" cried the excited Peter. "I figured that perhaps you alone knew the truth of those murders, and I could learn the truth only by making you willing to tell. I figured that, if you were sufficiently worked up, your temper was sufficiently inflamed, you could not resist boasting to a man you had always hated and had always bested and were besting again, if that man were dying before your eyes. You couldn't endure having him die, without his knowing how badly you had beaten him! And so I died for you, Arnoldo—so I died for you! Nothing to it, Arnoldo, but just psychology!"

"But—but that carbohic acid you drank?" "Just water, Arnoldo—water mixed with a little oil and a tincture that gave it the correct creosote odor! But harmless!" "Harmless!" echoed Arnoldo, gazing at his right hand which in great spots had by now turned white, "Harmless!"

"That was real carbohic! I had two bottles, and I switched bottles on you!" Peter drew the second bottle from his vest pocket and held it up before Arnoldo's eyes. "Here is the bottle you first saw—the real poison. See—only a few drops gone—I spilled just enough on you to fix in your mind the idea that I had a bottle of deadly carbohic!"

He replaced the little bottle in his pocket. "I never had any idea of poisoning you, Arnoldo!" his triumph swept him tauntingly on. "There was nothing to the poison, nothing to the whole business here tonight, but just applied psychology—playing on your psychology! And on the final show-down, Arnoldo, I've outwitted you—I've beat you out!"

Suddenly Arnoldo lurched at him in deadly fury. "Get him, Tony—get him!" he snapped out, and like an unleashed hound Tony sprang forward, his great hands eager for strangling.

"Help—help!" shouted Peter, and was answered by the futile lunging of his aids against the heavy door of the little study. Too late Peter realized into what an extremity of danger his own mad, irrepressible boasting, as Arnoldo's the moment before, had plunged him. He clutched with Arnoldo, and strained to swing his heavier opponent about to block the oncoming Tony and his deadly hands.

"Shoot, Beatrice—shoot to kill!" Arnoldo panted fiercely. "A dead thief—that's now our only safety! A dead thief!"

This, then, was the very end—to be shot down as a thief! Peter heard the pistol of Beatrice roar once—roar again. To his surprise he was not on the floor a dead man, but was still fiercely struggling with Arnoldo. She was an unbelievably bad shot, Beatrice, to have missed him twice at a six-foot range!

"Hands up, or I shoot again!" he heard her cry. "Hands up—hands up—hands up—"

He freed himself from Arnoldo's clutch—which seemed strangely easy—and backed away from him, his hands held high in surrender. And then Peter beheld the most amazing sight his whole life time had shown him. One item was Tony, leaning helplessly against the desk, a dumb, bewildered look on his heavy face, his white shirt beginning to show red at both shoulders; later Peter was to learn that both those shoulders were bullet-shattered. And the second and far more astounding item was Beatrice, holding Arnoldo's pistol thrust into Arnoldo's ribs, and gasping out hysterically, over and over:

"Hands up—hands up—hands up—hands up—"

[To be concluded]

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The Director Belt gets at the cause of fat and quickly removes it by its gentle, kneading, massaging action on the abdomen, which causes the fat to be dissolved and absorbed. Thousands have proved it and doctors recommend it as the natural way to reduce. Stop drugs, exercises and dieting. Try this easy way.

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Let us prove our claims. We'll send a Director for trial. If you don't get results you owe nothing. You don't risk a penny. Write for trial offer, doctors' endorsements and letters from users. Mail the coupon NOW!

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Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part please send me details of your trial offer.

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To Men Getting Bald I Say!

No matter how fast your hair is falling out—no matter how much of it is already gone—I make this amazing guarantee! I'll end dandruff—stop falling hair—grow new hair in 30 days—or you don't pay me a cent! No strings attached! No "Ifs," "Ands" or "Maybes"! New hair or no pay! And you are the sole judge!



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Founder of the Merke Institute, 5th Avenue, New York.

SAVE yourself from baldness! Stop falling hair! Grasp this "no risk" offer to grow new healthy hair in 30 days!

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Years of training and research and day after day experience in treating thousands of cases of loss of hair at the famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, N. Y., have taught me many valuable facts about the hair—and this, the most amazing of all—that in most cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead, but merely dormant—asleep!

You're wasting your time—you're throwing away money—when you try to reach these dormant roots with ordinary hair tonics, oils, massages and salves. For such measures treat

only the surface skin and never even get to the roots, the real source of trouble. How could they ever possibly grow new hair?

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It's no use trying to make a tree grow by rubbing "growing fluid" on the bark. You must get to the roots!

And that's just why my scientific treatment is so tremendously beneficial! It penetrates below the surface of the scalp. It quickly reaches the cause of the trouble—the dormant, starving hair roots. It awakens them. Hair begins to sprout again. It takes on new life and color. It becomes stronger and thicker. And in a surprisingly short time—sooner than you ever imagined possible—you have a new healthy growth of hair—OR I PAY ALL COSTS OF THE TREATMENT MYSELF.

And best of all, my system is so simple that it can be used in any home where there is electricity without the slightest discomfort—and for just a few cents a day!

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Camels—so mellow, mild and unfailingly good

MODERN, particular smokers, it is your insistence upon the best that makes Camel lead all other cigarettes. You are hard to please. In the true spirit of the modern age, you look for until you find value supreme in a cigarette. And it is this unremitting search for quality that puts Camel overwhelmingly first.

For Camel combines all those virtues so indispensable to the cool, satisfying smoke. The choicest Turkish and

Domestic tobaccos that Nature's sunny fields produce. And a blending that brings these inimitable flavors and fragrances to the delighted taste of the smoker. Really, there is no other smoke like Camel. No other can be so everlastingly good.

If your taste calls for the enchantment of the finest, just try Camels. Always tasteful and smooth. Always so mellow and mild.

"Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.